

A
PILGRIMAGE
TO
THE LAND OF MY FATHERS.

VOL. II.



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PILGRIMAGE

TO

THE LAND OF MY FATHERS.

BY

THE REV. MOSES MARGOLIOUTH,

AUTHOR OF

"THE JEWS IN GREAT BRITAIN," "EXPOSITION OF ISAIAH LIII," "THE
FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF MODERN JUDAISM INVESTIGATED,"

&c.

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A PILGRIMAGE
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LETTER I.

TO HIS GRACE, THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF
CANTERBURY.

Tunis, December, 1847.

My Lord Archbishop,

I FEEL extremely gratified at your kind note of last month. I am thankful to find that your Grace appreciates the views I ventured to express in my last to you, for which freedom I almost blamed myself.

In answer to your Grace's inquiries, whether the Koran is much studied by the lower classes of Mussulmen in this part of Islam's dominions, and whether its doctrines sway much the hearts and minds of the population of North Africa ; I take the liberty of giving my opinion, from the information I have already gathered, that the study of the Koran is chiefly confined to the civil and ecclesiastical functionaries. Some few, amongst the laity, are of course found, who indulge in its study likewise. But almost all the lower classes know very little

or nothing of it, with the exception of the *Fatcha*, or the first chapter of the Koran, which holds the same place among the Islamites as the Lord's Prayer does amongst Christians. Your Grace will remember that no printed Koran is approved of by the followers of the False Prophet; and manuscript copies are comparatively very few in number, and therefore scarce, and very dear. According to the Mohammedan law, that book is not to be sold for money, but for bread. I asked one day a German Christian renegade to obtain for me a copy of that book: he said he would have to go every day to the bread sookh, or market, and watch for a copy being exposed for sale. Taking all this into consideration, as well as the continual violation of the laws of that code by its professed followers, I conclude that the Koran is *not* much studied amongst the lower classes of Mussulmen in this part of Islam's dominions.

Nevertheless, its doctrines sway very much the hearts and minds of the population of North Africa. There is a little book, corresponding with our Catechism, which supplies the want of the Koran. The little book I allude to may be styled a digest of the Mohammedan body of divinity. The following is a literal translation of the title-page:—"This treatise contains the pearls of language and the questions which Abdallah Ben Salaam put to our Prophet, upon whom be the most precious benedictions and most perfect salutations! In it there are great benefits and numerous sciences; and whoever studies them will be fortified with abundant proofs and convictions." I am indebted for a copy of this extraordinary production to my dear friend, the Rev. N. Davis, who gave a great deal of attention to the subject of Mohammedanism in Barbary, and who has just

finished translating the work I mentioned. Mr. Davis says respecting it—there is hardly a production in Barbary so universally known, and so commonly to be met with. Even at Tozar, a city in the deserts of Gereed, was a copy of it shewn to him by the Kaid of the Dreer tribe. And the professors of Islamism say, that a Mohammedan might as well deny the inspiration of the Koran as the questions of Abdallah Ben Salaam.

This small volume is taught in the Mohammedan mosques and schools ; and as it is not bulky, but rather small, many copies are to be met with where not a single copy of the Koran is to be found ; and hence the doctrines of the latter, in spite of its numerical paucity, sway very much the hearts and minds of the population of this part of the world. It may not be unacceptable to your Grace to receive a translation of the “Pearls of Language ;” I therefore send you it herewith. I shall only preface it with a few remarks respecting the so-called “Jews of Khaibar,” who deputed Abdallah Ben Salaam as an envoy to Mohammed. I do not agree with the generality of writers, that those were of the original stock of the twelve tribes of Israel, which notion my friend Mr. Davis espouses. It is my firm conviction that they were and are—for they are still numerous and independent—the lineal descendants of “Heber the Kenite,” and of Jehonadab the son of Rechab. A reference to holy writ points to that region as the birth-place of Jethro. This view alone accounts for their almost uninterrupted independency, with their own sheikhs or princes ; whilst of the children of Israel it is said, that they “shall abide many days without a king and without a prince.” These people embraced the religion of the Pentateuch since Moses promulgated it.

The change from Heber or Kheber to Khaibar, is quite in accordance with the Arabic transformation of Hebrew names. Thus Abraham is called in Arabic, Ibrahim ; Ishmael, Ishmail ; Israel, Israil ; Solomon, Solyman ; Amalek, Amalik, &c.* In my manuscript Commentary of the Bible, which your Grace kindly permitted me to dedicate to you when published, I have rather lengthy critical notes, bearing on the question, on Exodus iii. 1 ; Judges i. 16 ; iv. 11. It appears that the term Kenite was derived from the name of the kings of Khaibar. When Mohammed besieged it, and after much loss and many repulses, subjugated it for a time by the unrivalled valour of his son-in-law Ali, the name of the king of Khaibar was Kenana. The beautiful Safiya, who after the conquest graced that impostor's harem, was that king's youthful wife.

One remark more, and I proceed with the translation. It appears from the introductory remarks to the questions and answers, that Abdallah Ben Salaam put 1404 questions to the False Prophet, whilst the volume will be found to contain only 230. The Mohammedan gets over the difficulty by telling you that you must understand more than is expressed in it, and therefore more than one question is contained in each of Abdallah's interrogations. It is a convenience to which both Jews and Mohammedans have recourse.

It is related by Abd Allah ben Abbas, that when the Prophet was sent by God, and commanded to write to the infidel kings in order to induce them to adore the mighty Sovereign, he wrote an epistle to the Jews of Khaibar,

* The best and most graphic description and account of the Rechabites, or the children of Khaibar, is to be found in Mr. Disraeli's "Tancred."

who were the nearest to him. He did it on this wise. The Prophet asked Gabriel, "What shall I write to them?" The angel dictated to him and said, "Write in the name of the most merciful God! From the Apostle of God to the Jews of Khaibar. Hence the earth appertains to God, as also the pure religion; and future happiness to those who fear him: and peace upon those who follow the true direction and obey God in the highest, and there is no power nor might but with the great God." The Prophet then ordered that it should be written, and he sealed it with his own seal, and sent it to the Jews of Khaibar. When this epistle reached them, it was brought to their oldest, greatest, and most learned doctor, Abdallah Ben Salaam, whose name before embracing the Islam faith was Samuel. The Jews came to him and said, "O! Ibn Salaam, this letter from Mohammed came for us, read it, therefore, to us." This he did. He then said to them, "How does it appear to you? You know that in the Pentateuch there are signs and verses which you cannot deny, referring to Mohammed, respecting whom Moses, the son of Amram, testified. If this be the same of whom Moses spake, we will obey him." To this the Jews replied: "But he abolishes our religion, and prohibits what Moses permitted us." Ibn Salaam remarked, "Then you prefer this world to that which is to come, and punishment to mercy?" He continued, "Mohammed is an illiterate man, incapable of reading and writing, whilst you have in your hands the law, and both write and read. I will extract from the law 1404 most difficult questions, and will myself take them to him. If he will know and answer them, and reveal those things which are mysterious to us, then he must be the same of whom Moses, the son of Amram, spake, and we will verily believe in

him. But if he will cavil about them, and be incapable of solving those difficulties, then we will neither abandon our religion, nor for a moment follow him." To this all the Jews agreed, and extracted from the law the most difficult parts which they themselves could not understand, and sent to the Prophet. When the messenger arrived at Medina, he entered by the gate of the oratory, and on seeing the majesty of the Prophet and his friends around him, his heart became inclined to the Islaam. He approached, and said: "Peace be upon you, O! Mohammed. I am Samuel, the son of Salaam; peace be upon you, learned friends, and upon all those who follow the true direction! Mercy and everlasting peace be upon them all!" The Prophet requested him to seat himself, which he did. He then asked, "What do you desire?" Ibn Salaam replied, "O! Mohammed, I am one of the learned of the children of Israel, who study the law, and understand it, and teach it to others. I am sent by the Jews to you. They have forwarded to you, by me, questions which we by no means comprehend, and they wish you to explain the same for them. If you do it, you will be one of the most obliging." The Prophet replied, "O! Salaam, ask any questions you like! Gabriel has made the same already known to me on the part of God! and if you like I will tell them you beforehand." "Do so," said Salaam, "and my faith in you will be the greater." The Prophet then continued: "O! Ibn Salaam, you came to me with 1404 questions, which you have extracted from the law, and you yourself copied them." The Rabbi then bowed his head and wept, saying, "You are right, just, and faithful."

1. Salaam.—Are you both Prophet and Apostle?

Mohammed.—Such is my commission from God, I am

the seal of the prophets. Have you not read in the law that Mohammed is an Apostle of God, and that those who are with him are stronger than the infidels, though there is an attachment between them?

2. S.—You are right, O! Mohammed! did God speak to you verbally, or did he communicate to you by a revelation?

M.—Only by revelation, which the faithful Gabriel brings me from the Master of the Universe.

3. S.—You are right. Tell me how many prophets God has created.

M.—One hundred and twenty-four thousand.

4. S.—And how many among them were apostles?

M.—Three hundred and thirteen.

5. S.—You are right. Who was the first prophet?

M.—Adam, upon whom be peace!

6. S.—And who was the first of the Apostles?

M.—Also Adam; he was both.

7. S.—You are right. How many were the apostles of the Arabs?

M.—Seven, viz., Abraham, Ismael, Lot, Hod, (Eber,) Methusalah, Shaeb, (Yethro,) and Mohammed. Peace be upon them all!

8. S.—You are right. How many prophets were there between Moses and Jesus?

M.—One thousand.

9. S.—Of what religion were they?

M.—Of the pure religion of God, of the religion of the angels, and of that of Islaam.

10. S.—What is the Islaam, and what is the faith?

M.—The Islaam is, that we bear that there is no God but the only God, without an associate, and that I, Mohammed, am his servant and apostle; adhere to the

fixed prayers, practise alms, obey the fast of the month Ramadhan, and whoever is able, perform the pilgrimage to the respected house of God. The faith is, to believe in God, his angels, his books, and his apostles; in the last day, and in fate regarding good as well as evil.

11. S.—You are right. How many religions has God in the highest?

M.—One religion, and that is the Islaam.

12. S.—How many laws were there?

M.—There were various amongst the ancient nations.

13. S.—The people destined for heaven, will they enter therein through the Islaam, or through the faith and their works?

M.—They deserve Paradise through faith, but they will enter through God's mercy, and it will be divided amongst them according to their works.

14. S.—How many books has God sent?

M.—One hundred and four.

15. S.—To whom did they come?

M.—To Sheth fifty pages, to Esdras (Enoch) thirty, Abraham twenty, the Psalms to David, the law to Moses, the New Testament to Jesus, and the Divider (Koran) to Mohammed. May the peace of God be upon them all!

16. S.—Why is the Koran called Forkan, or Divider?

M.—Because it distinguishes between the lawful and unlawful, and its bases are separated.

17. S.—Is there anything in the Koran from ancient books?

M.—Yes.

18. S.—What are those things?

M.—The Prophet then read these words from the Koran:—"The pure shall prosper, as also he who makes

mention of the name of his God and prays ; but, in general, men prefer this world ; yet the next is far better and more durable.”—These words are from the ancient books of Abraham and Moses.

19. S.—How does the Koran commence, and how does it terminate ?

M.—It commences, “In the name of the most merciful and most gracious God,” and terminates, “The great God is just.”

20. S.—Tell me what five things has God created with his own hand ?

M.—Paradise of Eden ; the tree Toba (delicious) he planted with his own hand ; Adam’s body ; Moses’ tables ; and he made heaven also with his own hand.

21. S.—Who has made the things, which you have now told me, known to you ?

M.—Gabriel has announced them to me.

22. S.—Whence did he know them ?

M.—Through Michael.

23. S.—And he ?

M.—Through Asrafael.

24. S.—And he ?

M.—From the guarded table.

25. S.—And it ?

M.—From the reed (pen).

26. S.—And it ?

M.—From God of the worlds.

27. S.—How was this ?

M.—God commands the reed to write on the guarded table, which descends upon Asrafael, who hands it to Michael, who again hands it to Gabriel.

28. S.—Is Gabriel in the form of a man, or in that of a woman ?

M.—In that of a man.

29. S.—What does he eat and drink?

M.—His eating is praise and his drinking is glorifying (God).

30. S.—What is his height and breadth? what is his description? and what is his dress?

M.—There is no description of the height and breadth of angels, because they are luminous spirits; they are not corporeal; their light is like the light of day in the darkness of the night. He has twenty-four green wings, joined with pearls and rubies, speckled over with pearls and corals. He has a girdle and foldings of fine silk; the inside of it cannot be seen for splendour. His outward appearance is majestic, and his cloak is generosity; his face is like saffron. He does not eat nor drink, does not neglect, nor get annoyed, nor forget. He remains on foot, by the order of God's inspiration, till the day of resurrection.

31. S.—Tell me respecting the beginning of the creation of the world, and that of Adam.

M.—God in the highest, praised be he, hallowed be his name, and may his glory redound! There is no God besides him. He created Adam with mud from his own hand. The mud he produced from foam, and the foam from waves of water.

32. S.—Let me know why Adam is called Adam?

M.—Because he was created from the mud of the earth and its surface.

33. S.—Was Adam created of one sort of mud, or of the whole?

M.—O! Ibn Salaam! God created him of all sorts of mud. If He had not done so, mankind would not have known each other, and would neither have been of one form.

34. S.—Is there then no example of dissimilarity in the world ?

M.—Yes ; but don't you see that the world is full of white, red, yellow, blond, dark, black, and blue mud ? There is also in the earth sweet and salt, soft and hard, changeable and dirty parts. 'So also are the sons of man.

35. S.—Tell me, when God created Adam, by what part of his body entered his soul ?

M.—By the mouth.

36. S.—Did the soul enter with pleasure or against its will ?

M.—It entered involuntarily, and is made to leave the body also against its will.

37. S.—How did God address Adam after he created him ?

M.—God said to Adam, "Live thou and thy wife in Paradise, and eat whatever you desire, but do not approach this tree, for you will be then transgressors."

38. S.—How many grains did Adam eat of the tree ?

M.—Two.

39. S.—And Eve ?

M.—Also two.

40. S.—What is the description of the tree, and how many branches had it?—what was the length of each ear ?

M.—The tree had three branches, and the length of each ear was three palms.

41. S.—How many grains in each ear ?

M.—Five.

42. S.—How many ears did Adam open ?

M.—One.

43. S.—Describe to me the nature of the grain.

M.—Like large white eggs.

44. S.—What did he do with the remaining three grains ?

M.—He took them with him out of Paradise, and planted them, and all the grains of the earth came from them.

45. S.—In what part of the world did Adam find himself when he was driven from Paradise ?

M.—In India.

46. S.—And Eve ?

M.—In Jiddah.

47. S.—And where did the serpent descend ?

M.—In Aspahaan.

48. S.—Where did Ablis (the devil) descend ?

M.—At Besaan.

49. S.—O, Mohammed! how great is thy knowledge, and how true is thy tongue! What was the dress of Adam when he came down from Paradise ?

M.—Three leaves from Paradise: one of them served him as a girdle, the second as a cloak, and the third as a veil over his face.

50. S.—Tell me, where did he meet with Eve ?

M.—On Mount Arafat (near Mecca).

51. S.—Which was the first house made for men ?

M.—The respected house of God.

52. S.—Tell me, O, Mohammed! was Adam created from Eve or Eve from Adam ?

M.—Eve was created from Adam; for had it been otherwise—had Adam been created from Eve—the power to divorce would have been in the hands of the women, and not, as it is, in the hands of men.

53. S.—Was she created from the whole of Adam, or from a portion only ?

M.—From a portion only; for had she been created

from the whole, the power of performing justice would have been in the hands of the women, and not in the hands of the men.

54. S.—Was she created from an internal portion of him or from an external ?

M.—From an internal portion ; for had she been created from an external portion, they would have had their faces uncovered, like the men, and not veil them.

55. S.—Was she created from his right or left side ?

M.—From his left side ; for had she been created from his right, the woman would have inherited equally with the man, and her testimony would have been like his.

56. S.—From what part was she created ?

M.—From the left rib.

57. S.—Who lived upon the earth before Adam ?

M.—Demons.

58. S.—After the demons ?

M.—The angels.

59. S.—And after the angels ?

M.—Adam and his posterity.

60. S.—What interval of time was there between the demons and the angels ?

M.—Seven thousand years.

61. S.—And between the angels and Adam ?

M.—Also seven thousand years.

62. S.—Did Adam perform the pilgrimage to Mecca ?

M.—Certainly.

63. S.—Who made Adam's head round ?

M.—Gabriel.

64. S.—Was Adam circumcised ?

M.—Yes ; he circumcised himself with his own hands.

65. S.—Why is the world called world ?

M.—Because it was created after the world to come ;

for had it been created at the same time, it would have been transient, in the same manner as the other is not.

66. S.—Why is the resurrection called resurrection?

M.—Because all mankind will arise to give their accounts.

67. S.—The world to come, why is it the last?

M.—Because it will remain after this. Its years cannot be fixed, its days cannot be numbered, nor are there bounds to its duration.

68. S.—Tell me the day when God commenced creating the world?

M.—The first day.

69. S.—Tell me why it is called the first day?

M.—Because it is the creation of the *Only One*, and because it is the first of the days.

70. S.—And the second day?

M.—Because it is the second of the days; and so also the third, fourth, and fifth.

71. S.—And why is Friday called the day of assembly?

M.—Because all gather themselves together for prayer. It is also the sixth day of the days of the world.

72. S.—Why is the seventh day called the Sabbath?

M.—Because God appointed on that day two angels as guardians for each of his creatures to write down his good and his bad actions. The one to his right, to write down his good actions, and the one to his left his evil ones.

73. S.—Tell me where is the place of the angels of every creature—what is their pen, their inkstand, their board, and their ink?

M.—The Apostle of God (peace be upon him!) said, "O, Ibn Salaam! their place is between his [the

creature's] shoulders, their pen is his tongue, and their board is his heart : they write his actions till the day of his death."

74. S.—What is the size of the pen, and what is its breadth, and how many points has it, and what marks does it make in writing?

M.—Its length is a journey of twenty-five years; it has eighty points between which the ink runs up on the preserved table, and marks what is to happen till the day of resurrection, according to the command of God, whose name be glorified.

75. S.—How often does God regard his creatures during every day and night?

M.—360 times, and each time he causes to live and to die; he judges, elevates, and humbles, makes happy and miserable, abases and overcomes, enriches and impoverishes.

76. S.—Tell me what God has created after?

M.—He created the seventh heaven, which is near the throne, and ordered it to elevate itself and get into the proper place, which it did. Then he created the sixth, the fifth, the fourth, the third, the second, and then the firmament of the world, and ordered each to get into their place one under the other.

77. S.—Why is the colour of the heaven green?

M.—It became green from the colour of Mount Kaf.*

78. S.—Of what was the heaven (the lowest) created?

M.—From the wave Makfoof.

79. S.—What is the wave Makfoof?

M.—A wave which is stagnant and has no motion.

80. S.—Why is it called heaven?

M.—Because it was created of smoke.

* A mountain which is said by Mohammedans to encompass the earth.

81. S.—Tell me, O, Mohammed! are there doors to the heavens?

M.—Yes. They are locked, and have keys which are hid.

82. S.—Of what material are the doors of heaven?

M.—Of gold.

83. S.—And what sort of locks?

M.—Of light.

84. S.—And the keys?

M.—The name of the great God.

85. S.—Tell me the length, breadth, thickness, and height, as also who are the inhabitants of heaven?

M. The length of every heaven is five hundred years' journey; the breadth, thickness, and height between each is the same. The inhabitants of each heaven are troops and files of angels. No one but God himself is able to number them.

86. S.—Tell me of what matter is the second heaven, which is above the firmament of the globe, created?

M.—Of green Zobarjod (a precious stone).

87. S.—And the third?

M.—Of yellow Jakota (topaz).

88. S.—And the fourth?

M.—Of red gold.

89. S.—And the fifth?

M.—Of red Jakota (ruby).

90. S.—And the sixth?

M.—Of white silver.

91. S.—And the seventh?

M.—Of brilliant light.

92. S.—And what is above the seventh heaven?

M.—The sea of the animals.

93. S.—And above it?

M.—The sea of darkness.

94. S.—And what is above it?

M.—The sea of light.

95. S.—And what is above it ?

M.—The veil.

96. S.—What is above the veil ?

M.—The last Sidra. .

97. S.—And what is above it ?

M.—The paradise of rest.

98. S.—And above it ?

M.—The veil of glory.

99. S.—And above it ?

M.—The veil of power.

100. S.—And then ?

M.—The veil of magnitude.

101. S.—And then ?

M.—The veil of strength.

102. S.—And above it ?

M.—The veil of elevation.

103. S.—And then ?

M.—The throne.

104. S.—You are right, O Mohammed ! God has endowed you with the knowledge of the first and the last ; you certainly pronounce the clear truth : now tell me what is above the throne ?

M.—The great space of the throne.

105. S.—What is above it ?

M.—The high and glorious God of great eminence. His commandments are upon the throne, and his knowledge under it.

106. S.—Can a mortal sit upon the throne ?

M.—God forbid, O Ibn Salaam ! be instructed, be instructed !

107. S.—You are just and right ; but tell me, are the sun and moon believers or infidels ?

M.—They are believers, submissive and obedient to the power of his will.

108. S.—Why are the sun and moon not alike in their splendour and light?

M.—Because God in the highest, out of his grace and generosity to his creatures, blotted out part of the splendour of the moon, that the light of the day might be more discerned. Had he not done so, how would be distinguished the night from the day?

109. S.—Why is the night so called?*

110. S.—Why is the day so called?

M.—Because in it men seek their living; it is the time for their labour and profit.

111. S.—In how many parts are the stars divided?

M.—Into three. One part of them has the light from the throne, its brilliancy reaches the seventh heaven. Another of them is in the lowest heaven, suspended like candles. These stars give light to the inhabitants of this world, and pelt the devils with their sparks when they endeavour to steal themselves into heaven. And the third portion are suspended in the air, and give light to the sea and what is in it.

112. S.—Why are small and large stars to be seen?

M.—Because between them and the heaven there are seas, and the wind beating upon the waves causes them to be moved. This makes them appear small and great, but in reality they are all of the same size.

113. S.—Tell me how many winds are there between heaven and earth?

M.—Three. The wind Akeem (tempestuous), which

* The answer to this question is untranslatable. Here is the original:

لانه منال الرجل من النساء جعله الله الفة وسكننا ولباسا

was sent to the people of Aad ; it is the very blackness of darkness with which God punishes those who are destined for the fire. Another which carries the vessels upon the sea ; and the third is for the inhabitants of the earth, which blows in every direction (to refresh it). If this wind were not, then the earth and mountains would have been burned up by the heat of the sun.

114. S.—How many orders are there of those angels who support the throne ?

M.—Eighty orders, each of which is a million of leagues in length, five hundred years in breadth ; their heads are under the earth, and their feet under the 7th earth. If a bird should undertake to fly from the right to the left ear of one of the angels composing the order, he would not reach it in a thousand years, according to our computation of time. Their dress is composed of pearls and of precious stones, their hair is like saffron, their food is adoration, and their drink praise. Of these there is one order composed half of snow and half of fire ; another half of thunder and half of lightning : and there is also one order half of water and the other half of wind.

115. S.—What bird is that which has neither repose in heaven nor a resting-place upon earth ?

M.—A kind of white viper, which have manes like those of horses ; they lay their eggs in the air upon their tails, where they hatch them till the day of resurrection.

116. S.—What production is it which proves stronger than that from which it was produced ?

M.—The iron is produced from stone, and is stronger than it ?

117. S.—Tell me what place is that which has once been touched by the sun, but which will not be repeated till the day of resurrection ?

M.—The place where God caused Pharaoh to be drowned when the sea was divided by Moses, the son of Amram (peace be upon him!), and afterwards was again covered by the waters.

118. **S.**—What house is that which has twelve doors and twelve springs issuing from it for twelve tribes?

M.—When my brother Moses (upon whom be peace!) had passed with the children of Israel the sea, and entered with them the desert, the latter complained to him of thirst. He passed close to a square stone, when the illustrious and mighty God inspired him to strike the rock with his stick, which he did, when twelve fountains began to gush forth from it for the twelve tribes of Israel.

119. **S.**—Tell me what thing is that which is neither a species of demon, nor is it human; it is neither of the bird nor animal kind, and yet has given notice to its people?

M.—It is the ant which has given notice to its people when it said, O ants! enter your dwellings, that Solomon and his army do not trample upon you.

120. **S.**—Tell me what thing it is which has been inspired by God, which is neither of the genii, nor from man, nor from angels?

M.—The bee was inspired by God to take her place in the mountains, the trees, and wherever they (men) cultivate.

121. **S.**—What portion of the earth did God inspire?

M.—He inspired Mount Sinai to elevate Moses towards heaven, to take the tables which were sent down by him.

122. **S.**—Tell me, what thing it is which, though originally wood, became at last alive?

M.—The stick of Moses, the son of Amram. God

ordered him to throw it at the [place of the] holy house (temple), which he did, and it became a moving serpent.

123. S.—Tell me what three things are they which were born without a father ?

M.—Adam, Jesus, the son of Mary, and the ram of Ismael.

124. S.—Tell me which is the middle of the world ?

M.—The temple.

125. S.—How is this known ?

M.—Because there will be the re-union of all ; there also are the balances and weights [for weighing the good and bad actions of men].

126. S.—What do you mean by the laden vessel ?

M.—Respecting the constructed vessel, have you not read in the law the words, We have placed him upon planks and Dosar ?

127. S.—What are the planks ?

M.—Trees cut through longways ; and Dosar are the nails and skeleton of iron.

128. S.—What was the length of Noah's vessel, its breadth and height ?

M.—Its length was 300 cubits, its breadth 150, and its height 200.

129. S.—Where did Noah embark ?

M.—At Irak.

130. S.—Where did the vessel arrive ?

M.—It was driven about, and stayed at Mecca one week, and at the temple (of Jerusalem) another week, and then rested upon Mount Joode.

131. S.—Where was the populated house (the temple at Mecca) at the time when God destroyed the world by the flood ?

M.—When God destroyed the world, he elevated the respected house up to the 7th heaven, whence it was called the populated or frequented house.

132. S.—Where was the great rock and the temple of Jerusalem at the time of the deluge ?

M.—God hid them in the centre of Mount Abo Kobis.

133. S.—How is it that a child sometimes does not resemble the father, but does so to one of the uncles ?*

134. S.—Does God punish his creatures without producing proofs to convict them ?

M.—God forbid ! He is a just King, and there is no tyranny in his decision.

135. S.—Will the children of the infidels be in heaven or in hell ?

M.—On the day of the resurrection, when God will have assembled all creatures for their judgment, he will order all the children of the infidels to appear before him, and address them in this manner : My servants, and the children of my men-servants and maid-servants, who is your God ? What is your religion ? and what are your actions ? They will then reply : “Thou art our God, and our Creator ; we were nothing, and thou hast caused us to die. Thou hast not given us a tongue with which we could speak, nor sense to understand, nor strength of limbs to serve thee. We know nothing but what thou hast taught us.” The glorious God will then say : “Now you have a tongue, and sense, and strength to move your limbs ; if now I command you something,

* See note to p. 18. The following is the original of Mohammed's reply :—

إذا جامع الرجل امراته فإن غلبت شهوة الرجل خرج
الولد بآبيه أشبه وإن غلبت شهوة المرأة شهوة الرجل
خرج الولد بأمه أشبه وإن استويا خرج شبيها بهما
وإن سبقت شهوة الرجل خرج الولد بعجه أشبه وإن
سبقت شهوة المرأة خرج الولد بخاله أشبه

O! my servants, will you do it?" Then they will say, "O! our God, blessed and elevated, we will both hear and obey thee: command us whatever thou desirest." God will then command an angel to imitate hell till the fire ascend in flames, when the children of the infidels will be ordered to throw themselves into it. Those of them whom God will have predestinated to happiness, will at once obey without delay, and the fire for them will be cold and healthy, as it was to Abraham the friend of God, upon whom be peace! But those who are ordained to misery will refuse to throw themselves into the fire; they will follow their fathers, whilst the others will enter paradise with the faithful.

136. S.—You are right, just, and explicit; you have removed all difficulties. Tell me now respecting the earth, why it is so called?

M.—Because it is trod upon.

137. S.—And of what was it created?

M.—Of foam.

138. S.—And the foam?

M.—Of the waves.

139. S.—And the waves, whence are they created?

M.—From the sea.

140. S.—In what manner?

M.—The Prophet (peace be upon him!) replied: when the mighty and glorious God created the sea, he commanded the wind to strike the waves one against the other. This was done till the foam appeared. He then ordered it to gather itself together, which it did. Then to become soft and even, which was done. Then to extend itself, which it did; when the Lord made the even surface of the earth.

141. S.—How did God make the earth firm?

M.—By Mount Kaf, which surrounds it. This moun-

tain sustains the earth upon which we are, like the piles do the tent.

142. S.—What is under the earth ?

M.—Under it is an ox.

143. S.—What is the description of that ox ?

M.—He has forty feet, upon which he stands. He has forty horns. His head is in the east, and his tail in the west; the distance between one horn and the other is fifty thousand years.

144. S.—O, Mohammed! what is under the rock upon which the bull stands ?

M.—A mountain called Saod.

145. S.—For whom is this mountain prepared on the day of resurrection ?

M.—For the people of the fire. The infidels will ascend, and it will take them fifty thousand years before they will reach the summit ; and when they will have done so, Saod will shake them off, so that they will tumble down, when they will be dragged along on their faces.

146. S.—What is under that mountain ?

M.—Earth.

147. S.—What is it called ?

M.—Depth.

148. S.—And what is under it ?

M.—A sea.

149. S.—And what is its name ?

M.—Sahik.

150. S.—What is under the sea ?

M.—Earth.

151. S.—And what is its name ?

M.—Naama (tender, soft).

152. S.—What is under it ?

M.—A sea.

153. S.—What is its name ?

M.—Azzacher (agitated).

154. S.—What is under it ?

M.—Earth.

155. S.—What is it called ?

M.—Fasecha (spacious).

156. S.—Give me a description of this earth, O Mohammed !

M.—The Apostle of God (peace be upon him !) then replied—O, Ibn Salaam ! it is an earth as white as the sun, and smells like musk, and its light like the moon, and its plants like saffron ; upon it all those who fear God will be assembled on the Day of Judgment.

157. S.—What will become of the earth upon which we now are ?

M.—It will be changed for another.

158. S.—What is under that earth ?

M.—A sea.

159. S.—And what is its name ?

M.—Komkam (a deep sea).

160. S.—And what is in it ?

M.—Non.

161. S.—What do you mean by Non ?

M.—Fish.

162. S.—What is its name ?

M.—Behemoot.

163. S. Describe me that fish.

M.—Its head is in the east, and its tail in the west.

164. S.—What is on its back ?

M.—The earth, the seas, the darkness, and the mountains.

165. S.—What is between its eyes ?

M.—Between the eyes it has seven seas ; in every sea

there are a thousand cities ; in every city seventy thousand standards, under every one of which there are seventy thousand angels.

166. S.—What do they say ?

M.—There is no God but God, to whom there is no associate ; to him belongs the kingdom, to him be praise, and he is most mighty over all.

167. S.—What is under the fish ?

M.—A wind supports the fish, by the permission of God.

168. S.—Tell me what is under the wind.

M.—The darkness.

169. S.—And under the darkness ?

M.—The moist earth.

170. S.—And under it ?

M.—No one but God alone knows.

171. S.—Tell me of three gardens in this world, which are the gardens of Paradise.

M.—The first is Mecca, the second is the temple at Jerusalem, and the third is this Yathreb.*

172. S.—Abd Allah Salaam then said, Tell me, O Mohammed, which are the four cities of Paradise to be found in this world ?

M.—The first is Aram, of the columns ; and the second is Mansora, in India ; the third, the Cesarea, on the coast of Syria ; and the fourth is Balka, in Armenia.

173. S.—Which are the four oratories of Paradise to be found in this world ?

M.—The first is Kairwaan, in West Africa ; the second is Bab-El-Abwab (gate of gates), in Armenia ; the third is Abadan, in Irak ; and the fourth is in Chorasán, on the other side of the River Gihon.

* The name of Medina before Mohammed came.

M.—The first is the city of Pharaoh, in Egypt ; the second, Antioch, in Syria ; the third is the territory of Sehan, in Armenia ; and the fourth is Modain, in Irak.

174. S.—Which are the four cities of hell to be found in this world ?

175. S.—Which are the four rivers of heaven to be found in this world ?

M.—The first is the Euphrates, the boundary of Syria ; the second is in Egypt, viz., the Nile ; the third is Sichon, a river in India ; and the fourth is the Gihon, in the territory of Balkh.

176. S.—Tell me of an important thing, which is after all nothing ; and of a thing which may appear nothing, but which is of great importance ; and of a thing which will never terminate ?

M.—The thing which is nothing is this world—its pleasures will pass away, its inhabitants will die, and its light will be extinguished. The thing which appears nothing, but is of great importance, is the gathering of all creatures in one place for their account. The thing which will never terminate is Paradise, whose pleasures will never cease, and hell, whose torments will never be diminished.

177. S.—Tell me, O ! Mohammed, what is beyond and under Mount Kaf.

M.—Beyond it is one earth of gold, seventy of silver, and seven of musk.

178. S.—Who inhabits those earths ?

M.—Angels.

179. S.—What is the length and breadth of each ?

M.—The length of earth is ten thousand years' journey, and its breadth is the same.

180. S.—What is beyond ?

M.—A veil of wind.

181. S.—And what is beyond it ?

M.—A wing which surrounds the whole universe.

182. S.—How is it that the inhabitants of Paradise, who eat, drink, and yet have no need of evacuation ; is there an example like it in this world ?

M.—The example is the child in the womb of its mother.

183. S.—Of what are the rivers of Paradise composed ?

M.—Of milk, the taste of which will never change ; and of wine, water, and clarified honey.

184. S.—Are they stagnant or flowing ?

M.—They are flowing between trees, fruits, and gardens.

185. S.—Will those rivers decrease or increase ?

M.—Neither the one nor the other.

186. S.—Is there anything in this world to be compared to it ?

M.—Yes. Look at the seas ; what quantities of rain water they receive, and how many rivers discharge themselves into them from the time they were created, and yet until now neither is there any increase or decrease perceptible.

187. S.—Tell me the names of the rivers of Paradise, and their nature.

M.—There is one river in Paradise called Alkothar (nectar), whose smell is better than strong musk and amber. Its pebbles are pearls, precious stones, and red rubies. Along it are tents decorated with white pearls, in which the elect of God dwell.

188. S.—Describe me the trees of Paradise.

M.—There is in Paradise a species of tree called Toba (happy), whose root is of pearl, and branches of Zbarjed (Topaz) ; its fruit is of pearls. In Paradise there is

no building, though ever so high, or cell, or palace, or tent, which is not shaded by it.

189. S.—Is there in this world anything to be compared to it ?

M.—Yes; the eastern sun shines over every place in the world, nor is there any portion which does not receive his rays.

190. S.—Is there wind in Paradise ?

M.—There is only one wind, created of light, and has written upon it, "Life and pleasure are for the inhabitants of Paradise." It is called Albaha (the beautiful). When the saints desire to see their Lord, that wind blows upon them, and produces upon their faces splendour, brightness, and joy, and satisfies their hearts, so that light is increased upon light. It then beats against the gates of Paradise, when the bolts are opened. There the rivers praise God with their rumour, the birds with their singing, the branches with their movements. If the living could witness that joy, they would all die voluntarily, and desire to participate in it. The angels go to them from every door and say, "Peace be upon you for your patience. Oh ! what a pleasant end have you as your recompence."

191. S.—Tell me, of what is the floor of heaven composed ?

M.—The floor is composed of gold, and its dust is musk and amber ; its gardens are of pearls, precious stones, and saffron. Over it is the merciful throne of God.

192. S.—What will be the food of those who will enter Paradise ?

M.—They will eat the liver of the fish which supports the universe, the earth, and the mountains, whose name is Bahamoot.

193. S.—What becomes of the food which the inhabitants of Paradise eat ?

M.—It does not undergo the same change as in this world, but it finds its exit by perspiration, the smell of which is better than musk, and more pleasant than amber. If the perspiration of one single person from Paradise were mixed with the sea, it would perfume all that is between the firmament and the earth with the best of scents.

194. S.—Give me the description of the standard of praise ; what is its length, breadth, and height ?

M.—Its length is a thousand years' journey ; its points are of red and green rubies ; its stands are of fine silver ; its tails are of light—one of which reaches to the east, the other to the west, and the third is in the middle of the world.

195. S.—What is the inscription on it, and in how many lines ?

M.—Three lines. Upon the first is written, "In the name of the most gracious and merciful God ;" upon the second, "Praise to God, the Lord of the worlds ;" and upon the third, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Apostle of God."

196. S.—Which was the first created, Paradise or the place of punishment ?

M.—Paradise was created before the place of punishment ; for had the latter been first created, then vengeance would have preceded mercy.

197. S.—Where is Paradise situated ?

M.—In the seventh heaven, and hell is at the bottom of the lowest earth.

198. S.—How many gates has Paradise, and how many hell ?

M.—Paradise has eight gates, and hell seven.

199. S.—What distance is there between one gate of Paradise and another ?

M.—A thousand years' journey.

200. S.—What is their height ?

M.—Five hundred years ; and upon every pinnacle there are golden cocks covered with emeralds. Upon every gate there is a legion of angels, whose number no one but God in the highest can count.

201. S.—What do those angels say ?

M.—They say, "Blessed are the people of Paradise ; how much of happiness and goodness will they receive from God !"

202. S.—At what age, and in what shape will the faithful enter Paradise ?

M.—They will enter at the age of thirty-three, of the beauty of Joseph, size of Adam, and the temper of Mohammed. The peace of God be upon them all !

203. S.—Tell me of some of the pleasures of Paradise.

M.—I am the least in Paradise ; but there is none so low in Paradise who would not be able to entertain all the inhabitants of this world with pleasant food, delicate beverages, fruit and other refreshments, without diminishing his own in the least. Yes, if one of those happy persons were only to spit into the salt sea, all its waters would become sweet ; and if he were to lower from heaven to earth one of his locks, its light would surpass the brilliancy of the sun and the light of the moon.

204. S.—Describe me the whiteness of the eyes of the women in heaven.

M.—The whiteness of their eyes is like pearls shaded with the redness of the red ruby.

205. S.—Describe the place of torment.

M.—The fire was heated a thousand years before it became red, and a thousand before it became white, and

another thousand before it became black. It is the very blackness of darkness mixed with the wrath of God. Its flames do not cease, and its coals do never extinguish. O, Ibn Salaam! if only one coal were thrown upon the habitable earth, it would consume all the space that is between the east and west, on account of its great heat and enormous size. The place of torment is divided into seven floors; the first is for the hypocrites, the second is for the Magi, the third for the Nazarenes, the fourth for the Jews, the fifth is Sakar (a name for hell), and the sixth is for the idolaters. Here the Prophet, the peace of God be upon him! stopped before he mentioned the seventh, and wept so that his tears fell upon his gracious beard. He then continued and said; but the seventh floor, which is the least painful, is destined for those of my people who commit great sins.

206. S.—You are right and correct; but tell me now respecting the day of resurrection,—how all creatures will arise?

M.—On the day of resurrection the sun will be diminished and darkened, the stars will be falling, give no more light, and be dispersed. The mountains will be moved, the women enceinte will not be delivered, and the earth will be changed. God will then raise all creatures for their judgment, prepare the bridge, arrange the balances, and unfold the rolls. Then will the Lord commence his judgment of all mortals.

207. S.—How will all die at the last hour?

M.—God will order the angel of death, that he should place himself upon the rock of the temple at Jerusalem. He will then touch with his right hand the heavens, and with his left Thra (the lowest earth), and call out with a loud voice. He who has the great trumpet will also sound it, when there will be neither angel, who is near

to God, nor prophet, nor apostle, nor man, nor demon, nor bird, nor wild animal, but will die the death of one man. The heavens will then remain deserted, and the earth empty of its inhabitants. The women enccinte will not bring forth, the seas will be frozen, the mountains will be shattered, the sun eclipsed, and the stars will be tumbling down.

208. S.—Will the angel of death die or not? .

M.—When God will have caused all creatures to die, so that no living beings will be found, the Lord will say to the angel of death, Are any of my creatures left alive? The angel will reply and say,—O, Lord! thou knowest that there is none left but thy weak servant, the angel of death. God will then add,—O, angel of death! thou hast caused to taste death my apostles, prophets elect, and my servants; I have fore-ordained, according to my ancient knowledge, (for I know the distant things,) that all shall pass away except my presence. Now it is thy turn.—O, my God! will the angel's reply be, have mercy upon thy servant, the angel of death, because he is frail, and have pity on him.—The praised one will then say, Put your right hand under your right cheek, and recline between Paradise and the place of torment and die.

209. S.—For the sake of my father and my mother, O, Apostle of God! tell me what distance is there between Paradise and hell?

M.—Three thousand years' journey, according to the years of the world. The Prophet continued:—The angel of death will recline between Paradise and hell upon his right side. He will have his right hand under his cheek and the other upon his face, and cry out with a loud voice, so that if even the inhabitants of the

heaven and the earth were alive, they would die on account of the terribleness of his voice.

210. S.—What will God do with the heavens if the inhabitants thereof are to die?

M.—He will fold them up like a roll of a book. The most glorious, sanctified be his name! beside whom there is no God, who alone is to be adored, will then say,—Where are now the gigantic kings? where are those who pretended to kingdoms or might? No one will be there to reply. Who reigns to-day? he will then ask; but to this there will neither be a reply. The praised one will then answer himself to his own holiness. To the only God, the victorious! To-day every soul shall be rewarded according to its action; there is no injustice to-day, for God himself will soon prepare the account.

211. S.—How will God raise all creatures after their death?

M.—Asrafael will be the first of those who are near to God, who will be raised. He is the bearer of the trumpet. God will command him to blow the sound of the resurrection.

212. S.—What will he say through the trumpet?

M.—He will say, “O, ye ancient and dried bones! separated and dispersed members! come and be exposed before God! come to the Mighty One of the heavens and the earth!” Then he will blow again, and they will see themselves standing.

213. S.—What is the length of each sound?

M.—Forty thousand years.

214. S.—How many words will Asrafael pronounce during the time of blowing?

M.—Six words. At the first word, mankind will become mud; at the second, they will assume a figure;

at the third, they will have the shape of a body ; at the fourth, the blood will begin to run in the veins ; at the fifth, the hair will come forth ; and at the sixth, they will arise and behold themselves standing.

215. S.—What appearance will all creatures have on the day of the resurrection ?

M.—They will be naked and barefoot, their tongues will be dry, their body gloomy, and their countenances terrified. The men will see the women and the women the men. O, Ibn Salaam ! on that day every one will be occupied with his own affairs, on account of the great terror of the day of resurrection. Ibn Salaam now remained silent, when the Prophet said to him, Ask what you desire, and do not fear.

216. S.—Praised be God, O, Mohammed ! who has thought me worthy to see your face, and permitted me to converse with you. On the day of resurrection where will God assemble all creatures ?

M.—He will assemble them at the temple of Jerusalem.

217. S.—How will that be ?

M.—The glorious God will ordain a fire surrounding the whole world, which will touch the faces of all creatures, so that they will flee, without turning, till they reach the holy house (at Jerusalem).

218. S.—What will he do with the young and the aged ?

M.—Those amongst them who are believers will be led by the angels to Paradise, and shake the fire off their faces ; but those who are infidels, the fire will burn their faces till they reach the place of the temple.

219. S.—How many divisions of the creatures will there be on that day ?

M.—One hundred and twenty.

220. S.—What is the length of each division, and what its breadth?

M.—The length is forty thousand years' journey, and twenty thousand broad.

221. S.—How many divisions will there be of believers, and how many of unbelievers?

M.—Three of believers, and one hundred and seventeen divisions of infidels.

222. S.—What is the description of the believers and infidels?

M.—The believers will be marked white, on account of the ablutions and prostrations; but the infidels will have their faces black, and will in that state come to the bridge.

223. S.—What is the length of the bridge?

M.—Thirty thousand years' journey.

224. S.—In what manner will all pass it?

M.—The powerful and glorious God will clothe them in white. The light of the Mussulmen and faithful, and those who believe in the unity, will be taken from the seat, and the light of the angels will be from the throne, which will never extinguish; but the light of the infidels will be from the earth and the mountains.

225. S.—Which is the first nation that will pass the bridge?

M.—The believers.

226. S.—How will that be?

M.—There are some believers who will pass the bridge in twenty years; and when the first of them will have reached Paradise, the infidels will commence their passage; and when they will be in the middle, God will extinguish their light, when they will call the faithful and say, "See, we are left without light, and will you

not lend us some of yours? Have we not our fathers, our friends, and brothers amongst you? Have we not been together in the habitable world?" "Yes," will the faithful reply, "ye have done evil to yourselves, ye have been delaying, doubting, and your security has misled you, till God's appointed time came, and now you see that your presumption has deceived you in God. To-day, there is no redemption taken, either from you or from other infidels. Your habitation is the fire which is your master. O dreadful habitation!" It will also be said to them, "Go back, and search for light." Between them there will be a wall, which will have a gate, on the interior of which will be mercy, and on the outside vengeance. God will then order, and hell will begin roaring beneath them in a most terrible manner, when they will all fall into the fire upon their heads and faces, confounded and sorrowful. Those of the faithful will be saved by the mercy of God and his goodness towards them.

227. S.—What will God do in that day with Death?

M.—When those who are destined for happiness will be in Paradise, and those for misery in hell, Death will be brought in the form of a speckled lamb, and placed between Paradise and the place of torment; those of Paradise will then be asked, "O elect of God, this Death, do you know him?" They will reply, "We know him, O Angel of God; slay him, so that there be no more death." The angel will then ask the inhabitants of hell, "O enemies of God, this Death, do you know him?" They will reply, "O Angel of the Lord, do not slay him, but save him; peradventure, God will condemn us to death, so that we may be at our repose." The Apostle of God added, Death will then be

slain between Paradise and hell, when the wicked will give up all hope of ever being released from their misery; whilst those of Paradise will be assured of remaining eternally in it.

S.—Abdallah then said, You are right, O Apostle of God! He then arose and added, Extend your generous hand, that its benediction may cover me, and I confess that there is no God but God, and I bear testimony that you, O Mohammed, are an Apostle of God. I believe that Paradise is true, that the judgment is true, that the doctrines of reward and punishment are true, and that all you have said is true. I believe that the last hour will arrive, and that there is no doubt that God will raise all from their graves.

The associates of the Prophet were greatly astonished at this. The Apostle of God (whose peace be upon him!) then named him Abdallah Ben Salaam, and he became one of the greatest friends of the Prophet, and vengeance upon the Jews. May God be satisfied with him!

The questions are finished through the grace and assistance of God. The peace of God be on our Lord, Mohammed the illiterate Prophet, upon his people and associates! Praise to God, the Lord of the worlds. Amen.*

I have omitted two answers, which are only fit for the lips, ears, and pens of the filthy Mohammedans, but by no means for those of the chaste Christian.† In addition to the instruction the Mohammedan youth derive

* The Rev. N. Davis has published the whole in the shape of a little volume, in Malta, and entitled it "The Errors of Mohammedanism exposed, &c., &c."

† See pp. 18, 22.

from the above, they are also taught from their infancy, as soon as they are able to lisp, to detest and abhor the Christian. Many a time have I been run after by some young Moslem urchins, with the following execrations—"Cursed be thy religion, cursed be thy beard, thy father's beard, thy grandfather's beard," &c. &c. It is moreover my conviction, that if it were not for the fear of the powers that be, a foreigner would be in jeopardy of his life from many a rough and savage follower of Islamism. The higher classes, however, behave themselves with a certain degree of courtesy towards Europeans, and many of the former live on terms of intimacy with the latter.

The superstition of the Arabs is as ridiculously developed as that of the followers of any other false religion. Notwithstanding the prevailing doctrine of destiny and fate, a Mohammedan is provided with all sorts of amulets and charms, to ward off all manner of evil from himself, his horse, his camel, his wife and children. The five-pointed star, the hand, and fish, are very commonly seen, not only over their doors, but on their children's caps. It is a curious coincidence that the five-pointed star, which is so important a sign in freemasonry, should be so generally considered to act as a charm in this part of the world. I do not mention this to substantiate the idea that freemasonry is universal; I do not consider the idea founded on fact, and I do not believe that there is any truth in it. But I mention the circumstance, in order to state my conviction that masonry was of Christian origin, and the secret symbols and signs which the early persecuted Christians had amongst themselves, were ultimately adopted by Jews and Mohammedans, without knowing the import they were designed to convey. For instance, the five-pointed star was intended

to show that the person using it was a follower of Him who was wounded in His hands, feet, and side for our transgressions. The outspread hand I consider to have served the same purpose, in the absence of the five-pointed star. The *ΙΧΘΥΣ*, or Fish, was an important emblem with the early Fathers of the Christian Church, because the respective letters are the initials of the Greek words, of "Jesus Christ the son of God, the Saviour." The import seems to have been forgotten, or never known, whilst the mere symbols are retained both amongst the Jews and Mohammedans of this country, and most charming spells attributed to them. How modern Jews can be consistent freemasons, or *vice versa*, has, since my initiation, been a mystery to me.

Besides amulets and charms, pieces of coral, tusks of boars, blood-stones, and a variety of other such unmeaning things, are considered to possess the virtue of keeping the different legions of demons and genii at bay. What the Mohammedans are principally apprehensive of is the evil eye. They trace all calamities, catastrophes, diseases, or any other adversity, to the inauspicious eye of some one or other.

I flatter myself that your Grace will find in this epistle a comprehensive view of Islamism in this regency, and, with but little variation, the state of the same wherever it is professed. Perhaps your Grace will kindly change letters with Sir Thomas Baring. I have given that tried and venerable friend of the house of Israel, in a long letter, a sketch of the state of the Jews and Judaism in this regency.

I am, my Lord Archbishop,

Your Grace's, &c. &c.

LETTER II.

TO SIR THOMAS BARING, BART.

Tunis, December, 1847.

My dear Sir Thomas,

THE great interest you have for years evinced in the Jewish nation, throughout their dispersion, leads me to believe that a letter containing a brief sketch of the present condition of the house of Israel established in this regency, would not be altogether uninteresting. You will agree with me that the tribes of Jacob must have wandered thus far at a very early period, when I remind you that Cyrenian, or African, Jews were present at Jerusalem at the crucifixion of our Lord, and that one of them, Simon by name, was "compelled to bear his cross."* A vestige of the name Cyrene is still to be found in the name of the city of Caerwan or Kairwan. The Jews seemed to have flourished unmolested for a considerable period of time, and I am, moreover, convinced that they must have been the founders of the Christian Church in North Africa. But I do not intend to discuss this question at present. As far as in me lies, I shall confine myself in this communication exclusively to the Jews and Judaism in this part of the world, especially to those of the present day. Whenever I have to touch on the history of my nation, in whatever part of the world, I have at the same time to lament the treatment my poor race experienced, even in a literary point of view; which deprived the present knowledge-thirsting Europe of the most eligible sources from whence to draw information. Whilst every

* Matt. xxvii. 32.

little scrap of profane, obscene, and indecent production, which an idolatrous author has penned, has been jealously and carefully preserved, and is, to the present day, studied with great diligence and assiduity by the youth of Christendom; alas! the chaste, the elegant, the unrivalled productions of Israel's authors have been, by common consent, disregarded, uncared for; and therefore in many an instance destroyed together with the poor author. This gloomy thought struck me forcibly whilst thinking of the history of the Jews of Barbary.

There lived, in the sixteenth century, in North Africa, a Jew of the name of Jonadab, whose acquirements may be said, without any exaggeration, to have surpassed those of his contemporaries in every possible way, but he was allowed to be dragged away and sold as a slave. To give you an idea as to what the literary world lost by his loss, is simply to tell you, that he spoke, read, and wrote in twenty-eight languages; he was the most accomplished mathematician and astronomer. His pen produced as many works as a horse could with difficulty bear, in which descriptions were given of all the nations which people Africa; their customs and manners, as well as descriptions of the different regions of this great continent, of their various natural properties, &c. &c. Having been a great traveller, and a person of great observation, he acquired an extraordinary knowledge, amounting almost to infallible, of the changes of wind and weather, by the means of some symptoms in the air, which no one observed, nor understood, and thus served many mariners by his advice.* But he was sold as a slave.* The history of the Jews in Barbary affords, perhaps, more interesting incidents than that of any amongst the European nations. One of

* Jost's "Geschichte der Israeliten," vol. viii. p. 25.

the greatest men who graced the celebrated schools of this regency, was bought as a slave on the coast of Tunis. The following is a particular account of the incident, as given by the Hebrew historian Abraham Zakuta. When the caliphs were in their full glory in Spain, they were in the habit of sending out pirates to capture Christian vessels. Caliph Abdal Rachman sent out for that purpose a captain of the name of Ben Damahin, of Cordova. The captain went as far as the Syrian coast, and thence returned, and went along the Greek islands. Whilst in the Archipelago they met a vessel, which contained four Hebrew sages, who were on their way, on an errand of charity. Ben Damahin captured the vessel, and bound, and took as prisoners, the Jewish passengers. The following were their names :—

1. Rabbi Hushiel, the father of the celebrated Rabbi Hananael.
2. Rabbi Moses, the father of Rabbi Hanoah ; his wife and his little son were also kept as prisoners.
3. Rabbi Shemariah, the son of Elchanan.

The name of the fourth has not transpired. The poor prisoners were treated like slaves ; nevertheless they would not reveal their real position. Rabbi Moses's wife was young and exceedingly beautiful. Her matchless loveliness inflamed the lust and passion of the cruel captain. She could see no way of escape from his contemplated infamous violence ; she asked her husband, therefore, in the Hebrew language, whether those who are drowned in the sea have a hope of the resurrection ? His answer was a passage from the book of Psalms, The Lord said, I will bring again from Bashan : I will bring my people again from the depths of the sea.* On hearing this, the faithful wife plunged herself into the sea. The prisoners the captain disposed

* Ps. LXXVIII. 22.

of in the following manner:—"Rabbi Shemariah he sold at Alexandria; the Jews were the purchasers, who observed his superior learning, and made him the chief head of their synagogues in Egypt. For Rabbi Hushiel the captain met with purchasers on the coast of Tunis, and he was appointed head of the great congregation of Al Kairwan, where he begat Hananael, who became famous in after days. Rabbi Moses, and his son Hanoah, the captain brought to Cordova, and sold them to the Jews there."* The history of the two last is extremely interesting, but my object is not at present to write a history; I only mentioned the circumstance, because of Rabbi Hushiel. As it is, I am afraid I have deviated from my original intentions.

The modern Jews of this regency have sadly degenerated of late, no more great mathematicians, or astronomers, or linguists, characterise their communities. *Talmud* and *Talmud* only is their favourite study. I speak now generally. There are of course a few exceptions, but they are very rare indeed. The persecution which they endured, and to a certain extent still endure, prostrated and paralyzed all their intellectual energies, and they content themselves with the promises their rabbies made them for reading, whether understanding or not, the works of ancient sages, and consequently confine themselves to the attendance of a host of customs and ceremonies; some of which already existed in the days of our Lord. They expect to gain heaven by such means, and become thus inspired with a contempt for all those who are not of the natural seed of Abraham; and however our brethren in England disclaim this exclusiveness, it is never-

* "Sepher Yuchsein," and Jost's "Geschichte der Israeliten," vol. vi. pp. 107, 108.

theless a fact, that the *great* majority of Jews throughout the world, who are devoted followers of the Talmud, exclude all non-Israelites from any part or lot in the world to come, and the maxim that "*every* Israelite has a portion of the world to come," exercises a baneful influence over their minds.

The Jews are divided here into two large classes, the *Tunisian*, and the *Livornese*. As far as customs and ceremonies are concerned, they are both alike; but as concerning enlightenment, to the latter the palm must be awarded. They come constantly in contact with their European brethren, and being able to speak Italian and Spanish, they know more of Europe and Europeans than their brethren of the former section. As regards Christianity, the latter are less hostile, and more open to reason than the former.

The free diffusion of the Scripture, however, has done a great deal for rousing both communities. It is true the heads of the synagogues look with an eye of jealousy on efforts of the kind; and have recourse to excommunications and chastisements against those who dare to express an opinion in favour of Christendom and Christianity. But it only argues that they dread the effects of an uninterrupted intercourse of their respective members with Christians. But in spite of all the rabbinical virulence, the Bibles which Messrs. F. C. Ewald and N. Davis have circulated in this regency, are generally, if not universally, read in their respective synagogues. I have visited several of the synagogues, almost every Saturday afternoon, since I have been here, when the Psalms are read in turn, verse by verse, and the *only* books I could see in the hands of the readers were those printed either by the Bible Society, or the London Society for Promoting

Christianity amongst the Jews. And I feel convinced that if the generality of the Jews were not afraid of incurring the dread vengeance of the rabbies and khaid, the New Testament would be as generally read as the Old. Though as it is, it is much read, and even studied.

I have forwarded to Dr. Hunter my evening notes, since I came here, which you may perhaps see, containing an account of my personal experience amongst many members of both synagogues. As regards the fundamental principles of the modern Judaism, it is the same here as elsewhere; and as you possess no less than five copies of my work on the subject, I need not explain to you their nature.

The costume of the Tunisian Jews is almost similar to that of the Arabs, with the exception of the turban, which must be black;* and no Jew is allowed to wear coloured slippers. The rabbi of that congregation is distinguished by the largeness of his turban, as well as by a huge capote, or a sort of Tunisian cloak. The women of that section dress rather fantastically,—their dress being made of patch-work, of divers and many colours.† At their homes the men sit always at their ease, and the women attend to drudgery work of the house. The accompanying sketch will give you an idea of a Tunisian couple at home. Some of them avail themselves of the privilege of polygamy. I know one who luxuriates in the possession of four wives. I need hardly tell you that the poor fellow is almost frantic.

The Livornese Jews wear, instead of the turban, a sort

* See page 47.

† This department, I have no doubt, will be graphically given in Miss Brown's forthcoming work. The British public may safely expect a rich treat from Miss Brown's potent pen and charming pencil.



of knitted white nightcap, hanging down in a tassel behind; the rest of their dress resembles that of their Tunisian brethren. Their rabbies are distinguished, when in the streets, by an European round hat and cloak.

The khaid, who is a Tunisian Jew, is distinguished by his dressing like the Bey's officer, in a long surtout coat, buttoned up to his chin, long trousers, rather wide, and a high red shashea. If any Jew should demur against the rabbi's decision—a circumstance of very rare occurrence—he puts the verdict into execution by physical force.

There are about sixty musicians in this city, who get

their livelihood by playing in the different coffee-houses, for which they are paid by the landlord; fifty-three out of the sixty are Jews, and are distinguished from the minority by their superior skill in their art.

There is one trait in their character which is very touching, namely, the undying love which animates their breasts for their holy city (Jerusalem), as well as for their hallowed land. No entertainment, no earthly enjoyment, is allowed, for one moment, to make Jerusalem to be forgotten, and they devise mementos of all sorts, to keep that loved spot alive in their memories. The other day I got possession of a Jewish tablecloth, designed for that purpose; of which I shall endeavour to give you a description. I must only premise that that tablecloth is not an unique one, worked according to the fancy of an individual—though there are vast numbers of such workmanship—but one of manufactured thousands.

It is a large square piece of cloth of many colours. On the four borders are printed four verses. Not being in a poetical mood just now, I shall only give a strictly literal translation of each line:—

EASTERN BORDER.

The land of Israel, to all her utmost limits, is most holy ;
 She, with everything that is in her, is the glory of all lands.
 It is the place of our Sanctuary, which God had chosen,
 And called her by His name, to be the joy of the whole earth.

SOUTHERN BORDER.

She is a land flowing with milk and honey, and this is her fruit,
 Wheat, barley, figs, pomegranates, olive-trees, and the fruitful
 vine ;
 All who taste of her fruit do laud, adore, and bless her,
 Everything that hath breath shall praise the Lord for the blessing
 of our land.

WESTERN BORDER.

The country southward is the city of the mighty ones from of old;
In Hebron lie the patriarchs of the Universe.*

In Safet was born Rabbi Shimoun ben Youchai, the pillar of the
world.†

In Tiberias, Rabbi Mayir *Baal Nāys*, the light of the world,
flourished.‡

NORTHERN BORDER.

Pleasant land ! Jerusalem is built as a city in unity with herself,
The Lord shall call Righteousness to her feet.

The devout and holy men of old are around her,§

On Mount Zion did Jehovah give rest to the kings of David,

Listen O kings of the earth !

So much for the borders of the square cloth. About a couple of inches from the borders an octagon is traced, which is divided into seventeen parts, and contain the following designs:—1, The tombs of the kings of the house of David; 2, The tomb of Rachel; 3, The tomb of Jesse; 4, The tomb of the prophet Haggai; 5, The tomb of Abner, the son of Ner; 6, The tomb of the

* The Jews maintain that the cave, which Abraham purchased from Ephron, was the one in which Adam and Eve were buried; and they also affirm that the reason why it was called מערת המכפלה *M'orath Hamachpaylah*, "the cave of Machpelah" [Gen. xxiii. 9], because it was destined for the four following couples;—Adam and Eve, Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, Jacob and Leah. The word *Machpelah* signifies *double*.

† The author of the book *Zohar*, a cabalistical work.

‡ This Rabbi is believed by the Jews to have been the greatest miracle-working mortal that ever lived, which the Hebrew words *Baal Nays* express. Even to this day they think that he can do mighty works for them; so that vast offerings are made to him. In almost every synagogue there is a box for the reception of such offerings.

§ Their respective tombs.

prophet Nathan; 7, The tomb of Rabbi Chai; 8, The tomb of Joshua, the son of Nun; 9, The tomb of Calba Sabua; 10, Jeremiah's prison-house; 11, The tomb of Rabbi Mayir, the miracle man; 12, The city of Tiberias; 13, Miriam's well; 14, The tomb of Rabbi Ari; 15, The tombs of Rabbi Akiba and of his twenty-four thousand disciples; 16, The tomb of Rabbi Shimoun ben Youchai; 17, The tomb of Rabbi Elezar ben Shimoun.

In the four triangles cut off from the square by the formation of the octagon are the designs of the following places: Safet, Hebron, the tomb of the prophet Samuel, and that of the prophetess Huldah. Within the octagon are formed three circles; the outer circle is divided into twelve sections, having the following inscriptions—1, The gates of mercies; 2, The monument of the miracle man; 3, The East gate; 4, The seat of Rabbi Kroni; 5, The Shunam gate; 6, The chamber of the seventy Sanhedrim; 7, The residence of Simon the Just; 8, The Jerusalem gate; 9, The tomb of Zechariah the prophet; 10, The Damascus gate; 11, The Zion gate; 12, The gate of life. Around the periphery of the second circle the following passage is inscribed:—"If I forget thee, O, Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."* On the space of the inner circle are sketches and inscriptions of Solomon's temple, his college, and the place of wailing.

All this has been contrived in order that the Jew should bear in mind that his country is Judea, and that his capital is Jerusalem; and lest whilst feasting, his

* Ps. CXXXVII. 5, 6.

mind should forget this fact, his tablecloth is designed to act as a remembrancer. What a lesson for a Christian! Yes, dear Sir Thomas, Christians might well learn to cultivate uncontrollable patriotism for their heavenly mansions from the Jewish unquenchable love for their earthly Jerusalem.

In my letters to my friends from this regency is to be found more on the same subject. It is not at all unlikely that you may see some of them, and learn the rest I have to say about the Jews of Tunis.

I am, my dear Sir Thomas,
Yours, &c. &c.

LETTER III.

TO CAPTAIN LINDSAY, GLASNEVIN HOUSE.

Biserta, January, 1848.

My dear Captain Lindsay,

I WRITE the following in this ancient city. I know not when I shall be able to despatch it to you. I dare say you will be trying to guess what brought me hither. To prevent an incorrect conjecture, I shall endeavour to explain to you the reason of my being here, in the plainest terms. But before doing so, I must first wish you all a very happy new year, though this may reach you when the year 1848 shall already be advanced in many days.

I have no doubt you have already heard of the fatal and melancholy destruction of the English man-of-war steamer, the "Avenger." Now, this painful accident is

the cause of my visit to this place. Friday morning, the 24th ult., Lieutenant Rooke arrived in a small boat at the Goletta—the bay of Tunis—and told the following tale of woe:—"On the Monday evening last, Dec. 20th, when the wind was very high and the sea very rough, the 'Avenger,' in which I served as Lieutenant, and which was on her way to Malta, was contending for mastery over the raging billows and roaring waves in the then angry Mediterranean. As for myself, having been a sailor from my youth, and possessing much confidence in the great powers of the "Avenger," I went down into the cabin and amused myself by playing a rubber of whist with a friend. Whilst thus engaged, I heard a violent shock, upon which I exclaimed, "A fine piece of work! there is a cannon got loose." I hastened on deck, and whilst running, I heard another shock, a more violent one than the former. As soon as I got on board, I heard the Captain (Napier) saying, 'Get you down the best way you can, and how you can!' I saw the steamer was going to pieces; I let down, therefore, one of the boats, and entered with seven fellow-servants of that steamer, one of whom was her physician. As soon as we were in the boat, a boisterous billow flung us at a considerable distance from the unfortunate 'Avenger.' I heard, however, loud shrieks and screams from her crew, and in a few moments she went into perdition—she was dashed into pieces on a coral reef between the island of Galita and Tabarca. This happened about ten o'clock of that painfully memorable evening. My seven companions and myself were tossed the whole night by the capricious storm and sea in a most merciless manner. We expected every moment to be added to the number of our comrades—250—at the



bottom of the sea. The fatal foreboding was at last realized—our little bark was shattered, and we were all plunged into the ocean, not being able even to seize hold of a plank. I know not what became of four of my fellow-sailors—I conclude they were drowned; as for myself and these three individuals, consisting of a mate, midshipman, and an inferior sailor, it appears we were washed ashore between Biserta and Taharca almost lifeless. An Arab found us in that state, and kindly conveyed us to his hospitable tent, and with fostering hand fanned in us the, almost extinguished, vital spark, to life again. For we remember nothing of our struggles from the time our little boat was upset till the time that we found ourselves in the Arab's tent. As soon as my friends and myself felt capable of moving again, we made ourselves understood by signs, for we knew not a word of the Arabic language—that we escaped from a frightful wreck, and begged him to bring us to a place where an English Consul resided. He conducted us to Biserta, where Mr. Manucci, the English Vice-Consul, furnished us with a boat, in which we made our way to the Goletta, in order to inform the British Consul-General of Tunis of the sad catastrophe that had befallen Her Britannic Majesty's steamer, and to procure some help for the purpose of visiting that destructive part where her ruin took place, peradventure we might find some mutilated bodies of our forlorn friends." Such was Mr. R.'s statement. It is not at all improbable, had this officer and his friends not been so providentially preserved, that we might for ever have remained ignorant of the fate of the "Avenger," as we were of that of the "President."

Sir Thomas Reade wrote immediately to the Vice-Consul, Mr. Ferriere, to make every exertion to procure

as much assistance as possible. Mr. R. was furnished with a vessel to return to the fatal spot. Mr. Ferriere obtained three vessels for the same purpose from the Bey ; he also succeeded in obtaining the service of the "Lavoisier," a French man-of-war steamer, which is now lying in the harbour of Tunis. But, alas! one and all returned with the melancholy tidings, that scarcely a vestige of the mighty English steamer was visible. The latter, however, saw a few barrels, a chair, a door from one of the cabins, and several other things, which evidently belonged to that hapless steamer. An oversight on the part of the commander of the "Lavoisier" must be noticed. When that commander was not far from the island of Galita, he observed a little boat, of a piratical appearance, anchored at the island. The "Lavoisier" made some signals to the little boat, but the latter did not condescend to notice any signals. The commander of the former ordered a cannon to be fired, after which a Neapolitan flag was hoisted on the small boat. This reply on the part of the latter seemed either to have satisfied or frightened the French commander, and induced him to return without making any further inquiry about that boat. It is the general opinion that that little vessel was engaged in picking up the spoils of the "Avenger."

As soon as the melancholy history of the English man-of-war was ascertained, the Rev. N. Davis, missionary to the Jews at Tunis, and myself, saw the propriety of proceeding along the coast in order to see whether some of the lost ones were not washed ashore, so that we might afford them Christian interment. On our arrival here, we learned that three boats left this, on Wednesday last, for Galita, also in the same search as ourselves.

Mr. D. therefore proceeded further along the coast, and I remain here awaiting the return of the boats. I shall write again as soon as I shall learn more of the things belonging to the "Avenger." This will give you a correct idea of the cause that brought me hither. The remainder of the information which I may get respecting that vessel, I shall communicate in a letter to Lady Mary, which I will inclose herewith.

This place, even as it is now, bears the impress of having once been a most beautiful city. The scenery about here is both grand and gorgeous. In summer Biserta must be a charming place. I am here in the worst season of the year, and yet I cannot help admiring its vicinity from the lofty terrace of the English Consulate. I shall try to give a description of Biserta and its environs in a letter to another of my Glasnevin correspondents, which I dare say you will get to read, if you should wish to do so. For the present, therefore, Adieu!

I am, my dear Captain Lindsay,

Yours very faithfully,

&c.

&c.

LETTER IV.

TO LADY MARY LINDSAY, GLASNEVIN.

Biserta, January, 1848.

My dear Lady Mary,

YESTERDAY I penned a letter to Captain Lindsay, in which I gave Lieutenant Rooke's own account of the disastrous wreck of the "Avenger," as well as of his own and his three comrades' providential escape. From

mine to Captain L. you will see, that Mr. Davis proceeded along the coast in search of some corpses of the lost crew. Mr. D. has just returned here, after a very arduous search, and brought a few more particulars in reference to the escape of Lieut. R. and his companions; and as Mr. D.'s account differs a little from that of the Lieutenant's, I think it interesting enough to be noticed. In fact, I am of opinion that the information Mr. D. got from the Arab who saved the unfortunate sailors, is more authentic than that we got from Mr. R. himself, inasmuch as the latter stated that he was perfectly senseless when washed ashore, and knew nothing of his existence until he found himself in the Arab's tent; I will, therefore, give here the story of the generous Arab,



Mohammed by name, who is now standing before me, whilst his father is sitting cross-legged on the ground, as was related by him to Mr. Davis.

“ On the morning of last Tuesday week (Dec. 21st), as I was going to Cape Kafabaat, I observed a small boat on the sand of the sea-shore, and a human being crawling very feebly on his all-fours on the sand. I hastened to his assistance and raised him on his legs. As soon as he stood upright, he took hold of my hand and leaned on my arm, and began to discharge great quantities of salt water; this individual was the English Sheikh. I conducted him gently for a few yards towards the mountains, when I beheld three other individuals standing and shivering beneath a tree (corresponding to a weeping-willow), at a place close to that self-same spot called Elakabaat. As soon as those three unfortunate individuals caught a sight of us, they began to beckon to us to come to their assistance. I approached them; they were also deprived of their senses, and discharged great quantities of salt water. I took them all four home to my humble hut, and gave them some nourishment, which brought them to their senses again. I kept them with me the whole of that day and night. They could not converse with me, and no more could I converse with them, so that I cannot positively say what passed in their minds, but they looked remarkably timorous. It is not at all unlikely that they apprehended their being sold as slaves, which was formerly practised in this country with shipwrecked mariners. The following morning (Wednesday, Dec. 22) I judged them equal to accompany me to Biserta, which I intimated to them by signs to follow me. They looked frightfully timid all the way; they no doubt imagined that I conducted them to

some slave market. We were obliged, however, to stop on the road over that night, and the following morning we arrived here. When they perceived that I brought them amongst civilized people, all their fears were dissipated, and they gave vent, for the first time, to a burst of gratitude. They fell upon my neck and kissed me, and wept plentifully for joy. Mr. Manucci then provided them with a boat to proceed to Tunis, to relate their melancholy adventure to their consul."

Thus far is Mohammed's narrative of the deliverance of Lieut. R. and his three companions. This generous Arab richly deserves to be rewarded, for by saving them he exposed himself to no little persecution, and the marvel is that Mohammed did not put an end to the existence of the poor individuals, in order to escape imprisonment himself. A practice very common, in many instances, in the region of Barbary, for the following reasons. When the kadi, or sheikh, gets to know that some wrecked persons have been saved by an Arab or Moor, he turns it into an occasion for plundering and robbing the kind deliverer, under the plea that the philanthropist found, along with the mariners, a great deal of goods, which the kadi, or sheikh, demands to be handed over to him. But as the deliverer can produce nothing, for sailors seldom ever escape from a wreck with anything else but their lives, he is thrown into prison, and robbed of all he personally possesses. It was and is customary, therefore, among many Arabs, to kill on the spot any wrecked sailor they happened to find on the seashore. Mohammed, however, in spite of the apprehended persecution, took care of the suffering mariners. I am glad Mr. D. is taking them along with him to Tunis, and represent them as fit objects for handsome remuneration.

ration, which will prove a beneficial encouragement to the Arabs to treat distressed English sailors mercifully; and I sincerely hope that Sir Thomas Reade will consider them entitled to receive due compensation for their hospitality and generosity.

I shall only say a few words as regards Mr. D.'s success in his expedition. He went as far as Sidi Mansoor, more than half way from this to Tabarca. He found two corpses belonging, no doubt, to the small boat in which Lieut. R. escaped; he interred them decently at *Elakabaat*, under the tree where the three sailors were found standing. He read the burial service in the presence of forty-six moslems, all of whom behaved themselves with becoming decorum. Mr. Davis having concluded, from a personal view, that it was morally impossible that any bodies of the "Avenger" should have been washed ashore at Sidi Mansoor, he returned this afternoon to Biserta, and when we have inspected all the lions of this very ancient city, we shall return to Tunis. A short sketch of Mr. D.'s adventure in the mountains, and amongst the mountaineers, would be very interesting, but I could not do it just now, as I am surrounded by all sorts of individuals, who make a most distracting clatter. I may, nevertheless, do it in one of my epistles to Glasnevin, which I shall take care shall be forwarded to your ladyship. I shall, however, mention now, that one of the bodies which was found by Mr. Davis, had, on the part of the shirt which remained on it—for almost all the clothes were gone, and only a small piece of shirt clung to it—the name "Ayling" marked on it. You may perhaps hear of some of his relations, or come in contact with some of them. It would be gratifying to afford them the information, that their

relative who was lost in the wreck of the "Avenger," was found by the Rev. N. Davis, of Tunis, and interred by the same Christian Minister in the regency of Tunis, at Sidi Mansoor, at a place called Elakabaat, beneath a wide spreading tree, resembling that of a weeping willow. Seeing I have no more room, I have no alternative but to close this epistle.

I am, my dear Lady Mary,

Yours very truly.

&c.

&c.

LETTER V.

TO MISS G. LINDSAY, GLASNEVIN.

Biserta, January, 1848.

My dear Georgiana,

APPREHENDING lest the painful narratives contained in mine to your dear papa and mamma, of yesterday and the day before, should affect your gentle and sympathetic heart too much, I bethought myself, therefore, to take steps to relieve the melancholy thoughts which my epistles to your parents might inspire you with. The most effectual mode of doing it, I think would be, to give you an account of our adventures on our way from Tunis to this, so that you will come in again for all the fun.

On the 28th of last month, when the melancholy and total loss of the ill-fated "Avenger" was fully ascertained in Tunis, Mr. Davis and myself applied for protection, through the English Consul, to the Bey, so as to enable us to travel without the apprehension of being every moment stabbed and shot, and a hundred other catas-

trouphes happening to us. In this country you must not travel far without a strong escort of life-guards. The protection was immediately furnished, and we began forthwith to make preparations for our journey. Whilst we were over head and ears in arrangements about our horses, carriage, and servants, good and kind Mrs. Davis concerned herself about the provision of food which we might require on the road ; she would consequently interrupt us incessantly with questions to the same effect. Now our minds were not at all attuned to the interruption. In the first place, we had not the least appetite at the time, for we completely lost it during our dinner, from which we had just then got up ; in the second place, we had so many other things to think of at that time ; and, in the third place, Mr. D. indulged an idea that we would have no occasion for much provision, expecting to reach Biserta in one day, and there he was sure he would be provided liberally with all the necessaries of life, so that affectionate Mrs. Davis's kind, repeated enquiries met with anything but gratitude ; yea, to our shame and confusion be it recorded, her generosity was repaid on our part with unpolite and almost unkind remarks. Mr. D. said, " I wish, dear, you would make yourself a little less officious," and I said, " pray, dear Kate, leave us to ourselves for a little while." We must have looked very crabby when we made those rude speeches, for Mrs. D. walked off as sulky as possible. I felt contrite remorse as soon as she quitted our study, but, alas ! I could not recal the words. I said to Mr. D., that " it was a great shame on our part, to treat Kate's kind offers in this way," but Mr. D. cut me short by saying that he could not endure interruption when preparing for a journey. We were left to our-

selves, and arranged everything comfortably, except our wills ; in fact, we were reluctant to think of the immediate necessity of such a testament. However, as soon as all we wished to do was done, I began to long for an opportunity to make up with Mrs. D., which was soon afforded us. Though late, several of our friends and neighbours came to see us, as they thought for the last time, apprehending that they would see us no more. Mrs. D. came to tell us of their arrival, and of their sitting in the drawing-room. I began to apologise for my ungrateful observation, and she told us that we were not worth caring for, and that we might wait long enough before she would concern herself any more about us. However, an interchange of a few remarks deposed the usurping terrific frown from her lovely brow, restored the reigning benignity, and her face was once more lit up with her wonted smile, which made Mr. D. and myself very comfortable. Not a word passed her lips about victuals for our journey. We followed her to the drawing-room, met our friends, and thanked them for their kind concern for us, for some brought us huge fur coats, to shelter us from the cold, in case we should be obliged to sleep in the open field, and conversed for about an hour with Dr. Heap, the American Consul, Mr. Tulin, the Prussian and Swedish Consul, Mr. Geymet, the Sardinian Consul, Mr. Ferriere, the English Vice-Consul, &c. &c. &c. We then shook hands with every one of them, and could not repress the symptoms of misgivings, that probably we should never, any more, see each others' faces, on this side the grave.

About one o'clock that morning we retired to bed, and about five the same morning we were up. Our promised protection did not arrive in time, so that we gave orders

that the Hambas and Spicheys—these are the titles of the officiating life-guards—should be sent after us. And we set out by ourselves, with four attendants. Mr. D—— and myself went in a carriage; his servant rode one of the carriage-horses, and acted, as postilion; another servant and Uzan* went on horseback behind us, and the American Consul's dragoman—whom Dr. Heap kindly lent us—in front of us. I must tell you that those dragomen are the finest-looking Arabs in Tunis: they stalk along the streets, pistols in their belts, and thick substantial canes in their hands, with the most consummate air of pride: their dresses suit their haughtiness, so that they are rather an imposing tribe. Each Consul has two or three such gentlemen as his life-guards. I send you a sketch of one of them. To make Baba Ali look doubly grand, I mounted him on my horse, and lent him my new Moorish saddle and bridle, which set him off to very great advantage. He exposed his pistols and sword to public gaze, and ordered Mr. D—— to do the same with his gun; and after bidding farewell to the members of the family, we started. On our leaving the last gate, we observed an extensive caravan of camels—which arrived the preceding night† from Gereed with a cargo of fresh dates—kneeling. No sooner did we approach them, than they all—perhaps 300—simultaneously rose up: our horses took fright, and set off at railway speed. Mr. D—— scolded Masoud, the postilion, for not stopping the velocity of the horses; but the servant turned round and answered very coolly, yet earnestly, “Why don't you ask me to stop the lighting in the sky, the eagle in the air, the torrent of a

* A Jewish convert.

† The gates of Tunis always close at sunset, after which there is no admittance into the city.

mighty cataract?" I enjoyed the poetry, and could have listened to more of the same sort ; but Mr. D—— put a stop to poor Masoud's pretty eloquence, by telling him to look at the horses and not at us. However, the horses soon thought better of their pace, and slackened it a little. We drove about eight miles through a beautiful olive plantation, studded with little dark Bedouin tents, which rendered the appearance exquisitely picturesque. Having passed through the plantation, we came upon a fertile but uncultivated large plain ; and driving in the style of Jchu the son of Nimshi, we reached a place called *Sebahlah*—named thus because of a fountain being attached to it—two hours afterwards ; and we thus drove altogether about four hours, since we left Tunis. As there is a sort of coffee-house at Sebahlah, and as we felt rather hungry—for we left home without breakfast—and the horses were tired, we determined to halt there for a short time. But we could get nothing to satisfy nature's cravings, but thick, dirty-looking coffee, in very small cups, not larger than English egg-cups. We had therefore to begin to feed upon the fruit of our insolence. As every one is obliged to smoke in this country, and as I got a present of one hundred very nice cigars from the Sardinian Vice-Consul, I took out therefore my cigar-case, which was filled with the same, and lighted the weed of repose, hoping thereby to become composed, and expecting that my appetite would vanish in the smoke.

I cannot afford you more than one sheet of note-paper, and therefore cannot proceed any further in this with my narrative ; but I shall continue it in letters to the inmates of Carlingford House and Churchill, so that you will have to interchange the notes for a reading.

Yours truly, &c.

LETTER VI

TO MISS CRAWFORD, CARLINGFORD HOUSE,
GLASNEVIN.

My dear Elizabeth,

I HAVE just finished a letter to Miss Lindsay, giving her the beginning of my, or rather our, adventures, whilst on our way to this place. The catalogue turned out so long that I could not possibly get all into one sheet of such sized paper. I shall therefore continue my story in this to you. It will be absolutely necessary for both of you to change, or to compare notes.

I find that my communication to Miss L. ends with smoke. Well, whilst I was smoking my Sardinian cigar, a poor, emaciated warrior of the Bey's army (I mean a Tunisian soldier) came to me with three filts in his hand, offering to purchase of me a cigar, for that enormous sum—one-third of an English farthing. Of course I treated him to the luxury for nothing. The poor soldier was very thankful, but I got a good scolding for my generosity. Mr. D.—who is generally by far the most generous of us two—told me as plainly as words could tell, that I was “a stupid fellow, thus wasting my prime cigars;” and that I would long for one hereafter, and not get it. We never fall out about a scolding; for when it is my turn, Mr. D. wishes me at Jericho, a place I am very anxious to see. I said, therefore, “Never mind, the poor fellow looks in a miserable condition; this ‘generous weed’ may soothe his distracted mind for a little time.” This laconic moral settled the question, and Mr. D.'s wonted liberality returned in full tide, and

he ordered the soldier a cup of coffee, for which he paid three filts out of his own pocket.

After inspecting the very fine house and the pretty gardens belonging to it—the country residence of the Bey's brother—and after letting off a few jokes at the Bedouins, the word of command was given, and in a few seconds we and our suite were again *en chemin*. In consequence of the abundance of rain that there has been lately in this regency, the road on the large plain from Sebalah to the bridge over the river Majerdch, was very bad indeed, and we had to pull very hard in some places. Indeed, had it not been for Mr. D.'s powerful horses, we should assuredly have stuck in the mud. However, about 12 o'clock we reached the bridge; we found it in a dreadful condition. It began to be built, on a very grand scale, by Hamooda Basha, from the ruins of ancient Utica, the site of which place is about a mile and a half distance to the right, after you cross the bridge. The builders of the bridge were taken from the ruins of Christendom. Captured Christian slaves were forced to work at it. Hamooda, however, died before the bridge was finished; and the Mohammedans have a superstition which prevents them completing what a predecessor commenced. Accordingly, four arches are perfectly safe, but two most unsafe. The last having been left unfinished, and therefore unpassable, were patched up with wooden balconies, which are now quite rotten, and therefore very dangerous to cross. We were obliged to take our horses out of the harness and lead them gently over to the other side, and then carry the carriage very cautiously over, which took us about an hour to accomplish; and having had nothing to eat since last night, we were now ravenously hungry, for which we had no one to blame but ourselves.

I laid down on the green grass, feeding on the reflections which the river Majerdeh suggested, whilst the horses were feeding on oats. I enjoyed my thoughts as much as food. I fancied myself living in the third century before the Christian era, and looking on those banks at a distance,—on Attilius Regulus with his army fighting the monster serpent 120 feet in length. Between you and the post, it is a story I never believed. I almost imagined that I saw Regulus bruise the serpent's head and set his army free. And this train of thought suggested another of a most sublime nature, viz., the first prophecy, Gen. iii. 15, in which train I swiftly traversed over the whole range of the history of Redemption, when I was suddenly dragged back by Mr. D——'s exclaiming, "She is a darling creature; Margoliouth, come here." Mr. D—— found that his dear young wife, in spite of the insults she got from us, provided us with some food, which she put in a corner, in the carriage, which Mr. D—— discovered, whilst searching for something else, to his great comfort. We found two chickens, five small loaves of bread, and three bottles of wine and a bottle of brandy. We first satisfied the wants of our servants, and then proceeded to regale ourselves. To tell the truth, in my reveries I forgot that I was hungry; but on my being aroused and beholding edibles before me, I felt my appetite very keen indeed, and I was thankful that I had the means of doing it justice. We now felt in very good humour; we moralized on the vanity of the world, whilst looking on the site where famous Utica once stood; and over the fate of the "Avenger," &c. Altogether we indulged in many gloomy thoughts, in which we experienced some pleasure, for there is often a charm in melancholy. We

then simultaneously took out our cigar-cases, lighted our cigars, ordered the horses to be put into the carriage, and in the course of half an hour we were close to the ruins of ancient Utica. We did not speak to each other, but in silence gave vent to our cigars, and filled the air with smoke.

Yours, &c.

LETTER VII.

TO GEORGE CRAWFORD, ESQ., CARLINGFORD HOUSE,
GLASNEVIN.

My dear George,

THIS epistle shall be a continuation of mine to Elizabeth. Before you proceed any further, read mine to Miss Lindsay and your sister. One mail shall carry them all.

As soon as our mouth-pieces were altogether consumed, I could not contain myself any longer, but boldly pronounced the words, "Poor Cato, poor Cato!" Mr. D—— being very expert in the use of the Irish echo, immediately articulated, "It was about forty years B. C. that Cato the fool put a period to his life in order to escape from Cæsar; there is heathen philosophy for you." In reply I simply mumbled out a line from Lucan's "*Pharastalia*,"—

Victrix causa diis, placuit sed victa Catoni.

It would appear, that though the name of Utica is now no more known to the inhabitants of that region, still Cato is not altogether forgotten, at least his character is immortalized. The site once occupied by Utica

bears now the name of ابو ساتر Boo Shater, the father of wisdom, which is supposed to refer to Cato. No doubt he inherited the title of his great-grandfather, viz., Sapiens. I know not whether Baba Ali, the dragoman, had his mind taken up with the exploits which had taken place in that plain, but one thing I know, that he was not in his proper senses, for he sadly misled us, so as to deprive us of any opportunity of arriving that evening at Biserta. He caused us to go astray over many a mountain, and down many a valley; in fact, he took us about six miles out of our way, and did not know how to bring us back again. Had it not been for an Arab whom he fortunately met, we might have wandered who knows where. Poor Baba Ali, notwithstanding his haughty mien and proud gait, was told that he was a madman and a fool, and Mr. D—— ordered him to take his place behind our carriage, and not to show his face till we got on the right road. The dragoman was obliged to obey without a single demur. Since we got into that fix, I thought we might as well ask where we were. I found that we were not far from Ghellah, where the Romans encamped B.C. 204, in the days of Asdrubal and Scyphax. This place was immortalized by a painting which was discovered at Pompeii, representing Sophonisba receiving from the hands of her husband Masinissa a cup of poison, which she swallowed rather than be surrendered to the Romans, which occurred in this place. I never liked the character of the lady, but one cannot help looking upon that portrait, which represents the episode of that combat, with interest. On our return to the main road, which leads direct to Biserta, we found that we had to surmount a monstrously rugged hill, bearing the graphic name of *Jebel Kasseer Akoleit*, "the

jar-breaking hill." At the foot of the hill I observed several ruins : one of them is said to be that of a Christian church. Near that ruin we were obliged to unharness our horses again, and lead them quietly, for fear of the mountain mistaking them for jars and breaking their knees. In the same way had we to transfer the carriage to the other side of the mountain, in which business we lost another hour and a half. On walking quietly over the hill, I observed many little stone-heaps, supposed to cover the bodies of those found murdered on it ; as this hill is said to have been once the resort of many highway robbers and murderers,—a most likely place indeed, as it would prevent any victim from making his escape, be he ever so nimble. Mr. D—— pointed out to me a very large heap of small stones, which he supposed to have been the covering of several murdered ones. The Moors have a superstition not to pass by a murdered person without throwing a stone at him ; and if there are several on one spot, they throw a stone for each, which are formed in a short time into a heap, and covers the victim or victims from open view. I observed that this hill abounded in fossils, some of gigantic size. I picked up several minor ones, but I could not manage to secure a large one, being too heavy, not only for me, but also for our tired horses. Baba Ali made himself so very useful during our crossing that Jebel, that I was induced to ask Mr. D—— to forget his last offence, in which I had no difficulty to succeed ; so that Mr. D—— addressed a few words to him, which gave him much courage ; and B. A., as soon as we were mounted, resumed by degrees his original position. The roads, however, were so wretchedly bad, that we were obliged several times to leave the carriage, and leap over various ditches and ravines.

Having abandoned every hope of reaching Biserta that evening, we were on the point of dispatching Baba Ali to the Sheikh of Menzel Jemeel to prepare room for us, but we observed five robbers, which made us keep all our men close to us till we passed those inquisitive gentlemen. They did not attempt to attack us; our party being better armed than themselves. We looked at each other knowingly, and passed on. It began to be dusky; we therefore dispatched—as soon as we got out of sight of the ambuscade—Baba Ali, at a gallop, to the Sheikh of Menzel Jemeel, to have a room ready for us, as well as a supper, for we were downright famished. Baba Ali spurred my poor horse, and in a very few minutes he was at Menzel Jemeel. In the course of half an hour we were there also. Now Menzel Jemeel signifies in Arabic “the beautiful resting-place.” I flattered myself, therefore, that we would assuredly find rest there for our weary bodies, for I do not forget how tired we were; but I was never more mistaken in my life, except it be in the *sincerity* of ——. In the first place, let me tell you that the village looked literally beautiful at a distance. How true is it that “distance lends enchantment to the view.” But as soon as we entered it we found nothing more than ruin upon ruin; and there we stopped in the midst of a heap of ruins, surrounded by a mob of bad, savage-looking Arabs, awaiting the return of our ambassador from the sheikh’s house. Fortune wept for us, which showed itself in a very heavy rain and tempestuous wind. After standing in this predicament for about an hour in pitch dark, Baba Ali returned to say he could not find the sheikh’s house. He was shown a house as being that of the sheikh, but on knocking there, the women from within cried out the sheikh did not live there, and there was no

man in the house; and they would therefore not open the door. After Baba Ali threatened, scolded, entreated, cursed the women's grandfather's father, and proved unsuccessful, he returned with the pleasant information that we had a good chance to stay the whole night in the same way we begun it. 'Mr. D——, in a most imperative tone, said, "Go back to that house and break the door open; we will go also." He forgot that our Hambas and Spicheys were not with us; if they were, we could have done it with impunity, I took the liberty, therefore, of quietly reminding him of this important circumstance, to which he replied, "I know it; but I wish to frighten them, to see what this step will do for us." We went up several horrible hilly streets, and such getting up I certainly never did see; we reached at last the sheikh's house, and Baba Ali, with more enraged strength, knocked at the door of the harem. What with the noise of our servants, the dragoman, and the clatter of a dozen women from their *sanctum*, the whole village gathered round us, and we were soon given to understand that the women spoke the truth, viz., that there was no sheikh in Menzel Jemeel just then. Their husband was the sheikh, but was deposed, and summoned to the presence of the Bey, and was therefore obliged to go to Tunis. The Arabs at the same time whispered, "Who are they?" and Baba Ali thought proper to dub me Consul, and Mr. D—— my secretary, not a little to my annoyance. I was, however, quiet, for by speaking I should certainly have excited more conversation, and, as a matter of course, been kept longer in the rain. Baba Ali threatened all the inhabitants of the village with the bastinado if they would not forthwith furnish the Consul with suitable apartments for him and his equipage, as well as the necessaries of life. A consulta-

tion took place among the faithful followers of the false prophet as to what was to be done with the infidel dogs, who, by reason of the sins of the Moslems, got the upper-hand over Mohammed's votaries. At last an old Arab addressed the concourse of people thus: "Most willing would I have been to accommodate these strangers, but you know that, by reason of the Bey's and Benayad's extortions, I am very poor myself, and cannot afford to supply their wants; will you therefore club together with me, and let us make a merit of a necessity?" Several Arabs presented themselves: one offered a little flour, another a little bread, a third some eggs, a fourth some meat, and so on; so that Ahmed (that was the name of the old man) consented to conduct us to his house. He had only one room to offer to all of us, and that was twelve feet long and eight broad, and the walls as damp as damp can be. It took us no less than an hour before we made up our mind to sit down upon the shabby divan prepared for us. We were cold and starved before, and now we had a good chance to be suffocated; for besides our three attendants, about a dozen Arabs pressed into the room to admire us. I rather liked this episode: there is something to talk of; but Mr. D—— was greatly annoyed. We asked for supper, but none was forthcoming. The Arabs, as soon as they got us comfortably lodged (as they thought) at Ahmed's house, their promises of contributing to our supper became like pie-crust. Oh, how I wished for the pie-crust! and they began to quarrel among themselves. We asked whether we could not get a cup of coffee, which is a staple article in this country, to which question Mr. D—— and myself added terrific frowns: we plainly told them that they had better take care as to what they were about. Ahmed perhaps

would have hesitated a little more about the coffee, but seeing Mr. D—— holding a bottle of beautiful brandy in his hand, which Mrs. D—— put into the carriage without our knowledge, he thought it prudent to treat us kindly, hoping thereby to obtain a taste of the *crater*. Ahmed set off, and in a few moments he returned with the news that the coffee would soon come. Presently a big fellow came up with a sort of pot which is called *canoon* here, filled with live charcoals, a jug of water, a sort of saucepan made to contain the great quantity of one-eighth of a pint of water, and a paper in which the coffee, mixed up with sugar, was secured. Now for the process of coffee-making. The filthy, dirty Arab first took several pinches of coffee, which he put in the monstrous saucepan, and filled it up with water; then he put the pan on the fiery *canoon*, and began to blow as hard as he could, till the water began to boil. That done, he poured out the contents of the pot into a small cup, holding the immense quantity of half your wine-glasses, and handed the same first to me, taking me for the Consul. I took it, and in a short time made a full end of the liquid stuff: I could not manage the ground work. I handed the cup back into the hands of the cook. This functionary first licked out the thick coffee from the bottom of the cup, and in order not to leave a grain in it, he assisted his tongue with his thumb; after which he was about to fill it for Mr. D——, but Mr. D—— put on a most inveterate look, and said most sternly, “Wash it first, *ya khaluf*, (i.e., pig.)” Ahmed was all the time bothering for brandy, in spite of the Koran. Mr. D—— gave him first a sermon from that code, and then said, “There, *kafar* (infidel), *kelb* (dog), drink as much as you like!” Ahmed did not spare it, I assure you. But the more he drank the more he wanted

to drink; so that whenever his servant handed to any of our party a cup of coffee, he asked for the loan of the brandy bottle. When we had all done with the coffee, then our admiring visitors began to enjoy themselves with the same beverage. Two of our men fell asleep, and began to snore most unconsciously; but it was a considerable time before I found out whether the noise was that of snoring or of the Arab's coffee drinking, so much alike were both those noises; and though it was discordant to our ears, the snoring was quite harmonious to the noise of the coffee bibbers. The rest of my adventures will be written to the inhabitants of Churchill, your neighbours.

I shall now proceed to answer a few queries you made in your last to me, for which I shall have to employ another sheet of paper.

In yours of the 15th of November, you indulged in a few remarks about "old Carthage." I own the name never excited such deep feelings of interest in my breast before I beheld its site, as it does now. I looked upon the spot almost daily, but the frequency of my seeing it did by no means blunt my strong feelings. Its whole history came before me whenever I turned my eyes toward the Byrsa. Mingled reflections of a compound nature filled my cogitations, whenever I viewed from the terrace of the house I live in—which commands an extensive and magnificent prospect—the desolate plains and hills which were once crowned with palaces, temples, theatres, fanes,—all majestic, all magnificent, all grand. Can I help remembering that the wickedness which was the bane of Tyre and Sidon, and ultimately caused their destruction, was fearfully practised in Carthage? I think I am justified in applying a sacred passage, uttered

with regard to Jerusalem, to Carthage, "Behold, every one that useth proverbs, shall use this proverb against thee, saying, As is the mother, so is her daughter."* For when retributive justice called upon Tyre to pay her quota, Carthage was also brought into remembrance for her abominable doings. Let liberal-minded-would-be-philosophical gentlemen talk of "the combined assaults of the Romans, and the many tribes who succeeded them, of time, and of the waves of the Mediterranean," as the causes of the utter ruin of Carthage. Your humble servant, poor credulous fellow, maintains that it was God's decree against Tyre, and all belonging to her, for the multitude of her sins, and the uncontrollable pride of her heart.

With reference to Sir G. T. Temple's statement, that "the Moors consider St. Louis and their great saint Sidi Boo-Saced to have been one and the same person, positively asserting that the French Royal Crusader, on his death-bed, abjured his religion and embraced the doctrines of Mohammedanism, changing his name, at the same time, to Boo-Saced, the father of happiness;" I asked several learned Moors, and they laughed heartily at the veracity of English travellers' remarks. Sidi Boo-Saced flourished two hundred years before St. Louis; he was a native of Bugia, and pupil of Abd el Elaziz. This is not the only false assertion, travellers have made respecting this vicinity. But what are the poor fellows to do? Each visitor is anxious to furnish his readers with something new, and in the absence of such a thing, he fabricates one. If he could mix and converse with the natives, I dare say he would not be under the painful necessity of giving fiction for fact; but unable to do so

* Ezekiel xvi. 44.

they have no alternative, and as it is about Carthage, the writer indites under the influence of *Punica fides*.

I can write no more for the present, and therefore adieu, till I hear from you again.

Yours faithfully, &c. &c.

LETTER VIII.

TO GEORGE HARRIS WILSON, ESQ., CHURCHILL,
GLASNEVIN.

My dear Mr. Wilson,

I WILL conclude the narrative of my adventures, whilst *en route* to Biserta, with this epistle to you. So that the most interesting portion of this my narrative will be related to you. However, it will be necessary for you to read the letters I have addressed to Glasnevin House, and Carlingford House first, as this is a continuation of those ; and hence so abrupt a commencement.

Mr. Davis felt our disappointment at our not getting any refreshment, rather unmanly. It was not because he had nothing to eat, but the poor servants, who had toiled and laboured very hard all the day long, saw no other prospect before them than starvation, and then of what use could they be the next morning? Moreover, he always piqued himself that he could get anything he wanted from the Arabs, but alas! that evening's events proved an exception, and being perhaps the first time, he did not relish it much. I tried to comfort him by saying, "Oh! this night will soon pass away, and we shall enjoy this mishap on our return to Tunis more than if we had

been hospitably entertained." But he came out with one of his truisms, viz., "that *our* future enjoyment will not satisfy the present cravings of appetite in poor worn-out Baba Ali, Masoud, Ben Achmida, and Uzan ;" and then added, "how stupid it was of Kate to ask us what we wanted ; could she not know what we required without asking us ?" I laughed heartily in my sleeve. To put an end to our dry and unsatisfactory arguments, I took out my note-book, addressed several interrogations to Ahmed, our inhospitable host. In reply to my inquiries I was informed that *Menzel Jemeel* was in a most flourishing condition, in the days of Hamooda Pasha, *i. e.*, the present Bey's second predecessor. Cotton was there cultivated in great abundance, as well as various articles manufactured, especially the fine scarfs used for turbans ; but that in consequence of the present Bey's mal-govern-ment, it was in the most wretched condition imaginable. Benayad, the principal monopolist, is the burden of the Arab's most cordial curses. This place is obliged to give the Bey 700 measures of oil, a tax which Benayad instituted. The latter pays the former a certain sum, for which he gets permission to impose any tax he chooses, and has consequently reduced the whole of this regency to the most abject poverty. Benayad does not scruple to extort money from any individual without any pretext whatever. Poor Ahmed himself was thrown into prison no less than three times, in order to pay several sums which that worthy imposed upon him, without any rhyme or reason. Our host having given the several items of information, deemed himself entitled to pay another visit to the bottle of brandy, to drown, as he said, his immense troubles, and invoked a hearty curse on Benayad, as well as on his grandfather's father's beard, after which he left

us for half an hour, and brought some boiled eggs. However, I did not taste any, I wrapt myself up in a fur coat, lined with fox-skin, which the American consul lent me, and tried to go to sleep; but Mr. D—— not being able to endure Ahmed's repeated compliments to the bottle, began to lecture the Mohammedans, about their great wickedness, which caused such loud argumentation as to render sleep impossible. About one o'clock in the morning, Mr. D—— succeeded in turning all the Arabs out of our hole, and we went to sleep for a couple of hours. About five o'clock our apartment was again honoured with a visit from several sons of Ishmael, and Baba Ali indulged in a long lecture on language. He spoke sensibly for some time. He expatiated on the goodness of God in vouchsafing the boon of speech to human beings, and withholding the same from the brute creation. He went on to remark that every talkative being is bound to warn his fellow-creatures against error, and to direct him into the right way. Having heard all this, I considered it my bounden duty to direct the attention of my poor deluded cousins into the right way. Upon which, Baba Ali began to caricature image worship in the most dexterous manner, thinking this would effectually stop me from maintaining that Christianity was the only true religion. But I explained to him that such worshippers were no more Christians than Ahmed, the drunkard, was a Moslem. But this is not the place for an hour and a half discussion about the comparative merits of Christianity and Mohammedanism. About 7 o'clock, we were ready for starting. Mr. D—— and myself determined to get a peep of the village early in the morning, for which purpose we ascended the terrace and inspected the surrounding scenery at all four quarters,

which we admired very much. We then descended and walked through several of the almost impassable streets. Our attention was arrested by a baking-house, which we entered to examine. It appears that an individual hires an oven, which he heats every morning about 7 o'clock, when the villagers rise and make their bread, and bring it to be baked, for a certain trifle, in that one oven. There is a peculiarity in their pilgrim life which deserves notice; they never provide themselves with more than their daily bread. A beautiful illustration of the prayer taught to the Christian pilgrims, "Give us this day our daily bread." We had nothing more to see in that little place, we returned therefore to our men, and finding every thing ready, we started for Biserta. The rain still continued. However, nothing could prevent us poking out our heads from the carriage to look upon the picturesque appearance of the scenery round about Biserta. The lake on one side, the sea on the other, the surrounding ramparts, the neighbouring hills, all lent a bewitching charm to this very ancient place, which I shall presently describe to you more fully. We dispatched Baba Ali at a great gallop to the English consulate at Biserta to apprise the British agent of our approach, and order a substantial breakfast for our hungry attendants, as well as for our hungry selves; and about half-past 9 o'clock A.M., we entered the northern gate of Biserta, and passed the bridge which is thrown over the canal which connects the lake with the sea, a beautiful thing to look at; and in five minutes more we were at the door of Mr. Manucci, the English Vice-Consul. The first topic of our conversation was of course the disastrous and melancholy loss of the "Avenger." We were informed that three boats left that place on the preceding day for the island of Galita,

in search of some relics belonging to that steamer. I felt so much exhausted, not having eaten anything since 12 o'clock the previous day, that I could hardly lend an attentive ear to Mr. M——'s conversation. This gentleman nearly killed us with kindness, for in spite of our sending Baba Ali ahead, in order to get some breakfast ready for us immediately on our arrival, we almost fainted and dropped down before we got any. And it was not until I begged for a piece of bread, that I was informed that the reason of the long delay was because of our generous host being desirous to get some fresh fish for our breakfast, for which the lake of Biserta was famous. We at once disclaimed any dealings with *Pisces*, and told the servant to get for us nothing more than bread and coffee, and that at once, for we could stand it no longer. So that at 12 o'clock precisely we were favoured with some food, and to our honour be it recorded, we did justice to it. We could make no further arrangements for the prosecution of our plans, inasmuch as our hamba and spichey were not yet come; but we saw the necessity of at once going to take a Moorish bath (we had good reason to feel uncomfortable by reason of our last night's lodgings), where we at once proceeded. I should like to have given you a description of a Moorish bath, but I am afraid I should deprive myself of the pleasure of giving you more interesting information; suffice it to say, that the process lasts no less than three hours. We left the bath with a more comfortable feeling than when we entered it, and began to ramble about the town. Biserta is certainly one of the most beautiful relics of antiquity I have ever seen. I am amused at some travellers, who talk of visiting the ruins of Carthage, Utica, Udina, &c., where scarcely a vestige is to be seen, but never think of

visiting such places as Biserta, which are calculated to give one an idea of an ancient African sea-port. Old Shaw justly observed, "the port of Biserta must have been formerly the safest, as well as the most beautiful haven of this part of Africa which in any other country would be inestimable." It is surrounded by a fortified wall, having seven gates. The wall, at a distance, looks very pretty, for whilst the eastern side of it is situated in the plain, the western side runs over a very high hill. Ascending the heights above the western angle of the town walls, one has a delightful view of the town with its intersecting canal, of the sea, of the high rocks, called in Arabic El Kalib, and in Italian I Cani; of Ras Sidi Boo-shuasta, of the olive-covered plains, of the smiling lake with its far-projecting and wooded promontories, of several chains of picturesque hills of Fri-geah, above which rises the peaked summit of the lofty and insulated Jebel Ishkel, and the heights which run down to Ras el Abcadh.

The native name of this city is Benzart. The derivation of the natives is not only ingenious, but may be also correct, viz., that it is the same with Bensherthd, the offspring of a canal and rivulet, notwithstanding Dr. Shaw's assertion that this etymology cannot be received. Appearances are in favour of the etymology, as well as the ancient Greek and Latin names, for the same place; Diarrhytus in the former, and Aquarum Irrigua in the latter.

A Mohammedan told me that there is a tradition that Jews were the first inhabitants of this place, but little dependence can be placed in the information derived from the tales of the Arabs. A writer of the last century observed, that "the Arabs, like the Cretans, are always liars, or, to use a more favourable expression, great

masters of invention." This is a faithful description of the nature of Arab narratives. Mr. D—— and myself paid also a visit to one of the synagogues of this place, which had, as every synagogue has, a seminary attached to it. We found in the academy two old rabbis and several young men, all sitting cross-legged on the floor, and basking in Talmudic heat. After a few introductory common-place phrases, the question whether the 'Talmud was an inspired book or not, was naturally introduced. We had a spirited, but at the same time polite, discussion. I think I fought manfully against poor Talmud. The Jews did not much like to introduce the work again on the *tapis*. Seeing that I occupied vantage ground in the synagogue, I entitled myself to expound to them several chapters and Psalms from the Old Testament relating to the Messiahship of Jesus. I tried to do it in a way so as not to incur their rabbiships' indignation, but at the same time told them the whole truth; and I flatter myself I succeeded, for they complimented me, saying, they were not equal to stand in my presence when I began to discuss the holy law and the prophets. All this we did the first day, Thursday, we arrived at Biserta, and in the midst of torrents of rain. Night came on, but our life-guards did not make their appearance, and we felt rather uncomfortable, for we apprehended that the Biserta authorities, who paid us great court, would begin to think us impostors; for we could take no step whatever without the *tiskeree*, i.e., the Bey's firman, for our safety. After listening to all Mr. Manuci's troubles, we went comfortably to bed, consoling ourselves that we were better off than the poor British agent at Biserta; and I slept that night from Thursday, 11 o'clock P.M., to 6 o'clock A.M., on Friday. The first question I asked was, "Have

the Bey's men arrived yet?" to which I received a negative answer. We could not help laughing at our awkward position, though it was an annoying one. We began to fancy that the people of Biserta looked upon us with suspicion, and watched cautiously our movements. We had a good deal of time on hand, as you may suppose, which we applied to the scrutinizing of this ancient city. We visited the *Kazbah*, or Castle, where the Arabs delighted our eyes by showing us a drawing of the mosque at Mecca, as well as a sketch of Mohammed's slippers; also a picture of an Arab warrior. Whom that picture represented no Arab could positively tell us. One said it was meant for Khaled, another for Okhba, a third for Abu Beker; at last a holy maniac came to the spot, and screamed that it was intended for Mohammed himself, and then went on cursing Mohammed and all his followers. The Mussulmen, however, insisted that the lunatic was inspired, and spoke in riddles, which were of the utmost import. We also went to see the two moles or piers, which form the exit of the lake into the sea, which we could not help but admire. There is still a very thick chain joining both moles, or rather closing the canal against the entrance of any vessels into the Biserta harbour. The chain is very old. Some of the Arabs maintain that the identical one served upwards of a thousand years in the same spot. There is no necessity for such a guard at present. The harbour is filled up with rubbish, and would not admit even a small yacht. The Arabs told us several of the most wonderful tales in connexion with some miraculous performances at that spot. Each story is so long, that I am afraid to attempt it in this letter, which is already lengthy. I must leave them for a separate epistle to some one else. After several visits

to several coffee-houses, where we heard and told some tales, we called upon the khaid, and quaffed some coffee there also, from whence we returned to our quarters, and asked, "Have the hamba and spichey not yet arrived?" "No," was the reply, to our great mortification. I proposed, therefore, that we should return to the metropolis the next day. We accordingly gave the necessary orders to our servants, and fully made up our minds to do so, scolding away all the time at the British Vice-Consul of Tunis.

Whilst we were engaged in this praiseworthy occupation, a messenger arrived, saying, "The hamba and spichey from the Bey have arrived." These tidings calmed our troubled breasts, and we began to arrange at once for our journey towards Tabarca. Now the three little boats which were sent out from Biserta to the island of Galita on the preceding Wednesday were daily expected to return. We were under the impression that those boats might return with some bodies of the drowned. We considered it therefore advisable that one of us should remain at Biserta to await the return of those boats, and the lot fell upon me. So that the following morning, the first day of the new year, Mr. D—— set out on horseback, with eighteen guards, there is no carriage road that way, and I was left here with two servants. As soon as I saw Mr. D—— off, I sat down to write to Mrs. Davis, informing her of all our arrangements. Here I must stop for the present, as I am so frequently interrupted by all shades and degrees of men, that I positively cannot go on writing any longer. Excuse therefore the abrupt conclusion of

Yours, &c. &c.

Some of my readers may be anxious to know a few more particulars about the different parties who were concerned on that melancholy occasion : the following letters may, to a certain degree, remove such anxiety. The following is a copy of a note from Mr. Davis to me :—
“Sidi Mansoor, January 3, 1848. My dear Margoliouth, Be not surprised at my not having returned at the time I fixed. I have now found two bodies, but in such a state, that fear that I shall have to bury them here. I also found Lieutenant Rooke's boat ; and I am now with the people who saved them, whom I shall bring with me to Biserta. I cannot as yet say when I shall be back ; for I purpose to perform, at least, another day's journey. Yours affectionately, N. Davis.”—My readers will now be aware that the Arabs, who were so kind and generous to the poor sailors, were brought with us to Tunis. The following letters will tell about 'the gratitude they received :—

The first appeared in the Malta “Times” of March 6th, 1848 :—

“Sir,—Understanding that a sum of money is about to be forwarded to Tunis, as a reward to the Arab who saved Lieutenant Rooke and his companions, I take the liberty to suggest, through your journal, to the generous philanthropists who are engaged in this praiseworthy work, that if they wish really to benefit the noble-minded Arab, to send the money to the Rev. N. Davis, Missionary to the Jews in Tunis ; and the Arab will be sure to get it without the least delay. Mr. Davis has already behaved himself, using the words of the Arab, like a father to him. The preacher of ‘peace and good will towards all men’ lodged the Arab in his house, and supplied his wants, long before Sir Thomas Reade

thought of doing it. Truth to speak, if it were not for Mr. Davis, the Arab would have had good reason to form a very poor estimate of English gratitude. For nearly two months did he remain at Tunis, at Mr. Davis' house, and put off by the Messrs. Santilliany, the mouth-pieces of the British Consulate at Tunis, day after day ; and at last he received the princely sum of 400 piastres, equal to £12, and this sum he generously divided between the sheikh and his uncle, who accompanied him ; whilst if Mr. Davis had been employed in the affair, the Arab would have had an opportunity of seeing prompt English gratitude in its true light. I presume your readers do yet remember the articles on the 'Avenger,' which appeared in your last two numbers, which will furnish the reason why I propose Mr. Davis as the most eligible person to hand the reward to the Arab. I cannot help thinking that the Admiralty did not behave gratefully to Mr. Davis in not even acknowledging his services in that melancholy affair. Is it because he is a Christian Minister ? Hardly."

The above was evidently written by a person who knew all about the affair.

The following is a copy of a letter Mr. Davis addressed to a correspondent of his, on the 16th of March :

" It gives me great pleasure to be able to forward you a sketch of Mohammed Ben Hadad and his father, drawn by L. Ferriere, Esq., Her Britannic Majesty's Consul for Tunis. Mohammed is the Arab who saved the lives of a portion of the crew of the 'Avenger.' He is a native of Sidi Mansoor, and a shepherd by employment. He is a middle-sized man, of about thirty-five years of age. His complexion is swarthy, his hair black, and his eyes large and lively. Humanity, kindness, and

amiability are distinctly discerned in his countenance. Though he has but seldom left the heights of his wild and lofty native mountains, yet I found him surprisingly intelligent. His disinterested conduct towards the survivors of the ill-fated steamer sufficiently proves him to be very different in disposition from the generality of the inhabitants of the wild shores of Barbary. I have had him living with me nearly a month, and can bear the highest testimony to his character.

“Some of our readers may probably desire to know how I came in contact with Hadad. I will explain this, especially as it may convey interesting intelligence to some of those who have so unexpectedly been called upon to mourn the loss of some dear relative.

“No sooner did we ascertain that the ‘Avenger’ was entirely wrecked, than I formed the resolution to visit the coast in a westerly direction, in search of the bodies which I expected might be washed ashore. Accordingly I left for Biserta, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Margoliouth, where we learnt, on our arrival, that the son of Mr. Manuci, our consular agent, had started, with three boats, for Jalta, or Galita, in order to obtain more information respecting the steamer. We were anxious to hear the result of Mr. Manuci’s mission, but though I remained till the 31st at Biserta, no tidings of the boats had reached that place. Indeed, it could hardly have been expected, as the weather was of a most awful nature. The rain came down in torrents, and the wind was most boisterous. In such weather I started on my melancholy excursion, Mr. Margoliouth remaining here, in the hope that his services might be required on the return of the boats.

“I took with me seven men on horseback, and eight on

foot. The latter were to search those parts of the coast which were inaccessible for horses. After eight hours' ride we reached Kassar-el-Ahmar without finding the least vestige of the object for which I came here. In the course of inquiry, however, I was informed that a body was found at Sidi Mansoor. After fourteen hours' ride, on the 1st January, I reached the spot, and found on the beach the body of a sailor. His left arm was eaten either by fish or jackals. I placed a guard over the body; and as it was late, I sought for shelter which I found in the hospitable hut of Hadad.

"The following day I found another body, near the spot where the boat was upset in the surf. It was that of S. Ayling, as I afterwards discovered from a piece of his shirt, on which this name was in marking ink.

"These bodies were interred on the 3rd January, in the presence of upwards of forty Arabs, near the spot where Hadad found the only survivors of the fatal wreck of the 'Avenger.' From the steamer it is unlikely any bodies should ever be washed on shore. These are from the boat which upset. As there was no chance of my finding more, I returned to Tunis, taking Hadad with me, to receive the reward I considered he had a right to.

"I remarked, with great pleasure, that the case of Hadad had been brought before the House of Lords on the 29th ult., when the Earl of Malmesbury inquired whether the Government intended to manifest any token of gratitude in the shape of reward to the Arab who saved the lives of a portion of the crew of the 'Avenger.' To this the Earl of Auckland replied, that immediately on the receipt of the information relative to the gallant conduct of the fishermen (shepherds, and not fishermen),

rewards were conferred upon them. There can be no doubt but that their Lordships were truly anxious to show to Hadad that they appreciated his praiseworthy exertion in behalf of humanity, and to stimulate his countrymen to imitate, when an opportunity offers itself, his noble example. But it is only just that I mention, that after taking poor Mohammed, who was accompanied by his father and his brother-in-law, to Tunis, and after keeping them away from their homes and families nearly a month, the long-expected reward came. The so much talked of and eulogised Arab received the sum of 400 piastres, or 12*l*. This sum he brought to me, to divide it between himself, the father, and the brother-in-law, who, you must know, had nothing to do in the saving of Lieutenant Rooke and his party. I advised him to take at least half of the money for himself, and to give the other half to his companions, which he did very readily. The expenses during their stay here were, however, paid.

“Ahmed Bey behaved himself far more generously towards them. Besides giving them a present of fifty piastres each, he gave them new suits of clothes.

“Shortly before the departure of the Arabs for their homes, I was informed that another body had been washed ashore, which, according to my orders, was interred near the two others. There is only one more from the boat missing. From the particulars I have received from an Arab, who came lately here from Sidi Mansoor, I am inclined to believe that the last body found is that of the doctor of the ‘Avenger.’

“Yours, &c.”

LETTER IX.

TO THE REV. H. S. JOSEPH, CHESTER.

Biserta, January, 1848.

My dear Mr. Joseph,

I do not think that you will consider this epistle, from this part of the world, unwelcome. I think that before I left Tunis, you were already apprized of our errand to this city, as well as of the purpose of the same. I shall leave to Davis the particulars of our journey hitherto: my letter shall be confined to Biserta and its Jews. The Moors have a tradition that the Jews were the first inhabitants of Biserta, the next the Romans, and the third the ancestors of the present.

When Davis left me on Saturday last, I sat down to pen a few lines to Kate, as I knew she would be anxious to learn something of her dear's movements. I was not sitting long before several Jews—the principal of Biserta—were announced, who came to pay their respects to me, and said many things which I am not vain enough to appropriate. They urged conversation on Christianity, which I did not discourage; and we parted on the most friendly terms. I shall give you here a few extracts from my “Evening Notes,” since Davis left me here.

January 1.—At two o'clock I proceeded to the large synagogue. When I entered that building, I observed a number of children in one corner of the sanctuary standing round a venerable Jew, who was instructing them. This was a sort of Sabbath class of Jewish boys. Being

naturally fond of children, as well as desirous to hear what they were taught, I directed my steps to the juvenile corner. But before I reached that quarter, a voice overtook me, crying, "Here! here!" I obeyed the summons; it was from another part of the synagogue, where an old rabbi was sitting and expounding the prophets; and the voice that I heard was that of the expounder. I wished to take my place among the audience, but the lecturer insisted that I should sit close to him. I availed myself of the pressing invitation, and was thus seated on the chiefest place in the largest synagogue of Biserta. After the little commotion which my entrance caused subsided, I said to the Rabbi, "Proceed now with your exposition." The old man seemed a little embarrassed, but I emphatically repeated, "Proceed now with your exposition." The Rabbi said, "You must lecture, it is customary for the stranger to take the roll of the law and to expound it," and insisted upon my turning public teacher. But I insisted upon him to proceed. The Rabbi, wandering off from his immediate subject in hand, said that he would prove to me that every Israelite was a child of eternal happiness, for which purpose he adduced the following passage from the traditions of the fathers:—

כל ישראל יש להם חלק לעולם הבא :

"Every Israelite is sure of a portion in the next world." I opposed this assertion at once, showing to all the Jews in the synagogue that the above passage proved nothing to the purpose. The "portion" spoken of may be either good or bad; and quoted Daniel xii. 1—3, to confirm my statement on the subject. The Rabbi then again said, "Why then do you not lecture since you are so well ac-

acquainted with the writings of our prophets?" I then said, I would; but added, "I do not pin my faith to the sleeves of the Rabbies; the Bible, which you hold in your hands—" (I was delighted to see the great number of Hebrew Bibles published by the British and Foreign Bible Society, which were in the hands of the Jews in that synagogue; some got them from Mr. Ewald, and others from me)—"is the code of my religion and of my faith. I will therefore take my text from the passage following your quotation, 'Thy people also shall be all righteous.*' Upon which I gave a lengthy lecture upon the Scripture meaning of the word 'righteous,' and concluded by directing the attention of my audience to 'the Lord our Righteousness.' The passage the Rabbi quoted I demonstrated—that according to the sense he put upon it—was in direct opposition to the plainest declaration of the Word of God. I then repeated Jer. v. 1—5 and Ezekiel ii. by heart. I appealed to the Rabbi, as well as to the audience, whether they did not agree with me, that the rabbies are worthy of being altogether thrown overboard, since they dare make the Word of God of none effect. The Rabbi said he was not aware that there were such passages in the Bible as I had quoted. This unguarded remark of the poor man gave me a great advantage over him: I fixed my eyes upon him, and in a determined voice rejoined, "Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these passages?" I took a Bible from one of the Jews, and opened it at the places where those passages occur, and handed the sacred volume to the

* The whole passage runs thus:—"Every Israelite is sure of a portion in the next world, for it is written, 'And thy people also shall be righteous: they shall inherit the land,' &c., &c." Isaiah lx. 21.

Rabbi, saying, "Perhaps you would be kind enough to read those portions of holy writ yourself." The Jewish expounder looked rather annoyed at this rebuke ; but I had not done with him. I took courage, and addressed his audience in the following words : " Seeing, dear brethren, that, in accordance with the prophet Jeremiah, your shepherds cause you to go astray, and, according to the prophet Isaiah, the wisdom of your wise men perished, and the understanding of your prudent men is hid, as ye observe this day verified in the case of your spiritual leader ; I pronounce him therefore unfit to handle the Scripture of truth. Listen to me : I will unfold to you the things belonging to your eternal happiness." I then proceeded to open and allege unto them, from the sacred Mosaic and prophetic records that Jesus was the Christ, and the only conductor to true happiness. My discourse lasted for about an hour, during which time none durst to interrupt me. The fact is, the whole congregatoin seemed sensible that their spiritual leader leads them anywhere but the right way. After I had done, an old Jew asked a few questions of minor importance, which were answered, according to his own statement, to his satisfaction. I then took a friendly leave of my hearers. Some said they should like to call upon me in the evening, and I said I should be very glad to see them. From thence I proceeded to the house of the principal Jew at Biserta : he is considered to be the most hospitable Israelite in this regency. Some of his brethren here say he is a second Abraham, as regards hospitality. When I arrived at his house, it was just about dinner-time : the dining-room was full of his brethren, who were invited to take their sabbath-dinner with him. I was very kindly treated. Many occasions were afforded me to turn their

attention to that sabbath which remained for the people of God. I tried to allay controversy as much as possible : my aim was simply now and then to state a Christian doctrine, and elucidate it by some passage of Scripture, on which I endeavoured, and, thanks be to God, succeeded to rivet their thoughts. I was here asked for permission to call upon me to-morrow, and discuss the doctrines of Christianity with me, which permission of course was granted. One in particular volunteered to convince me that I am wrong, and promised himself a great victory over my faith to-morrow. In order to equip him properly for his important combat, I recommended him to read several controversial works written against Christianity by some of the most learned Jews in the last three centuries. The recommendation rather cooled his zeal a little : however, he repeated his notice—"To-morrow at 12 o'clock I shall be with you." To which I rejoined, "To-morrow at 12 o'clock I shall expect you." After an interchange of several questions and answers, I took my leave from that house also, but am glad to add on the most friendly terms. Several Jews, whom I saw in the synagogue, called in the evening, with whom I had a good deal of profitable conversation.

Jan. 2.—This being the Lord's Day, and there being no Protestant place of worship here, I commenced the day by reading with Uzan (one of the Jewish converts, who was baptized on Christmas last ; he accompanied me hither, and proved very useful to me in my ministerial capacity), the service of the Church of England, and gave him, or rather both of us, a brief exposition of the lessons appointed for this day, which took up our time till 12 o'clock, the hour my Jewish friend

fixed for his attack upon Christianity. Two hours elapsed but my antagonist did not make his appearance, I thought, therefore, the time would not be mis-spent if I ~~went~~ to see him. As soon as he beheld me, he seemed as much as to say,—“Hast thou found me, Oh, mine enemy?” I chid him for not keeping his appointment, but the only reply was, “I have heard from several Jews, who heard you in the synagogue yesterday, that you are like Elisha ben Abuyah, so that were I even as great as Rabbi Mayir was, I should still stand in need to learn the law out of your mouth.* So that I require more time for preparation for a controversy with you than I imagined.” I insisted, therefore, that amongst the other books I mentioned for his perusal, that he should also read the New Testament, with a copy of which I supplied him, and positively affirmed, that I would not enter into any discussion with him about Christianity, as long as he was not well made up in that book, as I should not like to take advantage of his ignorance.

The Rabbi who got that severe rebuke from me yesterday in the synagogue, called upon me, for the purpose of purchasing a Bible; I told him that I did no business on the Lord's Day, but I said, “I will present you with a New Testament, and after you have read carefully the Gospel according to St. Matthew, call upon me, and I may present you with a copy of the Old Testament also.”

* It is related in Talmud, Tract *Ch'guigah*, that Rabbi Elisha ben Abuyah pryed too much into the mysteries of Paradise, which curiosity occasioned his renouncing Judaism. But so great was his learning, that even after his apostacy from the religion of the Rabbies, Rabbi Mayir used to follow Elisha's horse, and learn the law out of the mouth of Ben Abuyah.

I took a walk towards evening, and observing several young men sitting in a shop and conversing together, I entered among them ; they seemed all attention as Uzan and myself were added to their circle. I asked them whether they acted on the advice of their wise king, "Wisdom is the principal thing ; therefore, get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding." They looked terror-struck. My yesterday's sermon in the synagogue makes the Jews afraid to argue with me, but rather induces them to pay a deal of deference to me. The Jews simply said, they had not any wise men in Biserta who would be able to supply them with that wisdom. I told them it was found in the Bible so plain, so simple, that he who runneth might read it, and make it his own. I then expounded to them Proverbs VIII., and thus preached Jesus to them ; they listened attentively and gratefully, for when I got up to take my leave, they begged of me to stay a little longer with them.

Jan. 3.—This morning, after reading with Uzan a couple of chapters in the Bible, I took a walk with him. Several Jews observed us, and joined us in our walk and conversation. I dwelt therefore on the principal features of the writings of the Evangelists and Apostles. I also entered several shops, and directed their attention to that merchandise which is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof* than fine gold, which is more precious than rubies, and all the things that they could desire were not to be compared unto it. I am sure a Christian school would be gratefully hailed by many of them. Whilst sitting near a coffee-house with

* Proverbs III. 14, 15.

several Jews about me, a young, intelligent-looking Mohammedan, perceiving, from my conversation with my brethren, that I was a Christian, charged me with image-worship, and the Jew with Talmud-worship. I soon undeceived him by affirming that I abhorred idolatry more than any Moslem, and that I cordially rejected all sorts of Talmud, be it Jewish, Mohammedan, or Popish; my creed was framed, I continued, on the word of God alone, as found in the Old and New Testament. This pleased the young Mohammedan very much. I then told him my mind respecting the Koran. I hope and trust that my visit to this place may not be easily forgotten. I have every reason to believe that a spirit of much enquiry has been awakened in many a Jewish soul, after the truth as it is in Jesus.

I will conclude this letter with a translation of a MS. Hebrew placard, which I observed posted on the portals of the largest synagogue here. I will make no comments, as I have no time to prolong this epistle:—"Brethren of the House of Israel, this is to put you in mind, that the coming of our Holy Messiah draweth nigh. Long have we longed for His appearance, like as the hart panteth for water-brooks; our eyes have almost consumed away by reason of incessant looking for our Redeemer; our hearts sickened, by reason of the long-deferred hope; our feelings were long wounded by the words of our enemies, the Gentiles, which were like piercing swords, who continually mocked us, saying,— 'Where is your Messiah? why does your Deliverer delay his coming? Cry aloud unto him, peradventure he is asleep, or on a journey. Increase your importunities, perhaps he will at length bestir himself.'—These and many more such grievous disappointments and insults

had we to encounter and endure. But our rock is not as their rock, of which our enemies themselves shall yet be judges. Our Rock is the strength of Israel, who will not lie nor repent, for He is not a man that He should repent." [Here follow several passages from the Scriptures in the shape of quotations, as Isaiah lix. 20; lx. 16; Jer. xxxi. 11; xlv. 27; l. 34; li. 5, &c. &c.] "According to our ancient predictions, and according to our holy traditions, the time of the fulfilment of those sacred prophecies is advancing to their culminating point. It behoves us, therefore, to turn to the Lord our God, with all our hearts and all our souls. Did not our God declare by the mouth of his servant Ezekiel, [xx. 38, quoted]. The appointed time has surely come for our deliverance. Impenitence, however, may delay it, as it has often times done before. Let, therefore, repentance, prayer, and almsgiving be practised more than ever, so that the time of the Redeemer's coming to Zion may be hastened. May this be the will of God. Amen."

I was given to understand that the above document was drawn up because of a warning dream with which the three principal rabbies were coincidentally favoured. But an Algerian Frenchified Jew told me as a profound secret, that it was a sort of combination—*à la Disraeli's Fakredeem*—on the part of the rabbies, in order to get a few piastres towards the repair of the synagogues. Not at all unlikely. I have in my possession a large Hebrew placard, which was displayed on the door-posts of the Tunisian synagogues, of the same purport and effect. I do not think I shall write to you before I reach the land of our Fathers. Good-bye, therefore, for the present.

Yours affectionately, &c. &c.

LETTER X.

TO THE WORSHIPFUL AND REV. H. RAIKES, CHANCELLOR OF THE DIOCESE OF CHESTER.

Constantinople, March, 1848.

My dear Sir,

THE kind notice you were so good as to take of my communications from Tunis, encourages me to trespass upon you with an epistle from this wonderful and magnificent city.

I left Tunis sooner than I intended, owing to an apparently severe dispensation of Providence. For the last few weeks of my residence there, I began to feel very unwell. My constitution began to give way very rapidly, so much so that I hardly had strength enough to speak for a quarter of an hour; and whilst there I could not sit quiet. Something would constantly occur to engage my activity, such as it was, and stimulate my energies; the consequence was a reaction of a very unfavourable nature. My indisposition was occasioned partly by my journey to Biserta, on account of the wreck of the "Avenger," which was a very arduous and trying undertaking; and partly by the illness and subsequent death of a Christian sister, the daughter of the American consul. I was called upon to watch her death-bed side for the last ten days of her mortal life; during which period I scarcely enjoyed ten hours of sleep.

About the end of last month, therefore, I embarked on board an English bark, bearing the name of "The Mariner," and after a delightful sail of three days, reached Malta once more, where I spent a few days consulting some physicians about my state of health, by whose advice I profited considerably.

During my stay in that island several circumstances came under my notice of a most interesting nature. And as I know you to appreciate providential occurrences, and look upon them in the proper and right light, I shall transcribe in this, the most "striking, form my "Evening Notes."

On the 7th instant, whilst I was walking through one of the streets of Malta, I observed a group of five Jews, busily engaged in mutual converse. After looking at them for some time, in order to attract their attention, I went up to them, and inquired, in the familiar style used when Jew meets Jew, whence they came. They readily satisfied my curiosity, and told me that they were residents of Salonica, *alias* Thessalonica. I began then to make further inquiries about a certain rabbi of that city, who visited England in 1843. A circumstance was thus brought to my knowledge which filled my heart with much gratitude to the wonderful and mysterious mover of the universe.

In the beginning of the year 1843, the largest synagogue of Thessalonica was destroyed by fire. The Jews there being too poor to rebuild it, resolved to solicit their brethren sojourning in other countries, for support, under their congregational calamity. A *משלוח*, *M'Shulach*, or deputation, was appointed to proceed to the west, on this errand of charity. The *M'Shulach* after visiting many places, came to Liverpool, about the end of the same year. The respectable deputy, who was one of the rabbies of Thessalonica, was far better versed in the Eastern languages than in the Western. However, he could make his way with the former till he came to Liverpool, where he found himself almost speechless. A Liverpool Jew recommended him to me, as one likely to

assist him in the way of interpretation. He therefore called upon me, and related to me the object of his mission, and the unpleasant dilemma he was in, by reason of his slowness of speech in the English language, and begged of me to aid him in his task. I complied with his request, and went about with him, making his wants known to his Liverpool co-religionists, and was thus of essential service to him. I well remember the crowds of idle men and children which his fine, flowing Eastern robes attracted towards us, when I used to accompany him in his rounds. We were followed by vast numbers from street to street, and when we entered into a house, our retinue would remain outside, awaiting to welcome us on our return, and would moreover swell their numbers. It is no affectation, when I tell you that I have a particular dislike to be run after, and was, therefore, by no means pleased with my unenviable popularity. I expressed the same to my Eastern friend, who assured me that as soon as I got used to it, I should consider such an attendance as a matter of course, and not feel in the least affected by being run after. He declared that he also disliked his popularity at first, but he got used to it, and that use was second nature. I confess this philosophical and natural disquisition did by no means change my dislike to being pointed, stared, and gazed at. But would you believe it, when I tell you, that in the course of a few days, I got quite used to it, and when the work was finished, and the Eastern individual left Liverpool, and I was thus obliged to walk by myself, I almost wondered and regretted my sudden reverse of notoriety.

However, to the future history of that personage. Somehow or other, the principal subject of our conversation, whenever that deputy called upon me, was the

Christian religion. He adduced objections against the Messiahship of Jesus, and I adduced proofs in favour of the divine and eternal sonship of the despised Nazarene. My Jewish friend most strenuously opposed me all the time he was in Liverpool. Before leaving that place he called upon me to thank me for my offices, and to my inexpressible astonishment, avowed before me his belief in Jesus of Nazareth as the true Messiah, and as his only hope of salvation. He vowed, moreover, to promulgate the same doctrines he heard propounded to him, to his brethren at his native place. He begged three Hebrew New Testaments from me, which he thought he might be able to put into the hands of some of his friends, about whom he was very anxious. I confess that I had my misgivings about the deputy's professions—notwithstanding that I always found him honest and straightforward—because he followed them up by asking letters of introduction to some of my friends in Dublin, where he was going to. However, I never deny a New Testament to any Jew, and as I had three at command, I gladly supplied him with them. He protested that he would read and inwardly digest the contents of the work, and that he would talk of them when he sitteth in his house, and when he walketh by the way, and when he lieth down, and when he riseth up. I am ashamed to own, that Ananias-like, I suspected my friend's loud profession. I furnished him with a couple of notes to some of my Dublin acquaintances, and we parted. Many a time did I think of that man, and remembered him, when pouring out my heart in behalf of Israel, before Israel's God. The 7th instant, I was once more convinced that the High and Holy One is no respecter of persons, and that He is pleased to

make use of weak instruments to bring mighty things to pass.

The **משלח**, *M'Shulach* kept his word, and the five Jews I met on that day were some of those to whom he made known the words he heard from me.* I cannot possibly describe the feelings which animated both them and me, when the whole circumstance was brought to light. With mutual fervour did we clasp each other's hand, and thanked the mysterious Ruler for this mysterious coincidence. They accompanied me to the inn, where they spent about three hours with me. We read together several portions of the Bible, and concluded with St. Paul's first epistle to the Thessalonians. I presented each of them with a copy of the New Testament, with which they were much pleased, and departed joyfully. Soon after they left me, they called again, with some very beautiful and valuable presents as tokens of their unfeigned and unaffected pleasure at our happy meeting. The following morning they called again, according to appointment, for the reading of the second epistle to the Thessalonians. We parted with mingled feelings of pleasure and grief.

Did my health permit me, I would have ventured to relate another most interesting coincidence—how I fell in with Jews from Tripoli, belonging to a small secret society of Hebrews, who are well acquainted with the doctrines of Christianity, and who often meet together for the purpose of conversing on them. But to enter into particulars would extend this epistle to an inconvenient

* In a subsequent letter, written from Jerusalem, the remainder of the interesting individual's history will transpire, being the account of the author's providential meeting with him in the holy city, and witnessing his baptism into the Christian Church.

length, and I am not strong enough as yet for very long letters.

I must however mention one particular, which may interest you, as it illustrates the light in which conscientious Jews look upon the attempt made by their brethren in England to be admitted as members of the British Parliament. I met the other day, whilst at Malta, with a very learned and pious Gibraltar Jew. After discussing different subjects in connexion with Jewish literature, Jewish Biblical exposition, &c., the conversation turned upon Jewish history, and the Jews of Great Britain were brought under review. My Gibraltar friend gave vent to the following speech:—"I consider the admission of the Jews into the British Parliament as nothing more or less than the death-blow to British Judaism. I look with dread at the probable consequences to our religion in England. Look at Algiers; the Jews there, were once a holy and pious people, but behold them now. They are the most wretched infidels that ever disgraced our nation. The French Government granted them equal rights with the French people, and the Jews of Algiers began to mix with the Gentiles of France, and learned their bad ways. I agree with the old rabbinical adage, 'Humility, in the present dispensation, is most becoming to the Israelites.' I agree with the Christians who oppose the bill, and trust and pray that they may succeed." Thus spake a truly patriotic and conscientious Jew.*

* As far as my private opinion is concerned—to which I consider myself entitled—I do not sympathise with my Gibraltar friend. Though Judaism may experience detriment from the event of admission of Hebrews into Parliament, Christianity will considerably gain amongst the Jews in consequence.

I find the following entry in my journal, with which my present letter to you shall end:—"March 18th. I have been very ill since I left Malta. This morning, however, soon after our entering the Dardanelles, I began to feel a little better, and continued to do so to this very late hour (10 o'clock P.M.). I leave the mythological reflections which the passage along the Dardanelles is likely to produce, to such able authors as Kingslake, Warburton, Wykle, &c. To them I leave the sources of the Scamander, across one of which Hector leaped when pursued by Achilles. Let the above-named gentlemen exert their speculative powers over the impressions which the tombs of Menelaus, Antilochus, Achilles, Patroclus, and Ajax originate. The place which excited speculation in my mind was Eske Stamboul, which is almost opposite Tenedos. It was built, according to some, by Alexander, with the remains of ancient Troy, from whence that great potentate took 'columns and other valuable specimens of granite and marble' for the erection of public buildings at Troas, *alias* Eske Stamboul. My thoughts were occupied with some of the incidents in St. Paul's life on the vision that appeared there to the great apostle of the Gentiles. The first Bishop of Ephesus came to my mind. I speculated whether there were any descendants of Carpus, with whom St. Paul left his cloak, books, and favourite parchments. Yes, the site of ancient Troas monopolized almost all my attention whilst on the Dardanelles.

"I cannot help feeling a little surprised at Dr. Wilson that he should not even allude to this place in his 'Lands of the Bible,' whilst he mentions so many places which are not to be found in the Bible at all."

Whilst at Malta I received a note from a gentleman—

a Mr. Woodcock, of Leicestershire—who was on his way to the Holy Land, to ask me whether I would have any objection to accept him as a fellow traveller, so that he might join me in my pilgrimage to the land of my fathers. From his note and his manner I could have no objection. He is therefore here with me, and accompanies me in many rambles through the city of the Sultan.*

Farewell for the present. I shall write again, if spared, from Palestine, a country which is more interesting to the Christian than all the countries of the earth.

Yours faithfully,
&c. &c.

LETTER XI.

TO MRS. EDWARD H. LEVEAUX.

Constantinople, March, 1848.

My dear Sarah,

FROM mine to Mr. Joseph, you will learn when I received yours of the 18th ult., viz., on embarking the "Erin" for this. I was obliged, therefore, to take dear Mary's letter with me to this city, which I forwarded to Tunis as soon as I reached the metropolis of Abdoul Megid. What a magnificent and wonderful city that Constantinople is at a distance! I dare say you will

Mr. Woodcock has since taken holy orders, and is now at St. Agnes, Nassau, New Providence. He has published an interesting little volume on Palestine, bearing the title "Scripture Lands: being a visit to the scenes of the Bible."

expect some descriptions of this majestic place, but I am not ashamed to own that my descriptive powers are too puny to attempt anything of the kind. Besides, I think you are aware of my eccentric disposition, namely, that when I am fascinated by some charming object, I become like one dumb, with silence, because I cannot muster proper words to express my feelings. In short, I was lost in admiration on Sunday last.

Early that morning Captain Russell knocked at my cabin door, saying, "Now, Sir, if you wish to see Constantinople to advantage, up with you, and come to me." In a few moments after the summons, I was on deck by the side of the captain. We were as yet about ten miles from the Golden Harbour; nevertheless the panorama of the Turkish capital was already distinguishable. But as we advanced towards it, the more majestic and more august did that splendid city appear. I borrow the words of Hope, which he put into the mouth of Anastasius, for I really felt as that author describes. Constantinople rose in all its grandeur before us. With eyes riveted on the expanding splendours, I watched, as they rose out of the bosom of the surrounding waters, the pointed minarets, the swelling cupolas, and the innumerable habitations, reflecting their image in the mirror of the deep, or creeping up the crested mountain, and tracing their outline in the expanse of the sky. At first, agglomerated in a single confused mass, the lesser parts of this immense whole seemed as they advanced by degrees to unfold—to disengage themselves from each other—and to grow into various groups, divided by wide chasms and deep indentures, until at last the cluster, thus far still distinctly connected, became transformed, as if by magic, into three distinct cities, each individually of prodigious

extent, and each separated from the other two by a wide arm of that sea, whose silver tide encompassed their base, and made its vast circuit rest half in Europe, half in Asia. Entranced by the magnificent spectacle, I felt as if all the faculties of my soul were insufficient fully to embrace its glories. I hardly retained power to breathe, and almost apprehended that in doing so I might dispel the glorious vision, and find its whole fabric only a delusive dream. Not a syllable of exaggeration is to be found in the above description. On the contrary, the picture falls far short of the reality.

Now all this fine, august, and resplendent aspect is only to be enjoyed at a distance. Inside the respective cities, the eye meets more disgusting than pleasing objects to look at. I will not trouble you with minutiae at present. I intend to write to a few of my friends, and furnish them with particulars of the various things and men I have seen and heard whilst here. You shall see copies of them all, when in God's good providence we shall be permitted to meet again. I will reserve, therefore, the remainder of my information for the "pleasant evenings." It will be indeed delightful to sit by the fire-side and talk of the lions of Constantinople.

Yesterday being Friday—the Moslem *sham* Sabbath—I went to see the Sultan on his way to the mosque, with whose appearance I was by no means struck. I went up the Bosphorus as far as the Black Sea. I cannot say positively that the scenery of the Bosphorus is the finest in the whole world, for very good reason, because I have not traversed the whole universe as yet; but I am inclined to think that there is scarcely another spot in the whole globe equal to it in beauty. But particulars anon.

Returning towards Misseri's hotel, I was amused by watching a sale of the remainder of the Sultan's dinner, which I understand is done daily. The Sultan, I hear, is beginning to be Europeanized: he has introduced an Italian dancing-master into the seraglio. The nobility, I understand, are making rapid strides towards infidelity, and laugh to scorn the pretensions of old Mohammed as a prophet. Adieu.

Yours, &c. &c.

LETTER XII.

TO THE REV. T. F. REDHEAD, ROCK FERRY,
CHESHIRE.

Constantinople.

My dear Mr. Redhead,

I ENCLOSE you herewith a translation of a Hebrew letter, which I addressed to my father, from the "City of the Sultan." It will of course be more particularly with reference to the Jews. I shall preface this, however, with a few general observations. You will neither expect nor want from me a description of this manifold city. Volume upon volume has been written upon it. It appears to me, from the conversation I had with different parties of different nations and of different creeds, that Islamism in Turkey is decidedly on the wane. Infidelity takes the place of Mohammedanism. The Sultan seems very partial to the advice of Christian statesmen, and it is rumoured that he contemplates ere long to throw open the sublime

porte to their admission as statesmen.* The present Sultan does no more swell out his titles to that prodigious amount to which his forefathers have aspired. We are no more disgusted with such a blasphemous assumption on the part of haughty Sultans as the following:—

“King of kings, and lord of lords, ruler of the East and West, and of all parts of the world, prince of the holy and chaste city of Jerusalem, shining with the brightness of God, thrice happy lord of the refulgent Mecca, tamer of infidels, and scourger of the unbelieving race of Christian vassals, lord of the White and Black Seas, the most mighty and invincible Sultan, who has the power from God to rule all people with a bridle, and to break open the gates and bars of all cities and strong places, into whose Almighty hands are delivered all the ends of the world.—none excepted.” Abdoul Megid is perfectly satisfied to style himself “ruler of the White and Black Seas” alone. He does not attempt either to tame or scourge the infidel and unbelieving race of Christians; and is, moreover, in daily apprehension of a sound flogging from that bear of a Christian, Nicolas; and if it were not for infidel France and the unbelieving race of English Christians, the poor Sultan would be a great deal tamer even than he is at present. All sorts of churches are multiplied. Islamism may be renounced with impunity, and Christians even admitted into mosques. There is one thing only wanting, according to Mohammedan creed, to the final downfall and annihilation of the Moslem faith

* I was delighted to read in the public journals, that the great barrier of Islam bigotry has actually given way, and the Sultan has issued a firman, about the end of 1848, to the effect that Christians may legitimately occupy the highest offices in the Turkish state

in the Ottoman empire. It is the introduction of bells into the mosques, of which there was some talk ; the present Sultan being so anxious to introduce all the European customs and manners, that he actually made the preposterous proposition, a Mullah declared, of calling down upon his empire the perdition which was once the lot of the Grecian empire, and all through bells, according to a prophecy, which is the following:—

“ The time shall come when earthquakes shall confound,
 With unresisted shock a sterile ground ;
 When the wide ocean shall be stained with blood,
 And bulwarks float on the portentous flood ;
 When smoke and fire shall join to form new rods,
 And mortals ravish thunder from the gods.
 Then shall the courage by mean swains possessed,
 Lead the bold East to overrun the West ;
 The pride of conquest shall adorn the field,
 And the tall cross to the bright crescent yield.
 But ere the growing moon her full attains,
 Her waning face shall see her sons in chains ;
 In a black hour a fatal bell shall ring,
 Sure mark of swift success to a new mountain king.”*

* All this information I obtained one day whilst walking out by myself with a Jewish guide, Züsse by name, when we went into a coffee-house at Hasquei, and there met with a very officious and talkative story-teller. Not being a proficient Turkish scholar, Züsse was of the greatest service to me in translating all the rapid effusion of our loquacious Turk, who cost me about twenty cups of tea. I thought for a long time that the prophecy was an effort of Moslem imagination, but, to my surprise, I found the same in an old folio published “Anno Domini 1709, by Aaron Hill, Gent.” Mr. Hill put the translation into verse ; and as it is essentially the same in meaning with the prose translation Züsse furnished me with, I scruple not to adopt the poetical version.

Mr. Hill adds a few lines in explanation of the above prophecy, which may not be uninteresting. “ This prophecy they [the Turks] look upon as verified in the destruction of the Grecian empire about

"And none but Abdoul Megid," continued my informant, "would think of introducing bells. A true Mussulman would never think of upsetting an empire which was gained by the help of the Prophet. But Abdoul Megid is a Greek infidel. He was trained to be an Islam hater from his youth up." I asked "was not the Sultan's father, Mahmood, a true believer?"

"No," replied the indignant Turk, "he was a wolf in sheep's clothing; he was a usurper and an infidel, and died a child of Eblis. Listen to me, and I will tell you the whole deep-laid plot which ensnared our holy religion, to overthrowing, by the hands of the relentless enemies of the Prophet. It is not prudent nor expedient to be too pious, even though professing the true faith. Everything has a limit, stretch anything beyond its appointed bounds and it will snap." Here Mustapha stretched a piece of Indian-rubber and broke it, in illustration of his theory.

"Our rightful Sultan was indeed named Mahmood, and was indeed a pious and faithful Moslem. Alas for the glory of his kingdom, he was too pious. Not only did he punish vice with unmitigated severity, and reward virtue with unbounded liberality, but he loved his religion and his country with a father's love, and was in return beloved by his subjects with filial affection. He was beautiful to look at; the brightness of his face rivalled the splendour of the moon. But he was too humble to

the time that gunpowder and the use of cannons was invented. The *scavins* who were to lead the *East* to overthrow the *West* were *successful shepherds* who laid the first foundation of their *present empire*. The *cross* they look upon to signify the empire of the *Greeks*, alluding to the banner of *Constantine the Great*. The *waning of the Moon* before her full, they say denotes the ruin of the Ottoman family, before they have obtained their wish of universal monarchy."

allow his dazzling countenance to be admired ; he therefore never appeared without covering over his face, nay not even to his most beloved wife. Eblis took occasion of this his unsullied piety, and turned it into a battle-axe for the demolition of the Islam power and religion. Young man," he turned upon me, "never be over pious. If you were handsome, I would counsel thee never to cover thy face, thou mightest be exchanged in the twinkling of an eye." I was too anxious to hear the sequel to interrupt my narrator. I looked therefore all attention, whilst he smoked a pipe and drank the thirteenth cup of coffee.

"Listen, thou man of understanding, to the stratagems of Eblis, and behold the instruments of his wicked deeds. The prince of darkness, the ally of the Emperor of Russia, put into the heart of his obedient child, namely, the Russian Emperor, a spirit of uncontrollable covetousness, especially for the things which belong to the faithful servants of Allah. And it came to pass, on a certain day, whilst our pious Sultan was sitting on the seat of judgment, and passing sentence upon the different culprits, a prince from the north country, Russia, was announced, desiring to speak to Mahmood—peace be upon him—face to face, and mouth to mouth, and ear to ear, by themselves, and no other with them. Mahmood, who in his simplicity thought all princes to be guileless and just, feared no evil ; and therefore rose up from his seat, and with unaffected confidence motioned to the Russian prince to follow him. Both of them entered into a private council chamber, and left the plaintiffs, defendants, witnesses, and officers in the judgment-hall to ponder and wonder, what can the purport of this secret communication be ? Half an hour ran away ; a muffled figure entered the house of judgment, unaccompanied by any

other person, which caused a little surprise; but as none of the faithful had a personal knowledge of Mahmood, they suspected nothing serious. By the influence of Eblis, he proceeded with the administration of justice, as if he had been born and bred in the seraglio, and sucked the breast of a sultana. When all the cases were dismissed, the people separated, and the Sultan, according to custom, was led with great glory and honour to the sublime and royal palace.

“ It was whispered in secret places as a most strange and an unaccountable thing, that the face of the prince, who came from Russia, should have been seen no more. But no one dared to raise his voice above a whisper. For a few days the Sultan made no stir, and the excitement about the Russian prince died away. As soon as the Sultan got to know that all was quiet again, for he had already his secret spies, he began, by degrees, to bring in new customs and laws; breaking down, slowly but steadily, all the ancient landmarks of our holy religion. Many faithful and pious officials were discharged from the service of the Sublime Porte; and new ones, strangers to all and to everything, appointed in their places. The gentle, the meek, the lowly, the pious, the faithful, and devoted Mahmood, was substituted by a proud, haughty, impious, faithless, and frivolous tyrant. Could Mahmood himself have become so base a character? Just as it is impossible for a harmless little lamb to become a ramping and a roaring lion, so is it impossible that the just Mahmood should be turned into an unprincipled despot. It was the Russian prince whom Eblis by his wiles brought into the seraglio; and Allah permitted all this on account of our sins, which were, and are, many. Yes, to the ignorant and uninformed,

the Sultan, and the vizier, and the bashaws may appear Mohammedans, but not so to the initiated. All this, however, is according to our sacred prediction; a day is yet to come when all the countries belonging to Mohammedan nations shall be subdued by the infidel Christians, either by foul or fair means; but when all these water-floods have gone over our heads, then Jesus the Son of Mary will appear to our rescue, and give us a dominion both in heaven and earth, and all those who will not obey the Prophet shall go with Eblis into perdition." The above crude narrative speaks volumes as to the mind of Mussulmen respecting the hold Mohammedanism is exercising over the Turkish mind.

I shall only mention one particular more, and then proceed with the translation of the Hebrew letter. You know the history of Justinian's Church, St. Sophia. What Christian scholar does not know it? Well, for centuries it had been white-washed and used as a mosque, and though many travellers were admitted, by special firman, to visit that renegade church, no one was able to form any idea of what it looked like when it was a Christian place of worship. It is at present under repair, the whitewash is removed, and I am thus permitted to get a glimpse of its original grandeur. The whole of the vaulted ceiling is bespangled with gold crosses and stars, made of the most beautiful and charming mosaic. I cannot tell you how pleased I was to get the view. I am thus able to contradict the malicious Gibbon's statement—which he preferred taking from a Mohammedan writer to that of a Christian—that the "walls were covered with *images* and mosaics;" there were no *images* on the walls. There may have been "rich and portable instruments of superstition," introduced into the church at a

subsequent period, but no one looking at the walls and vault of the church, as it is at present laid bare, could help bearing testimony that, when it was erected, it was certainly grand, but by no means idolatrous. Your heart would have ached ; as mine did, if you saw the sacrilegious Turk picking out the beautiful little gold mosaics which form the crosses and the stars. I could not help buying a paper full of them, which I got for a couple of piastres. Think not that if I did not buy them the Turks would not pick ; nothing of the kind. The Moslems residing in the neighbourhood have vast quantities of them, and many are the Europeans who purchase them.

You need not my description of that majestic edifice. Gibbon himself could not withhold the just meed of praise due to such an august structure. I confess I prefer it to St. Peter's of Rome. Now for the translation of my father's letter :—

My dear Father,—I shall begin this epistle by giving you first Rabbi Benjamin Tudella's description of this city, under the Christian dominion.

This city, the metropolis of the whole Grecian empire, is also the residence of the Emperor, King Emanuel. Twelve princely officers govern the whole empire by his command, and every one of them inhabits a palace at Constantinople, and possesses fortresses and cities of his own. The first of these nobles bears the title of *Præpositus Magnus*, the second is called *Mega Domesticus*, the third *Dominus*, the fourth *Megas Dukas*, the fifth *Æconomus Magnus* ; the names of the others are similar to these. The circumference of the city of Constantinople amounts to eighteen miles. One half of the city is bounded by the continent, the other by the sea, two arms of which meet here, the one being a branch or outlet of the Russian, the other of the Spanish sea. Great stir and bustle prevails at Constantinople in con-

sequence of the conflux of many merchants who resort thither, both by land and by sea, from all parts of the world for purposes of trade. Merchants from Babylon and from Mesopotamia, from Media and Persia, from Egypt and Palestine, as well as from Russia, Hungary, Patzinakia, Budia, Lombardy, and Spain, are met with here, and in this respect the city is equalled only by Bagdad, the metropolis of the Mohammedans. At Constantinople is the place of worship called St. Sophia, and the metropolitan seat of the Pope of the Greeks, who is at variance with the Pope of Rome. It contains as many altars as the year numbers days, and possesses innumerable riches. These are augmented every year by the contributions of two islands, and of the adjacent towns and villages. All the other places of worship in the whole world, do not equal St. Sophia in riches. It is ornamented by pillars of gold and silver, and by innumerable lamps of the same precious materials.

The Hippodrome is a public place near the wall of the palace, set aside for the sports of the King. Every year the birth-day of Yeshe, the Nazarene, is celebrated there by public rejoicings. On these occasions you may there see representations of all nations who inhabit the different parts of the world, and surprising feats of jugglery. Lions, bears, leopards, and wild asses, as well as birds that have been trained to fight each other, are also exhibited, and all this sport, the equal of which is to be met with nowhere, is carried on in the presence of the King and the Queen. King Emanuel has built a large palace for his residence on the shore, besides the palace built by his predecessors; this edifice is called Blachernes. The pillars and walls of this palace are covered with sterling gold. All the wars of the ancients, as well as his own wars, are represented in pictures.

The throne in this palace is of gold, and ornamented with precious stones. A golden crown hangs over the throne, suspended on a chain of the same material, the length of which exactly admits the Emperor to sit under it. This crown is ornamented with precious stones of inestimable value. Such is the lustre of these diamonds, that, even without any other light, they illumine the room in which they are kept. Other objects of curiosity are met with here, which nobody can adequately describe. The tribute which is collected at Constantinople every year, from all parts of Greece, consisting of silks and purple cloths and gold, fills many towers. These riches and buildings are equalled nowhere in the world. They say that the tribute of the city alone amounts every day to twenty thousand florins; this revenue arises from rents of hosteleries and bazaars, and of the duties paid by merchants who arrive by sea and by land. The Greeks who inhabit the country are extremely rich, and possess great wealth of gold and precious stones. They dress in garments of silk, ornamented by gold and other valuable materials; they ride upon horses, and in their appearance they are like princes. The country is rich, producing all sorts of delicacies as well as an abundance of bread, meat, and wine, and nothing upon earth equals their wealth. They are well skilled in the Greek sciences, and live comfortably "every man under his vine and his fig-tree." The Greeks hire soldiers of all nations, whom they call barbarians, for the purpose of carrying on their wars with the Sultan of the Thogarmina, who are called Turks. They have no martial spirit themselves, and, like women, are unfit for warlike enterprises. No Jew dwells in the city with them, having been expelled beyond the one arm of the sea. They are shut in by the channel of Sophia on one

side, and they can reach the city by water only, whenever they want to visit it for the purposes of trade.

The number of Jews at Constantinople amounts to two thousand Rabbanites and five hundred Caraites ; they live on one spot, but a wall divides them. The principal of the Rabbanites, who are learned in the law, may be called Rabbi R. Abtalion, R. Obadiah, R. Aharon Khuspo, R. Joseph Sargeon and R. Eliakim the elder. Many of them are manufacturers of silk cloth, many others are merchants, some of them being extremely rich ; but no Jew is allowed to ride on a horse except R. Sh'lomo Hamitsri, who is the King's physician, and by whose influence the Jews enjoy many advantages even in their state of oppression. This state is very severely felt by them, and the hatred against them is enhanced by the practice of the tanners, who pour out their filthy water in the streets, and even before the very doors of the Jews, who, being thus defiled, become objects of hatred to the Greeks. Their yoke is severely felt by the Jews, both good and bad ; they are exposed to be beaten in the streets, and must submit to all sorts of bad treatment ; but the Jews are rich, good, benevolent, and religious men, who bear the misfortunes of their exile with humility. The quarter inhabited by the Jews is called Pera.

This was the state and condition of the Jews in Rabbi Benjamin's time. But both have materially changed, since that itinerant lived. The number of the Jews presents no more the small figure of two thousand, but at the least thirty thousand, some say eighty thousand, which I do not believe. Their schools are many in number, but I regret to say that useful knowledge makes but little or no progress amongst the great mass of the Jewish population. The day after I arrived here, I attended a Jewish funeral at Hass Kieu, where the most extensive

Beth-Chayim* is situated. I never in my life beheld so vast and numerous a Jewish congregation ; the procession lasted at least two hours. I had therefore many opportunities of seeing much of our brethren. All the superstitious performances concomitant on such mournful events were displayed in all their integrity. The deceased was a famous Rabbi Eleazer, of Balada, and the corpse was therefore brought across the Golden Horn ; a great part of the beautiful river was consequently studded with little caiques, crowded with Jewish escorts.† The cemetery is indeed very beautiful. The monuments, as well as the epitaphs, both ancient and modern, are very fine and instructive. But I have reserved the minute description for a letter to my brother Herschell, which shall be posted along with this, so that you will see all I have to say about that spot.

On my return from Hass Kieu, I was attacked by many of our brethren for Poorim money ; I thus got rid of about one hundred piastres. I made inquiries how poor Haman was treated in the respective synagogues in this vicinity, and I was told that the Agagite was more severely handled in the synagogues of Stamboul than he is in any other synagogue of the world. He was not only treated to rattles, but to knocks from large blocks of wood, and other substantial beating implements,‡ from which that “ Jew’s enemy ” will not so easily recover. .

* “ The house appointed for all living,” i. e. cemetery.

† “ These are performances, the fruit of which an individual enjoys in this world, whilst the capital remains for the world to come, viz., honouring of father and mother ; acts of mercy ; early attendance, both morning and evening, at the house of prayer ; entertaining of strangers ; visitation of the sick ; the attendance on the bride ; *escorting the dead* ; attention to prayer ; peace-making between man and man ; and the study of the law exceeds all.”—*Jewish Daily Paper*.

‡ The Book of Esther is read in every synagogue on the feast of

I have visited all the synagogues and schools, and had many opportunities of conversing with different classes of our nation from different parts of the world, and have thus obtained much valuable information. But I must refer you to Herschell's letter for particulars. I have obtained a copy of "Maaseh Touviah," and I am pleased with the talents of the author, as well as with his portrait; and as you seem to lay great stress upon the work, I shall be glad to forward it to you.

You would be very much amused at the ideas the Turks enjoy of ethnology and chronology. Let the following serve as a specimen, which I gathered from a tale to which I have listened in a coffee-house, in the Jewish quarter. Perhaps the story-telling Turk intended it as a compliment to the Hebrew nation. "Solomon was king of the universe; Homer was his brother, Julius Cæsar his admiral, Alexander the Great his commander-in-chief, and Job his civil judge."

I would have extended this letter a little longer, had I not made up my mind to write another to my brother, and as you are sure to see it, I shall therefore conclude by subscribing myself your affectionate and dutiful son, &c."

If I have time, my dear Mr. Redhead, I shall send you also a translation of the letter alluded to in the above document. In the meantime I must send off this.

Yours faithfully, &c., &c.

Purim. The Jews believe that their great enemy, Haman, is present in *proprio personâ*, in every synagogue, on that day, and whenever the name of Haman occurs, they begin to knock the floor or walls of their synagogues with sticks, and make a noise with a variety of rattles, thinking, all the time, that Haman is thus killed over again thousands of times on the self-same day. Whatever the English enlightened Jews may think of this custom, the great mass of Jews abroad have but one opinion on the subject, viz., that they enjoy a sweet revenge on that implacable foe.

LETTER XIII.

TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. LINDSAY,

GLASNEVIN HOUSE, GLASNEVIN.

Constantinople, March, 1848.

My dear Mrs. Lindsay,

Having just returned from a ramble in the Jewish quarter, and witnessed a circumstance which was a source of great wonder, amazement and interest to me, I think, therefore, it will be equally the same to you. I am, moreover, not a little pleased at this thought, as it furnishes me with a nice topic for a letter to you, as the episode may really interest you very much.

During my stay at the city of the Sultan, I endeavour to get an insight amongst all sorts and conditions of men. Besides attending all churches, and some mosques and synagogues, I also attend different coffee-houses, where I now and then pick up some very curious pieces of information. To-day, I took up my position for a couple of hours in a miscellaneous coffee-house, at Pera. It so happens that the absorbing subject, in this part of the city, is the French Revolution, and to-day especially—for some violent demonstrations in favour of the French Republic have been displayed in the vicinity of the French Embassy, and the poor Ambassador was apprehensive of his ultimate safety—the subject is vehemently discussed. On my sitting down in a corner of the room, I observed two individuals engaged in warm and earnest debate about this very subject. I drew near to the zealous combatants, whom I found, by their dress and speech, to be Syrian Israelites. I afterwards learnt that one was Ezra Chaguin, a native of Aleppo, and the other Abraham Fares, of Bagdad.

The former maintained that it was impossible for the French Republic to last any length of time, as France was, both politically and religiously, in a very unhealthy state; whilst the latter maintained that the French people were too wise, too enlightened, too experienced to make any fatal mistake. Spirited arguments were advanced on each side but there was no prospect of a speedy settlement of the question. The antagonists became rather warm, and high words were on the tip of their tongues. Ezra all at once said unto Abraham, "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, for we be men and brethren, let us decide this controversy as controversies used to be decided in the days of old, by a game of chess."* A chess-board was immediately produced, and a game commenced. Both players were first-rate ones. The game lasted six hours; Abraham struggled hard to make it a drawn game, but he was "mated," and it was agreed that the Republic of France would not be one of stability. "Nevertheless," Abraham observed, "it will not be upset without a severe struggle, as was the case in this game."

All this appeared so novel to me, that I took the liberty of remarking to the interesting individuals, "This is a very new mode of settling a dispute." They eyed me rather too closely, so that I almost began to blush. One of them, I do not remember which, said, "You are a Hebrew: your sacred tongue bewrayeth thee." "I am," was my reply. "Then you should have known that it is not a novel mode of settling disputes, but as ancient as our law; for our lawgiver invented this game for the amusement of Pharaoh and his court, whilst in Egypt." "I confess my ignorance on the subject; I heard and read something to the effect, but could never obtain proof positive as to its reality." "Did you never read the

* How much preferable to a decision by duel.

second chapter of the second Book of Samuel?" observed the one from Aleppo, with a terrific frown on his brow, "how Abner and Joab decided a question of the greatest possible import—something of the kind as the question which occupied our attention—by a game of chess; and that game decided the victory, and established the kingdom in favour of David."

This statement startled me more than ever. I took out my small Hebrew pocket Bible, and handed it to Ezra, and begged of him kindly to point out the circumstance he alluded to. He opened 2 Samuel II. 12—17. He read the passage. "Well, is it a battle or a game?" he observed; "they sat down. Where?—'by a pool.' Did you ever see a Chinese chess-board? The space between the antagonistic players is represented by a pool. In this conflict is it said—as it is expressed in the narratives of ordinary battles—'and they died?' **Nothing** of the kind. Read the sixteenth verse. 'And they caught every one his fellow by the head, and thrust his sword into his fellow's side, so they fell down together: wherefore that place was called Helkath-hazzurim, which is in Gibeon.' What else can you make out by their falling down together, but an exchange of men?" I confess, as far as I am concerned, I am considerably startled, as well as amused, and I have no doubt that you, who are so expert a chess-player, will henceforth look with greater veneration than ever upon that game.*

I send you herewith a copy of Moritz Retzsch's outline of his celebrated picture of SATAN PLAYING AT CHESS

* On my return to England, what should my eye meet, in looking over the "Jewish Chronicle," for July 14th, 1848, but a letter to the same effect. Some of my readers may be chess-players, and may feel surprised at the supposed antiquity of the game; I subjoin, therefore, the letter alluded to: [To

WITH MAN FOR HIS SOUL. I know you are fond of the game, and I think this will please you. The following is

To the Editor of the Jewish Chronicle.

Sir,—I have often seen in your valuable journal theological and linguistical discussions on Hebrew roots; perhaps you will give a place to the suggestion of one who is neither theologian nor linguist, concerning the root שחק, *Sachak*, to play.

I think that from the root שחק is derived the name of a game which was the only one supposed to have been current among the ancient Israelites, viz., Chess, and the name of which has been received in almost all languages with very slight alterations; thus, *Scacchi* (Italian), *Schach* (German), *Echecs* (French), *Chess* (English). This game is, to this day, a favourite one among our Rabbins. The celebrated Aben Ezra has written a poem on Chess, and in his work מעדני מלך ("The King's Delicacies") he cites an opinion, that Moses, in the court of Pharaoh, invented that game.

Upon this affinity of שחק to the name of Chess, I found a somewhat novel interpretation of 2 Sam. 11. 14.—Abner said to Joab: יקומו נא הנערים וישחקו לפנינו, "Let the young men now arise and play before us." To me it seems highly improbable that two such celebrated Jewish commanders should have proposed such a sanguinary pastime, which sacrificed the lives of twenty-four persons; besides, וישחקו does not mean "and they shall fight," but "and they shall play." I would therefore say, that the proposal was to decide the fate of the battle by a game of Chess, similarly to another occasion, where the fate of a war was decided by a duel between David and Goliath, evidently to avoid much shedding of blood. Scripture says, וישבואלה על הברכה מזה ואלה על, וזכרכה מזה, "They sat down, the one on the one side of the pool, and the other on the other side of the pool." The rather unusual expression וישבו, "they sat," leads me to suppose that they were sitting before a chess-board, which is termed ברכה, "pool," on account of a stream being drawn between the two fields, which is still the case on the Chinese chess-board, and in the game of war. Whether the generals were themselves the players, using persons (הנערים) as figures (of which manner we last year saw an exhibition in London), or whether they were merely the beholders, I will not inquire, though the term לפנינו, "before us," seems to indicate the latter.

[The

the explanation. The scene is chosen with a sort of mysterious reference to the whole idea that is to be expressed. The very architecture intimates the presence of that dark Being, to whose sphere belongs all that is horrible, confounding, and seductive. It is a wide vault, whose arch is formed by two lizard-shaped monsters, whose heads, half-bird, half-locust, as well as their short, misshapen claws, adhere also to its two pillars, down which they seem to creep. The upper surface of a sarcophagus is transformed into a chess-board, and MAN, as a fair youth, sits at this table, his head, covered with the curls of early manhood, resting on his hand, and his countenance full of careful thoughts. Opposite to him, on the spectator's

The game was carried on with equal skill, so that on either side twelve pieces were lost. The verse says ויפלו, "they fell," not וימותו, "they died," showing that they were merely removed from the field (but not slain), as it is usual in Chess. At last there were only four pieces left on either side, viz., the king with three pawns, for which we may suppose the following position: On one side the king on his square, and the bishop's, knight's, and rook's pawns on their original squares; on the other side, the king on queen's square, and the bishop's, knight's, and rook's pawns likewise on their original squares (on the queen's side). This is a very difficult problem (המלחמה קשה): only he who has first move can win the game; the second player can only obtain a drawn game through the negligence of his adversary. It was Joab's first move; probably it was a drawn game; the contest was continued, and, finally, Abner was beaten (ויננף אבנר).

I do not think that I can incur the censure of having trifled with the words of Holy Writ, since all translators render וישחקו, "they shall play," only none mentions the sort of game which is meant.

Should you deem this suggestion—this whim—worthy of a place in your columns, you will defend the conduct of Abner and Joab, furnish a novel proof of the high antiquity of the game of Chess, and oblige your obedient servant,

ALEXANDER,

Author of "Encyclopædia of Chess,"
and "The Beauties of Chess."

left hand, is SATAN, the Prince of Darkness, seated in a large chair, one of whose arms show an open-mouthed lion, "seeking whom he may devour," while lower down, the claw of this lion grasping a human skull, intimates his death-bringing power. A broad cloak, from which only his bony, claw-like hands appear, is thrown around him, and his hair and his beard bristle wildly about. In his cap is the long, crooked cock's feather, which ancient tradition has uniformly regarded as suspicious. The features of his countenance are noble, for he is still a fallen angel; but their expression, as becomes his fallen state, is devilish and hateful. He who was a liar from the beginning; he who plays falsely; he who breaks faith with all confederates, is undeniably before us, with all the coldness of a tiger, and with all the cruelty of a hyena. Contumely, scorn, hatred, malice rejoicing in mischief, may find here their appropriate features, and the hand on the chin may either conceal a demoniacal smile at the prize it is about to seize, or repress a horrid imprecation, before which the gates of Hell would tremble, that deliverance may still be possible. Between the two players somewhat in the back-ground, stands a gentle, lovely angel form, with white and outspread wings, a son of the Morning, the protecting spirit of this human being, but not seen by him. To thrust him away is beyond Satan's power; the human being alone can renounce or reject him. But on the other hand, the Genius himself, like conscience, can only gently warn, not directly counsel nor absolutely control conduct. He looks in sorrow down upon the critical state of the game itself. The form of the king on Satan's side, represents himself, muffled indeed in his cloak, but still to be recognised at the first glance. His forces are pressing eagerly forward. His

queen, a voluptuous female figure with an unveiled bosom, is Pleasure, whose left hand draws her robe tightly around her alluring charms, while her right offers the cup of intoxication. The officers are six vices. 1st. **INDOLENCE**, sitting on an unhewn block of wood, a heavy, full form, with the head of a pig; hanging, misshapen arms, and clumsy legs. 2nd. **ANGER**, rash and headlong, like the turkey-cock, that flies into a rage with every object it meets, wears the head of this bird, and fluttering his wings, bristles sharp quills upon his neck and back. 3rd. **PRIDE**, grave, moving stiffly forward, wearing on his head, which is tossed backwards, a feather-crown, one arm insolently thrust into his side; but forgetful, while he displays his splendid peacock's tail, how much of what disgraces him he leaves naked behind. Spurs are on his heels; an order on his breast; one hand holds a full purse, the other is stretched out, as if giving command. 4th. **FALSEHOOD**, a form spotted like a tiger, with the head of a cat, and the ears laid fawningly back. One hand is laid, as if to assure good faith, upon her breast; while the other hides a dagger behind her back. 5th. **AVARICE** and **ENVY** in one person, a bent, lean figure, gnawing its own hand, and pressing a casket close under its arm. 6th. **UNBELIEF**, an impudent, horned figure, both hands thrust into its sides, and overthrowing a cross with its foot. The eight Pawns are **DOUBTS**; small harpy-shaped creatures, with wings like bats, and sharp teeth. On the side of the Human Being, his own soul is represented as the king, with ample pinions, stretching out one hand as giving protection, and holding in the other the sign of expiation. The officers are: 1st. **HOPE**, with her anchor. 2nd. **TRUTH**, with a lighted torch and a reflecting shield, stands, with Hope as a castle on her

side. 3rd. PEACE, with the palm. 4th. HUMILITY, her head bent in prayer, and her person sparingly clad. 5th. INNOCENCE, a naked child, stretching forth its arms confidently to all. 6th. LOVE, two children embracing each other, cheek pressing against cheek, while above rests a single star. The pawns are here represented as angels' heads, winged, and worshipping. They signify prayer, for, as an officer, who has been lost may be recovered in chess, by a pawn, so may a spiritual loss often be recovered by prayer. The game stands ill for the Human Being. His adversary has already weakened the power of prayers, by taking from him several angels' heads: LOVE and INNOCENCE are lost; HUMILITY is gone; and PEACE, just seized, is still held in his claw-like fingers. PLEASURE, UNBELIEF, and EVIL DOUBTS, are pressing tumultuously forward against Religion, who stands there tranquil and sublime, protecting Man, who is thus attacked in so many ways, but who, so long as he does not give up Religion, may yet hope for escape. Unhappy Man, himself has only vanquished Anger, and overcome a single doubt. The ornaments of the outside of the sarcophagus—a Psyche alarmed at the approach of Death, and images of terror—indicate more nearly the disposition and state of the human soul. Two death's heads stretch forth from the ornaments of the pannel, and with fleshless jaws seize on her delicate and ethereal wings. Horror-struck she hides her face in her hands, whilst these impure monsters wind their protracted trains repeatedly round her light form, and by constantly relaxing and contracting themselves, cruelly sport with her faint-hearted despondency. But, if she should succeed, though with impaired flight, to struggle away from her tormentors, then these phantoms, which are rooted in the sarcophagus itself, would be unable to follow her, and

those words of consolation would here, too, be fulfilled, "the terrors of the grave shall not overcome thy soul."

Whether, we regard the originality of the invention, or the perfect keeping of the allegory, this design will still remain one of the happiest creations of genius and art. The mind, that willingly turns its thoughts upon what is most serious in life, cannot easily remain unmoved by the deep meaning of the idea here represented; while many a presumptuous spirit beholding PEACE already in Satan's hand, INNOCENCE gone, Doubts urgent, and the assured prospect that the bold game itself must be lost if Religion be sacrificed, may yet cast a searching look upon what is passing within himself. Above all would we draw the thoughts of woman to this design, partly because, as the high Heavens are most perfectly reflected in the tranquil mirror of the waters, so is all that is elevated most purely and gladly reflected from her tranquil spirit; and partly too because the delicate and spiritual wings of many a gentle Psyche are wasted away and devoured by the loathsome phantoms which have wound about them. To all, then, and especially to each such suffering Psyche, may this image declare aloud, that all sufferings are earthly and transient, and that by a quiet patience, they can yet struggle upwards to a peace and happiness to which their tormentors can never follow them.

I hope the curiosity of the subject will atone for the brevity of this letter, and when I tell you that I have already written twenty letters, and have to write twenty more before I leave this city, I am sure that I shall stand acquitted this time for not writing a longer one. I shall, therefore, at once conclude.

Yours very sincerely, &c., &c.,

LETTER XIV.

TO EDWARD H. LEVEAUX, ESQ.

Constantinople, March, 1848.

My dear Edward,

You must be satisfied with a brief, and perhaps incoherent epistle: I intend to give you only a few extracts *verbatim* from my journal. You know travellers' note-books, how crudely and rudely every incident is put down; and such will be the items you will get in this. You will have seen, by the time you receive this, the letter I wrote to your dear Sarah, from which you will have learnt the first impressions Constantinople produced upon me. From this you will be able to form some notion as to what are my second impressions.

The Golden Horn is at present paraded with Turkish frigates, and cannons are constantly fired. It is said that Abdoul Megid is seriously afraid of a Russian invasion. Indeed, Russian soldiers are seen in swarms in this city. It was quite refreshing to me to have a chat in the Russian language, after my tongue has been dumb to it for the last ten years. The European quarter is at present distracted by the probable result of the French Revolution, the news of which only arrived by the 'Erin,' the steamer by which I came here. The poor French Ambassador is in a very nervous state. His palace is beleaguered, and nothing is heard from morning till night, but "Vive la République!" The Ambassador is known to be an out-and-out aristocrat.

This is the city of all sorts and conditions of men. Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics, are seen in large numbers, wherever you go. I meet here with Jews from all parts of the world. About five hundred Russian and Polish Hebrew pilgrims are here at present, on their way to Jerusalem. Poor devoted patriots! There is a Jewess, about eighty years of age, from the province of Lithuania, going by herself to the Holy City, in order to die there. She is an interesting old creature. She and her very large prayer-book, would furnish a beautiful theme for a picture. § But now to the extracts from my "Evening Notes."

March 21st. Early this morning I took a Jewish guide—I always find a Hebrew *cicerone* the best, inasmuch as he possesses a thorough knowledge not only of the Jews, but also of the Turks, infidels and heretics—and began with a voyage of discovery into the Jewish quarter. I took, therefore, a little Constantinople boat, and proceeded to Hass Kieu, as it is the metropolis of Stamboul Jews, and by far the most populous with the sons of Israel. On our arrival there, we could not land our little bark for upwards of an hour, in consequence of the very great throng of Jews which were pressing towards that place; for the space of about three miles of the Golden Horn was literally covered with boats, filled with Jews, eager to be, with the least possible delay, at Hass Kieu. The reason was, that a celebrated Rabbi, Eleazer, died last night, and his funeral took place this morning: the Jews consider that the act of escorting the dead to the grave to be one of the most meritorious works of piety, especially when that respect is shown to a celebrated Rabbi. At last, my little boat reached close to land, and I lost no time in planting my foot on *terra firma*. I have never

in all my life seen so large a concourse of Jews, the whole of the pier swarmed with them, every street was full of them, every alley was crowded with them. An air of devoted piety, though emanating from ignorant zeal, seemed to pervade their faces. The coffin had not yet arrived. It was expected every moment to make its appearance from an opposite Jewish town, so that every Israelite pressed towards the sea-shore, in order to catch the first glance of it; many of those who could not possibly attain a footing there, climbed up walls and trees, mounted chairs and tables, and with outstretched necks, and wide-open eyes, waited for the remains of the Rabbi.

I was fortunate enough to procure a place not far from the landing-place, on a little elevation, so that I could see every one before me, as well as be seen by every one. The long-looked for object arrived at last. Sad and melancholy hymns began to be chanted. The coffin was carried sometimes by ten, sometimes by twelve, and the bearers changed places continually, as it is counted a pious deed to carry the coffin of a good man. Every Jew, therefore, who thought—and I dare say every one there thought so—that he might purchase a piece of Heaven by carrying awhile Rabbi E.'s coffin, struggled very hard to lay hold, or even to touch the bier: so that whilst one portion of the community rent the air with their weepings and lamentations, another portion of the same did so with their squabbings and scufflings. Now and then a shout was heard, reproaching the women for looking out of the windows, and commanding them to hide their faces. The Rabbies do not allow women ever to witness a funeral procession, as they entertain the monstrously strange notion that when women are present, nothing

can keep the devil from joining the procession. Somehow or other, I unconsciously uttered the words: "Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die, O house of Israel?" But it seems that I did it in so loud a voice, that several Jews who passed by me, beating on their breasts, and shedding copious tears, overheard me. They stopped, and inquired of me who I was. I told them that I was a Christian, and felt exceedingly solicitous for the salvation of the house of Jacob. "But who are you to tell us, 'Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die?'" was their interrogation. I replied, that I did not remember having said so. My guide confirmed their charge. I then perceived that I must have exclaimed this exhortation unwittingly. I said, therefore, to my brethren: "This convinces me that I came here by the will of God, and that the Almighty put these words into my mouth, in order to warn you of escaping the great condemnation which hangs over the Jewish nation." "What do you mean by the condemnation?" was my auditors' next angry and frowning inquiry. "I mean the condemnation," was my reply, "of being called 'Lo Ammi,' and 'Lo Ruhamah;,' the condemnation of your prayers remaining unanswered for the last eighteen centuries, and of your dying without any prospect of salvation." My hearers vehemently exclaimed: "Do you mean to say that this great luminary of the world, the pillar of the universe, the powerful hammer, who was able to root up mountains, and grind them together by his great reasonings, do you mean to say that such a man died without any prospect of salvation?" "I knew not the man," was my rejoinder; "but this I do know, that whosoever believeth in our Lord Jesus—even the Messiah—shall be saved; and he that believeth not, be he ever so wise and clever, the Bible tells us, cannot be saved.

The Lord is no respecter of persons. He does not say, 'My son, give me thy head, and let thy talents grind mountains into powder;' but rather, 'My son, give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways.'"

The little circle that surrounded me became outrageous, and made use of several blaspheming terms against the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. Argument or discussion was quite out of the question, I therefore cut them short by the following brief exhortation: "BlaspHEME not, behold yon coffin" (it had already proceeded some distance, and the mass of the people was already out of the place), "it contains the body, which was but yesterday inhabited by a soul; that soul is now called before the bar of a just God, that soul may already mourn for having pierced Jesus, either in thought, word, or deed; it may already wish that its relatives on earth should repent of their unbelief. I repeat again, he that believeth on the Son of God shall be saved, and he that believeth not cannot be saved." Whether my stern tone of voice, in which I warmly indulged at the time, or my hearers' anxiety to join their foregoing brethren, induced them not to prolong their remarks, one simply asked: "But whence do you draw such teachings?" "From your own books," I replied: "In your Old Testament, these doctrines are taught by types and parables; and in your New Testament the types and parables are beautifully explained." I took out a copy of the New Testament from my pocket, and said: "This is the latter book I mentioned to you." The last inquirer snatched the book out of my hand, and said: "We have no time to read it now, we must defer doing so till another occasion," and thus one and all ran away to join the crowd, and left me, with my *cicerone*, by ourselves. At first, I thought of following them to the

burying-place, but after a few minutes' consideration, I came to the conclusion that it would not be prudent to do so, as the Jews were then too much excited. I entered, therefore, a coffee-house, where I found a Turkish story-teller, relating some wonderful prophecies respecting the downfall of the Ottoman Empire, and respecting the pedigree of the reigning Sultan, which were by no means flattering to Abdoul Megid. And as the story-teller was not afraid of being informed against by the Jews, he thought he might with impunity pour forth a torrent of invectives against "the powers that be," which he did most cordially.*

From Hass Kieu we went over to Balat, which is only across the Golden Horn. I there visited all the synagogues, in each of which I had opportunities of learning something new, which was hitherto unnoticed by travellers. The Jews kindly opened for me the rolls of the law, from which I opened and alleged that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah—the hope of Israel in every age. One Jew attacked me on the ground of not wearing a beard, quoting the text: "Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard."† I simply replied, that the performance of that injunction was given to the children of Israel to observe during their holding possession of the Land of Promise, which I proved by quoting verse 23 of the same chapter. My Jewish *cicerone*, however, adopted another line of argument, he said, he would rather have a good Jew without a beard, than a beard without a good Jew; and averred that I was a better Jew than those of all the synagogues of Stamboul put together, and advanced a passage—which I happened to mention to him whilst conversing, when by ourselves

* See pp. 112—116.

† Leviticus xix. 27.

—from the Romans: “He is not a Jew, which is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision, which is outward in the flesh: but he is a Jew, which is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God.”* I was grieved to see vast numbers of Jewish children running about as sheep without a shepherd, and no one caring either for the cultivation of their minds, or the salvation of their souls.” O thou Shepherd of Israel! my last prayer this evening is for Israel, that they might be saved. Incline Thy gracious ear to my humble supplication, and vouchsafe a rich blessing upon the efforts made for bringing them within the pale of salvation.

March 22nd. This day I spent at Constantinople, seeing its lions. I was much interested in St. Sophia. It is at present under repair, and I had therefore an advantageous view of its interior—the rich and brilliant mosaic being now disclosed. I visited the principal Jewish bookseller, in whose shop I had an opportunity of ascertaining the literary condition of the Constantinople Hebrews. The Rabbinical and Cabbalistic books are more in demand than any other, by the great mass of the respective congregations. The chief Rabbi, however, is suspected—but no one dare give expression to the suspicion—of studying the *Chizonim*—i. e. secular authors. He is, moreover, accounted the haughtiest man in Turkey, and presumes much on the dignity bestowed upon him by the Sublime Porte, of a Bashaw of three tails.

March 23rd. Visited Hass Kieu again. A gentleman, Mr. Woodcock by name, who came with me from Malta, accompanied me. We went from synagogue to syna-

* Romans 11. 28, 29.

gogue, and from school to school, in all of which I had lengthy conversations. It is really surprising how accessible the Jews are to conversation. The moment they are convinced that one knows something of their history and character, and is therefore able to sympathize with them, that moment their hearts draw towards such an one, notwithstanding such an individual happens to be a Christian. What is stranger still, the Jews themselves will introduce Christianity as a grateful topic for conversation and discussion, provided their visitor betrays some knowledge of their sacred language and of their literature. Otherwise, they stand gaping and staring upon an intruding stranger. I had therefore many opportunities of discussing the questions at issue between Jews and Christians, and that in the most amicable terms. I was listened to attentively. Whilst speaking with the principals in the schools on the evidences of Christianity, the students listened with the most profound attention, and seemed to treasure up every passage I quoted in support of the truthfulness of the Messiahship of Jesus. There is also a Caraité synagogue in that place which is indeed the nicest of all. I found in it several Hebrew Bibles, published by the Bible Society. The Caraité Jews kindly allowed me to take a roll of the law from its sanctum, which I unfolded, and preached the Gospel to those present.

The Caraité Jews are more accessible than any class of the children of Israel. They have an air of independence about them, which renders them exceedingly well-looking, and almost noble in their gait and bearing. They pity their brethren, who are traditionists, for the Caraites derive their appellation from קרא (Cara), the root of מקרא (Mickra), which signifies Scriptures, and hence they boast

of being Scripturalists, and indulge now and then in some puns against their Talmudical brethren. For instance the Caraites look upon phylacteries, as a rabbinical and human invention, they call, therefore, the Jews, who wear those appendages חמורים מתונים (*Chamourim M'thoogim*), " Bridled Asses."*

From Haus Kieu we crossed over to Constantinople, where I paid another visit to the Jewish bookseller, and from thence proceeded to Scutari, where we witnessed the madness of the howling dervishes. My Jewish guide solicited the gift of a Hebrew New Testament, and a few tracts on the Christian religion, with which, I am glad to say, I was able to furnish him.

March 24th. This morning I went to see the Sultan going to the mosque. His Sublime Majesty looks remarkably dull and almost idiotic, but he is said to be a very nice man, and of tolerable abilities.† I could not help thinking of the blasphemous titles, which his predecessors assumed. They seem to have rivalled the Popes in the usurpation of divine attributes.‡

Mr. Cohen, a Jewish convert, a native of this capital,‡ once a missionary to the Jews of Smyrna, accompanied me, and was so good as to point out to me the different personages who formed the grand procession. Sure enough, several of the great office-bearers are of Christian extraction, either renegades themselves, or descendants of some Greek Christians. The procession was greatly augmented

* "The Fundamental Principles of Modern Judaism Investigated," p. 8.

† See p. 111.

‡ A few particulars about that individual will be found in "The Fundamental Principles of Modern Judaism Investigated," p. 221.

by the large number of negro slaves, carrying their masters' pipes to the mosque. It is notorious that everything with Mohammedans ends in smoke. Mr. Cohen met with a friend, an Armenian Christian, with whom he discussed different matters with respect to the present state of Armenianism, and other *isms* in connection with the different Christian Churches existing in Turkey. The Sultan's last edict, that a renegade Christian was at liberty to renounce Islamism, and publicly profess the religion of his fathers, was talked of as a most important triumph for Christianity, and as the death-blow to Mohammedanism. To the English Government, and to Sir Stratford Canning was the achievement ascribed.

March 27th. Paid a visit to-day to the Sultan's medical seminary. The principal physician and lecturer in it is a Jew; and I was, moreover, pleased to find twenty-four Jewish students in the establishment, studying the profession of medicine. The Sultan grants them leave of absence every Saturday. As far as toleration is concerned, his Sublime Highness makes no difference between them and his Mussulmen subjects. The Jewish youths seem a very intelligent set of students. One of them, a native of Smyrna, spent last Friday with me, and I had much reason to be pleased with his intellectual powers, as well as with his moral virtues. Those students, moreover, court the society of Christians, especially of Jewish Christians, more than that of any other class of people.

Now, dear Edward, I cannot copy any more to-night, so you must be satisfied with the quantity, and must not grumble at the quality.

I shall expect a long letter from you and Sarah, at Jerusalem. Remember and beware.

Yours faithfully, &c., &c.

LETTER XV.

TO SIR THOMAS BARING, BART.

On board the 'Stamboul,'

April, 1848.

My dear Sir Thomas,

I can but give you a rough copy of the hasty notes I made since I embarked the 'Stamboul,' an Austrian steamer, on her way to Beyrout. The number of my companions is increased by two. A Mr. Stone, a young English officer, who had sold out, and who is in the unenviable position of one, who does not know how to dispose of his time, and a Mr. Hooglandt, a young gentleman from Amsterdam, who has lately come to Constantinople from Russia, where he travelled, by way of giving the finishing stroke to his education, have requested of Mr. Woodcock and myself to be permitted to join us in our pilgrimage to the Holy Land. I know not what has induced them to take that step; for whilst at Constantinople, they treated such journeys in a provoking manner. My friend, Mr. W., and myself were very much inclined to double our distance from, and single our freedom with, them; so that we were rather astonished at their proposition. However, a little conversation with our Dutch fellow-passenger, inspired us with sincere respect for his character, and we made up our minds to be glad of his and Mr. S.'s company.

Indeed, it is not at all unlikely, that the sight of the multitude of pilgrims which were on board, with their faces towards Jerusalem, may have influenced Messrs. S.

and H. to "ask the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward, saying, Come, and let us join ourselves. Come ye, let us go up to the mountain of the house of the Lord. We will go with you."* As far as I myself am concerned, I can already boast of three men out of two nations taking hold of my "skirt," wishing to go with me. But a truce to introductory remarks, I have no time for such indulgence; I must hence at once to the copying of my notes for you.

March 28th. Arriving on board, I found the 'Stamboul' crowded in a manner I never saw any vessel thus before. Individuals of almost every nation under heaven seem to have been on deck. A large oblong tent was pitched on the first-cabin deck, for the second-class Turkish female passengers. Though we had secured our places as first-class passengers, and had the number of our berths fixed two days before, we had much difficulty in obtaining any place at all in the first cabin. The directors of the Austrian steamers seem to take the complexion of that government, and think nothing of a skirmish, and therefore left the passengers to fight it out amongst themselves. Mr. W. at last got a berth to himself. Messrs. S. and H. got one between them. I chose a sofa in the large saloon, close to an imposing Greek ecclesiastic, whose garb bespeaks no less than a Patriarch. This done, I went upon deck, and the skirmishes there were of a fearful nature. There were Polish and Russian pilgrims; there is a sort of hereditary animosity between them; the moment one encroached upon the other, a serious boxing commenced. The same with the Greek and Ar-

* Jeremiah L. 5; Isaiah II. 3; Micah IV. 2; Zech. VIII. 23.

menian Christians, &c. The Turk and the Persian, the Moor and the Bedouin, all contributed to make the deck unbearable, in consequence of the din and noise of the different parties. However, the Austrian sailors began to weigh, and their conventional tune amazed the mixed multitude and produced silent bewilderment. A heavy snow, moreover, made the different parties wrap themselves up very closely, and the consequence was a shrinking of the passengers and an elasticity of the 'Stamboul.' In the course of half an hour, everything seemed quietness, serenity, and tranquillity, which, I am glad to record, continued even after the snow subsided. When it cleared up, I took another survey on deck, and I observed that in the midst of the vast throng, existed a small encampment, carefully separated from the surrounding mixed multitude, of Polish Jews. The Hebrew party consists of twelve Jews and a very aged Jewess. Having obtained a full view of all my fellow-passengers, I went down into the cabin to rest, as well as to observe with whom I had to sojourn here. This time I discovered the reason of the great lack of room. It is that a Moham-medan effendi thinks it proper to travel with his whole harem, and has therefore monopolized half of the cabin for that purpose. The Captain, I found, was obliged to give up his cabin for the accommodation of the first-class passengers.

At four o'clock, P.M., the steamer was under weigh, and we began to take our departure from before the great and wonderful triple city. The effect of the gorgeous and glorious cupolas growing less and less, and receding farther and farther every moment, affected me in a strange manner. I stood and gazed in the same direction till

ten o'clock this evening, and whilst I am noting this, the image of my last view of Constantinople continues dazzling me. So no more of that.

March 29th. I watched with intense interest the devout performance of morning prayers by my Jewish fellow-passengers. Regardless of the scoffings and mockings of the mob, they put on their large *talith* (fringed garment) and broad phylacterics, and with eyes fixed upon the heavenly places, they mentally abstracted themselves from all around them, and for upwards of two hours held close communion, according to the best of their belief, with God. Oh, that Israel's zeal were according to knowledge! Oh, that those who call themselves Christians would profit by the zeal for Jehovah displayed by the Jews! and walked closer with their God, and communed oftener with their Redeemer.

In the course of the day I had several conversations with the little Hebrew congregation on board. They have severally furnished me with much valuable information respecting the different parts they came from. Some of them have spent a whole year at Constantinople, and could therefore verify and corroborate many items of information I gathered whilst there, as well as rectify others. Jerusalem, and the coming of the Messiah, were absorbing subjects to every individual; so that I had no alternative—unless I was ashamed of my colours, and wished to desert or hide them—but to introduce the claims of Jesus to the Messiahship of Israel. Though a smart discussion was the first result, it had nevertheless the effect of setting their minds to work at that sublime theme. For whenever they saw me this afternoon they had some question to propose, either about the life of Jesus and His doctrines, or about the sufficiency of the

atonement. The aged Jewess was scarcely doing anything else but poring over a large prayer-book, which she brought with her from Russia. She seems extremely cheerful and humble, and is confident that Messiah will not conceal himself much longer. The prospect of her beholding Jerusalem, in the course of a fortnight or three weeks, thrills her with alternate raptures, and heartfelt sadness and agony. She exults over her privilege, and in the same breath mourns over the desolating spectacle, of Jerusalem as it is. She hopes for Israel's restoration, and laments over their present degradation, &c., all in such rapid succession, that she carried me along with her, when she finished up by humming to herself the beautiful Alphabetical Passover Hymn. Several times this day, I caught myself accompanying her in it. The following is the music and the hymn. But before you make any attempt at either, I must explain their use. The hymn consists of a list of the attributes of God in alphabetical order. It is begun with the first letter at the outset, which is followed by the words :

יְבֹנֶה בֵּיתוֹ בְּקֶרֶב בְּמַהֲרָה בְּמַהֲרָה בְּיָמֵינוּ בְּקֶרֶב
בְּקֶרֶב אֵל בְּנֵה אֵל בְּנֵה בֵּיתְךָ בְּקֶרֶב :

Then follow the next four letters, with the additional accompaniment, and so on. I give you first the Hebrew in its own characters, then the pronunciation in English character, and then the English translation, so as to enable you to sing with the spirit and understanding. To conciliate your Gentile disposition of taking a wrong view of things belonging to the Jews, I write the Hebrew backwards' way.

Allegro Moderato.

רוֹב קָּ תוֹ בִּי נָה יֵב הוּא דִיר אֵל
 Ad - dir Hoo Yiv - neh Bay thou B' ka - rouv;
 Th' migh - ty God shall build his tem - ple speed - i - ly;

נֹי מִי יָב רַה הִי בִם רַה הִי בִם
 Bim - hay - rah, Bim - hay - rah, B' ya may noo
 In haste, in - haste, In our days,

רוֹב קָּ רוֹב קָּ בָּנֵה אֵל
 B' ka - rouv, B' ka - rouv; All B' nagh
 speed - i - ly, speed - i - ly; Lord, build,

רִבֵּק בִּתְדֵב בִּנְה אֵל
 All B' nay, B' nay Bayth cha B' ka - rouv.
 Lord, build, build thy tem - ple speed - i - ly.

הוּא נֶלֶד הוּא דוֹל הוּא רוּחַ
 Ba - rooch Hoo Ga doul Hoo Da - gool Hoo
 The blessed God, the great God, the high God, the

רִבֵּק בִּתְדֵב בִּנְה יְיָ הוּא דוֹר
 Ha - door Hoo Yiv - neh Bay - thou B' - ka - rouv
 beauteous God shall build his tem - ple speed - i - ly;

נִמְצֵא בְּ
 בִּמְהֵרָה בִּמְהֵרָה
 Bim - hay - rah, Bim-hay-rah, B' - ya may noo
 In haste - - In haste - - in our days,

בְּנֵה אֵל
 רֹבֵץ בְּ רֹבֵץ בְּ
 B' ka-rouv, B' ka-rouv, Ail B' nay,
 speed - i - ly, speed - i - ly: Lord, build,

רֹבֵץ בְּ בְנֵה אֵל
 בְּנֵה אֵל בְּנֵה אֵל
 All B' nay, B' nay, Bayth cha B' - ka-rouv.
 Lord, build, build thy tem - ple speed - i - ly.

וְתֵק הוּא : וְכַאי הוּא : חֶסֶד הוּא : טְהוֹר הוּא :
 יָחִיד הוּא : כְּבִיר הוּא : לְמוֹד הוּא : מְלֹךְ הוּא :
 נוֹרָא הוּא : סָבִיב הוּא : עִזּוֹז הוּא : פֹּדֵחַ הוּא :
 צִדִּיק הוּא : קְדוֹשׁ הוּא : רַחוּם הוּא : שְׂדֵי הוּא :
 תַּמְקִיף הוּא : יִבְנֶה בֵּיתוֹ בְּקֶרֶב : בְּמִהְרָה בְּמִהְרָה
 בְּיָמֵינוּ בְּקֶרֶב בְּקֶרֶב : אֵל בֵּנִה : אֵל בֵּנִה : בֵּנִה
 בֵּיתְךָ בְּקֶרֶב :

It is a long time since I met with so interesting a character in a Jewess.

Amongst the different incidents which came under my observation this day, is the recognition of a playmate of mine, a young Roman Catholic Pole, on his way to Jerusalem, according to his father's dying wish, on a pilgrimage. The concomitant circumstances of the discovery and our mutual surprise and pleasure, are too extensive to be written down as an evening note.

March 30th. About seven o'clock this morning we came in sight of Smyrna. At a considerable distance, the city had an imposing appearance. Was not Smyrna once called the Queen of the cities of Anatolia? Was she not characterized by the ancients as "the lovely," "the crown of Ionia," "the ornament of Asia?" As soon as we cast anchor in the beautiful bay, the 'Stamboul' was surrounded by a great number of small boats, whose passengers offered their services as guides to all sorts of sights and places. The 'Stamboul' was too full to admit of any more on board; the Captain and the sailors, therefore, determined to keep the clamouring new-comers, where they were, at bay. Two or three, however, managed to board, in spite of all opposition. These gentry do not

care for the patronage of any other pilgrims, but for that of English, French, and German.

One of the brave guides, who forced himself on board, made his way to Mr. Woodcock and myself, and addressed us in English, saying: "I am a trumpeter, have me." Mr. W. looked at me, and I at him, wondering what the man meant. He repeated his office several times, and urged upon us the acceptance of the sarpe. At last, I said, we did not want any trumpeter, we had enough vocal noise, and we could very conveniently dispense with the din and larum of instruments. The fact is, the poor fellow did not understand us with "proper exactitude," nor did we him. I addressed him in an Eastern tongue, and asked him whether he knew Mr. Solbe, Mr. Markheim, Mrs. Cohen, &c. ? if so, that I would engage him for the day, to act as my guide. "Oh yes, he know all those parties very well," and added again in English. "I is Mr. Solbe's trumpeter." We paid no more attention to his trumpery, but told him that we would pay him twenty piastres for the day, and that he was to lead us quietly, without any noise, to whatever place we desired to go; and I impressed upon his mind, that the moment he began to act the trumpeter we would dismiss him, and have nothing more to do with him. He agreed to the conditions of the compact; we then followed him into his tiny boat, and after a quarter of an hour's row, we landed on the shore of Smyrna. We first proceeded just to call upon the above-named parties, where we made but a short stay. Mr. Solbe kindly invited us to dine with him in the afternoon, which invitation we accepted. We then asked of our guide to lead us through the different bazaars, which we found well stocked with goods, but

by no means attractive. Mr. W. is a slow walker, so that he was always behind. As I felt myself quite at home, though but for the first time in that city, I left our guide to walk leisurely with my fellow-pilgrim. Mr. W.'s attention was attracted by an article of dress, which he wished to purchase, and asked, therefore, our guide to inquire the price, and to tell him the same. The guide would do nothing of the kind. So Mr. W. summoned me back again, and informed me that the fellow would not do what he was asked to do. I called him to account for his conduct; he said, he would speak in his native language, but would not trumpet, according to the conditions of the agreement. We thought the fellow was out of his wits, and labouring under a sort of monomania respecting his trumpetership—for we were very much pleased with his general demeanour. I promised therefore to stick close to my companion, so that he should not be put to any inconvenience; and we thus proceeded peaceably and quietly. Mr. W. purchased a Greek jacket, and I a couple of books. After visiting the principal buildings, the Matza* bakeries, which were all very busy, the hospital, &c., I said to our guide, whom I discovered to be a Jew, that I wished to visit the Rabbies. Philip, that was the name of our leader, informed me that there were two chief Rabbies in Smyrna, inasmuch as there was a split in the community. The poorer class of Jews, who have been long oppressed by a tyrannical Rabbi, supported by the aristocratic Jews, determined to separate themselves, and thus escape paying those heavy taxes which were imposed upon them, in order to keep up a staff of unnecessary officials in the various synagogues.

Passover cakes.

This body appointed, therefore, a Rabbi of their own, "meek as Moses himself, who promised to take charge of their spiritual wants for a very moderate salary." "This man is really worth seeing, but as for the Rabbi of the residuary, he is a proud, haughty man, the vainest and most ambitious in the whole of Turkey, with the exception of him of Constantinople. Every one in his presence trembles or quakes, his eyes flash lightning, and he treats even the most learned men amongst us like dogs, they are not allowed to sit on his divan, but at his feet on a thread-worn carpet. I cannot bear to come near his house. I will go with pleasure to call upon the new Rabbi; but do not go to the proud and cruel oppressor of the residuary."

Thus spake my guide in an animated Hebrew harangue. I said, "Very well, I shall first call upon the new one, and then upon the old one." Philip looked daggers.

We found the new Rabbi as our *cicerone* described—humble in appearance, in conversation, and in residence, and gave me the idea that he was really regardless of everything, but the welfare of his congregation. We found him seated in a neat little library, examining some wheat, whether it was lawful to make use of it for Matza, or not. He received us courteously, conversed freely on the present state of Turkey, its prospects, prosperous and calamitous. The condition of the Jews in the vast territory of Abdoul Megid, and then came to the Hebrews of Ismir—as Smyrna was and is called by the natives. Somehow or other the conversation turned, at last, upon the Prophets and teachers appointed by God, in the palmy days of Judaism, and contrasted their conduct with that of those appointed by men; and by degrees another contrast was introduced, viz.: the teaching of Moses, the

Prophets, Jesus and His Apostles, with the teaching of the different Rabbies, as handed down to us in the different rabbinical works. The poor Rabbi hesitated several times, and blushed when I quoted several flagrant enormities from the latter works; but I determined to keep him in good humour, and assured him that the opinions I expressed respecting the sages of the Talmud, are those held at present by the most learned Hebrews of Europe. I quoted a few passages from Dr. Isaac Erter's נפש גלגול—*"Guilgool Nepesh,"* and תשליך—*"Tashlich,"** in which works the arrogance and impiety of some of the Rabbies are pointed out with the most cutting sarcasm, and the keenest satire. Dr. Erter being a very learned man, and still a professing Jew, his statements rather staggered the new Smyrna Rabbi. Once being in that train of conversation, I travelled onward and onward. I quoted several passages from the New Testament, compared them with corresponding passages in the Old Testament, and finished by handing the Rabbi a small copy of the Hebrew New Testament, and begged his acceptance, saying: "I offer it unto you as unto a wise man; read it, and judge for yourself." He gratefully accepted it, and promised to examine its contents dispassionately, which he never had an opportunity of doing before. "It is," he added, "you who made your doctrines to drop as the rain; and your speech to distil like the dew, which washed away my prejudices, softened my heart, won my esteem, and

* Annuals published by Dr. Erter, of Brody, which go by the name of הצופה לבית ישראל, *Hatzopheh L'baith Israel*, which may be rendered, "The Spectator of the House of Israel." The former of the above works is a satire on the absurd doctrine of transmigration of souls; and the second, on the absurd ceremony of casting the sins into a river. See vol. 1. p. 151.

enlisted my sympathy. There have been men, who took upon themselves to teach religion to the Jews, but they stood sadly in need of being taught: their temper and spirit betrayed that all their religion was confined to their head and tongue, but did not occupy the heart." Of course, I take the compliment for what it is worth. Probably he may make use of the same criticism on me, when another visits him. The Rabbi then clapped his hands, to order coffee and pipes for Mr. W. and myself, but as we were anxious to see as much as we possibly could this day, we respectfully declined, and went our way forthwith.

When we were once more *en route*, I said to Philip: "Now we order our steps to the house of the Rabbi of the residuary, as you call them." "Do not go there," answered and begged our *cicerone*, "you will not find a meek and lowly man, entering into friendly converse with you, on a humble divan, and homely house; but you will meet with a proud, arrogant, haughty, and repulsive autocrat, sitting on a sumptuous divan, treating every one around him like dogs, who will not even ask you to sit down, but will keep you on your feet, till you get so weary and famished, as to be ready to drop down." But all this harangue had not the least effect upon my mind—it was made up. I said, therefore: "Give yourself no trouble to dissuade me, for it will be labour lost: to the house of the chief Rabbi, we now direct our feet." "Then I must leave you," was Philip's reply. "Then go," was mine; and as I saw many Jews on the way, I said to the very first I met: "Come and show me the house of the old Rabbi." No objection was made, and when Philip beheld that we were too independent of him, he hesitated whether to leave us or not, and decided not to do so. We were thus fixed with two

guides. I knew, however, that Mr. Woodcock was of a timorous temperament, and fearing lest his provoking modesty and timidity might frustrate my plans of procedure—for I was determined to beard the lion in his den—I said to him: “We are going to see the Rabbi of the old synagogue, who sports an imposing divan. I understand that the Rabbi is proud, arrogant, haughty, and repulsive, nevertheless I go; but my success in overcoming all the above impediments depends upon your courage,—the moment you become timid and nervous, you defeat my scheme. My plan is to enter the large room, in which I understand he sits, without any ceremony, and to go up with the greatest *sang froid*, and take my seat, either on his right or on his left, on the divan, and you must do the same.” “What! without knocking at the door!—without any previous notice! I could not do it, on any account!” pathetically exclaimed Mr. W. “Well then, you better stay away,” was my counsel. “Oh, but I wish to see a Rabbi in full divan.” “Then come, and behave yourself as I tell you.” Mr. W. debated with himself for about five minutes, and then made up his mind to come with me. I then gave my friend the description of the Rabbi’s reception-chamber, as I had got it from the two Jews, our leaders. “The room will be found to be a large, oblong apartment. On the east side will be a splendid divan, on which will sit the Master of the Smyrna Israelites; opposite to the divan, on a carpet far west, will sit, cross-legged, about fifty young students, handling some huge rabbinical folios. On the Rabbi’s right and left, at a respectful distance from the divan, will be found sitting sub-Rabbies, and probably a few will be found standing and talking,” and concluded, saying: “Remember, no nervousness—no timidity.” “I am rather nervous,” said

my friend. "Then pray stop where you are." "I will go with you." In the course of a few moments we were at the house; we had to ascend a flight of steps. I confess, Mr. W.'s trembling step made me uneasy. I laid my hand upon the handle of the door, and whispered, "Courage!" into the ear of my timorous companion, opened the portals, and, with firm and independent step, proceeded towards the divan, and took my place, unasked, on the right of the Rabbi; and, to the credit of Mr. W. be it recorded, he did the same on the left of the Rabbi, to the great and unaccountable consternation of all present.

The Rabbi, who is a very tall, portly sort of man, looked *down*, first on his right and then on his left—for both of us happen to be of low stature—with an air of the most contemptuous surprise at our audacity, but I gave him no time either to think or speak much: "You are the chief Rabbi of the holy congregation of Ismir, and you are therefore the fittest person to furnish me with authentic information about the Jews of this city; and, in return, I will give you information about the Jews of Europe, and especially about those of England." Without waiting for any reply from his *highness*, I launched forth into a lengthy and rapid account of the different sects now existing amongst the Jews in London, and furnished the Rabbi with an elaborate account of the last days of the late Dr. Herschell. Here Mr. W. was totally overcome, he pulled me by my coat, and said: "Look at that Rabbi there on the carpet: I cannot endure his piercing black eye and his stern look. I cannot escape him, and I cannot abide him; wherever I turn my face, his eyes and looks follow me." Take out your sketch-book and pencil, and

take his likeness, and he will soon drop his eyes and let you alone, and now let me alone.”* The Rabbi took advantage of the temporary interruption, and assayed to speak, but I begged his pardon, and told him that I had not finished my narrative; and proceeded to give him an account of the new sect—the British Reformed Jews—who separated themselves from the old community, discarded the teaching of the Talmud, and compiled a new Liturgy, more in accordance with the teaching of Moses and the Prophets than the old Jewish Liturgy is; also how Dr. Herschell excommunicated them. I then related the Doctor’s accident, his death, described his funeral. The election of Dr. Adler, his promises, and professions, and practices; his ratification of the excommunication-bull against the Reformed Jews, &c. During the whole of my audacious speech, the assembly looked speechless with attention. When I stopped and asked Mr. W. whether the expedient I suggested had the desired effect, he observed: “Yes, capital.” I then paused; the Rabbi took out his snuff-box, took a pinch of snuff himself, and then offered me one, which I accepted; throwing at the same time a suspicious eye upon poor Philip, who was standing, almost petrified, at the door. After the Rabbi coaxed his nose awhile, and smoothed down the corners of his beard, with his thumb and first finger, from the sides of his mouth, so as to give free course to his words, he inquired, saying: “To which of the classes do you belong; to the reformed or to the old synagogue?” I said I belonged to neither; my sym-

* The Jews and the Mohammedans have an idea that their pictures are their proxies in every possible way; so that when you shoot at their pictures, you kill the persons the pictures represent.

pathies were with the former; but they did not go far enough in their reformation, inasmuch as they continued unbelieving in the advent of the Messiah. This last expression had a tremulous effect upon the Rabbi, so that I saw it necessary to take breath, and set off again with a disquisition on the evidences of Christianity; and having taken out my small Hebrew Bible, I went through all the prophecies which bear witness to Messiah's first advent, and then finished by saying: "I appeal to you, can any Jewish congregation lay claim to reformation, as long as they remain unbelievers in Jesus of Nazareth as the Messiah of Israel?" The great Rabbi and the little Rabbies looked aghast, whilst the students were busily engaged noting down the passages I quoted from the Old Testament. The Rabbi, after a few moments' consideration, said: "This way should not have been shown in my presence, and before the young people there." The Rabbi began to look sulky, so I changed the conversation at once, and asked him whether he heard of the interest the English Jewish converts took when their unconverted brethren of Damascus suffered? It was one of the luckiest hits I have made in my life. It put the Rabbi in the very best of humours, for he had an opportunity of referring to a work of his, which he published on the subject, in the shape of a sermon. He spoke of Sir Moses Montefiore and of Mr. Pieritz—the Jewish convert, who personally pleaded the cause of the persecuted Jews before the Pacha—in the same breath, and acknowledged that the latter did more than the former for the exculpation of the Hebrews from the foul calumny. The Rabbi went to his book-shelf and took down a volume, it was his published Hebrew sermon, which he dedicated to Sir Moses Montefiore, and read out the following passage:

וְנִם כַּמָּה מַדְחָכִים שֶׁלָנוּ שֶׁהִמִּירוּ דָתָם
הֵאֵם יִכּוֹל אֶחָד מֵהֶם לְהֵאמִין בְּדָבָר הַזֶּה וְכוּ'

"And even the many of our wise men, who have changed their religion, can any one of them believe in this thing?" &c. "This will convince you," said Rabbi Chayim Palagi, "that I have great respect for Jewish converts. I do not deny that many wise, and many learned, are to be found amongst them. May I ask of you to accept this volume, as a memento of sincere friendship on my part?" Of course, I accepted the book, and gave a terrible look at Philip. The poor fellow looked mortified beyond description. The Rabbi clapped his hands, and coffee and pipes were produced. I would have declined the latter, if it were not that I was anxious to obtain a little more information respecting the Smyrna Jews, and by which means I got the same. When Rabbi Palagi heard that I was on my way to the Holy Land, he went once more to his shelf, and begged of me to accept another Hebrew volume, which, he assured me, would furnish me with many interesting particulars about "the inheritance of our Fathers." I accepted that book also. It is called *חבת ירושלים*—"Chibbath Yerushalayim" ("The Love of Jerusalem.") The Rabbi pressed me to make his house my home, in the event of my coming again to Smyrna. I thanked him most cordially for his intense kindness, and got up to go, asking the Jews not to forget the words I spoke to them respecting Jesus of Nazareth. But they were silent, and the show of their countenances witnessed that they were silent by reason of great surprise and astonishment, at what I was permitted to pronounce in the Rabbi's presence. On our leaving the house, our Jewish fellow-passengers came to pay their respects to

the chief Rabbi, who were not a little surprised at beholding that dignitary following us to the bottom of the stairs, and showering benedictions on our heads. I am curious to know their conversation on the Rabbi's return to his sanctum.

I pitied poor Philip. He would not speak for some time, at last he said: "I can only say, that I saw and heard things to-day, which I never saw or heard before, and it is my opinion that none but genuine Jewish Christians could accomplish such feats—to tame so violent a wild beast. Why, you were like Daniel in the den of lions." "Yes," I replied, "and 'my God hath sent His angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me: forasmuch as before him innocency was found in me.' "*"

From thence we proceeded to the various synagogues and schools, in all of which I gathered some important items of information. I provided myself with a new supply of Hebrew and English Bibles, from the depôt of the Bible Society, which exists in Smyrna, as I was anxious to furnish my Jewish fellow-passengers with Hebrew New Testaments, as well as Messrs. S. and H. with English Bibles, for they had none, and have therefore thankfully accepted them. Having done all this, we proceeded to ascend the hill, where St. Polycarp suffered for the truth of the Gospel, and many were the contemplations which the place suggested—too many to record here. Having viewed the town from all aspects, we proceeded to the house of Mr. Solbe, Missionary of the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, where we met, at dinner, a Mr. Markheim, a quondam Missionary of

that Society. Both Messrs. S. and M. indulged in many plaintive tales, and furnished me with a long and dreary history of the Jewish mission at Smyrna.

In the course of conversation, I asked Mr. Solbe what he wanted a trumpeter for? He looked astonished, and said: "Who told you that I want a trumpeter?" "Why, Philip, our guide, told us that he was your trumpeter!" "Is it Philip, our interpreter?" Mr. S. asked his wife. Then knew we, that Philip meant to say that he was an interpreter, and not a common trumpeter, and we need not have been alarmed at his leading us, like bears, through the streets, trumpeting before us. We laughed heartily at our stupidity, at not guessing at his meaning. A couple of active missionaries, independent either of trumpeters or interpreters, would be the means, under God, of doing a vast deal of good for the spiritual welfare of the Jews. The physiognomy of the Hebrews here is the finest I have ever seen.

On my return on board, I found ten Smyrna Jews and one of Damascus added to the number of my fellow-passengers; some very rich, and others poor, all on their way to Jerusalem, to keep the Feast of the Passover there. Both the rich and the poor are deck passengers, for Jews are prohibited to absent themselves from their poorer brethren, as the rich would, by doing so, appear to slight the poor, and thus come under the stigma of Solomon: "Whoso mocketh the poor reproacheth his Maker."† The Jewish mottoes are: "The rich and poor meet together, the Lord is the Maker of them all." As also:

אל תפרוש את עצמך מן הצבור:

"Separate not thyself from the congregation." The most

* Now it is *vice versa*, Mr. Solbe is the quondam Missionary, and Mr. Markheim is the Missionary.

† Proverbs xviii. 5.

respectable of the new passengers came down into the cabin now and then, with whom I am already intimate. The Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, Antioch and Alexandria, with a small retinue, are also added as fellow-passengers.

March 31st. The first person I saw this morning on getting upon deck, was my Jewish friend of Smyrna. He gave me a good deal of important information about the Jews of Smyrna, which is too extensive for putting it upon record now, I must for the present treasure it up in my memory. He lamented the sad divisions which distract the Smyrna Hebrew congregation. This introduced the Prince of Peace as a most opportune theme for conversation, which lasted for about an hour. My friend indeed proposed objections, but in the most polite manner. His leaving me to join his brethren in their morning prayer, was with reluctance. In the afternoon I paid a visit to the encampment of my Polish Jewish brethren. Some of the inmates looked very frowningly at me, whilst others smiled. The latter showed me a poem, which was composed by a Jerusalem Jew, in honour of Sir M. Montefiore. In looking over the composition, I pointed out a few mistakes. The sulky Jews immediately snapped at my criticism, and very sarcastically said: "Though Rabbi Israel may not be such an elegant Hebrew scholar as you are, he is nevertheless a good Hebrew, and not an unbeliever in the law of God." To which I calmly replied: "One may be a good Hebrew scholar, and also a good Hebrew and a faithful believer in the law of God." My brethren, however, were bent on giving me battle, and no gentle terms of reconciliation would avert an engagement in polemics. They therefore pertly threw down the gauntlet, by saying: "You do not believe in the law of Moses." I took up the chal-

lenge with apparent indignation: "What! I do not believe in the law of Moses?" was my warm rejoinder. "I believe every word of it. But those Jews who remain opposed to the claims of Jesus as their Messiah, their Prophet like unto Moses, their Shepherd and their King, those are the Jews who practically set at nought the law of Moses. Now then, you show me first why I do not keep the law of Moses, and I will endeavour to undeceive you; and I will next prove to you that you set the law of Moses at defiance, and you endeavour to convince me to the contrary, if you can." My brethren then began with the keeping of the Jewish Sabbath, and the rite of circumcision. By my not keeping the former, they asserted, I did not believe that God rested the seventh day; and by not keeping the latter, I denied that God made a covenant with Abraham. A strange mode of reasoning, but one is obliged quietly to analyse even such Jewish arguments, and calmly demonstrate to the Jewish controversialist that his arguments are not the most cogent ones. I had to enter upon a lengthy disquisition on the institution of the Jewish Sabbath, when and where it was to be observed, and also on its typical character. Then I proceeded to examine the sign of the covenant, when I proved to them, from the nature of their own charges against me, that they neither understood nor believed in the spirit of the law of Moses. Now and then I was interrupted by six or seven Jews speaking all at once. Having undeceived my brethren as regards their charges against me, I began to substantiate my charges against them. I pointed out to them all the grand Christian doctrines from the five Books of Moses, as the doctrine of the Atonement, Incarnation, a Trinity in Unity, the Divinity of the second and third persons, &c. Then I

appealed to them whether they did not set at nought the whole law of Moses, and whether they were not meant in Isaiah xxix. 13. My poor antagonists looked so confused as not to know what to say for some time. One Jew called me aside, and begged for a private interview as soon as we should reach *terra firma*. The Smyrna Jews, who were in a different locality of the steamer, came to listen to the discussion, but took no part in it. Both parties, ever since, studied the Pentateuch very diligently. I watched with sincere and heartfelt interest the ushering in of the Jewish Sabbath by the Jewish congregation. About four o'clock P.M., they began to empty their pockets of everything, so that no earthly object should intervene between them and their Sabbath devotion. I listened to all their prayers, their קידוש, *Kidush*, their hymns during meals, their prayers after meals. Altogether, it was an interesting spectacle, which I much enjoyed.

The above imperfect extract from my journal, will give you a bird's-eye view of my present position, condition, the society I mix with, and the mode in which I spend my time during my peregrinations. In a letter to a lady friend, I purpose giving an account of my intercourse with my Gentile fellow-passengers. I shall post this at Rhodes, before which we have just cast anchor.

I am, my dear Sir Thomas,

Yours faithfully, &c., &c.

LETTER XVI.

TO LADY POWERSCOURT, DUBLIN.

*On board the 'Stamboul,' in the harbour
of Cyprus, April, 1848.*

My dear Madam,

You expressed a particular wish to receive a letter from me, from the Island of Cyprus. I see no reason why I should not gratify that wish. We arrived here yesterday evening, and being the Lord's-day, I did not quit the 'Stamboul;' in fact, I had no desire to do so. Somehow or other, I have acquired a peculiar taste for spending the Sundays at sea; I enjoyed it very much. I will just give you an account how yesterday was spent. I got up very early, as I always do, and especially at sea. As soon as I made my appearance on deck, I was surrounded by my Hebrew fellow-passengers, who almost inundated me with a torrent of questions. In a letter I addressed to Sir Thomas Baring, from Rhodes (a copy of which you shall receive ere long), I mentioned the nature of my intercourse with those pilgrims of Zion. The Hebrews have already made themselves masters of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, and indulged in the idea of vanquishing me with my own weapons. However, they had soon occasion to change their minds. I was not a little amused at their first question, which they evidently deemed of sufficient weight to crush all the pretensions and claims of the New Testament to inspiration. The reason I was so much entertained at the question is, that the same was proposed to me a few years ago in London, by a Jewish D. Ph., with a great deal of bombast and pomposity; and the same simple

answer which covered the face of the London Jewish champion with shame and confusion, produced the same effect upon my opponents here on board. Since I have mentioned the London circumstance, I dare say you would like to know all the particulars. Well, here they are:—

In the year 1840, when I was in the Hebrew college, I received many visits from the intelligent Jews of London, as well as paid many visits to them. It was my aim, as much as in me lay, to live peaceably with them, and to carry on the unavoidable discussion—which must always take place when the converted and unconverted Jews meet—in the friendliest manner. One of my friendly antagonists was a Dr. D——. One fine summer's day, he invited about a dozen Jews to come and witness his zeal for Judaism (he was rather suspected of slighting the religion of his fathers, and verging on the dangerous frontier of infidelity), and how he would demolish the little *M'Shoomad* Margoliouth, with the arrows taken from the Christians' quiver. The Jews thought, it would be fine fun, and therefore gladly accepted the invitation. Towards sunset, I observed, through the window, a number of Jews, with Dr. D. at their head, wending their way towards the college, and presently I heard the leader ask, in his impertinent manner, "Is Mr. Margoliouth in?" The servant replied in the affirmative, and soon after the small congregation was before me. I always see my brethren with great pleasure: I made them as welcome as I possibly could. After the small talk was over, Dr. D., casting a knowing look at his friends, addressed me, saying, "Mr. M., how do you reconcile the mis-quotations in the New Testament from the Old? One or the other must be uninspired. If you reconcile, then, this incongruity, I promise you to become a Christian." I replied, that I would endeavour to explain satisfactorily any

apparent mis-quotation the Doctor would point out ; and as *for his becoming a Christian, I denied that it was in the power of argument to produce such an effect ; the cause must be a far superior power.* The Doctor became animated, and with an air of confident victory, smiling significantly at his companions, said to me, “ Well, Sir, if you reconcile to my mind the very first mis-quotation from the Old Testament, I declare, before this company, that I shall publicly profess myself a convert to Christianity.” “ Out with it at once,” I said. The Doctor snatched a New Testament from the table, and read aloud with great energy, “ And thou Bethlehem in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda : for out of thee shall come a Governor that shall rule my people Israel ;”^{*} then took up a copy of the Old, and read, “ But thou Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me, that is to be ruler in Israel : whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting,”[†] with great emphasis. “ Now, Sir,” he exclaimed, a little excited, “ do you mean to tell me that Matthew is entitled to any credit, after betraying such ignorance—not able to quote a passage correctly ?”

Whilst the Doctor was thus haranguing, the countenances of his friends displayed no small degree of satisfaction. “ Have you done ?” I asked, after a quarter of an hour’s oration from the Doctor. “ Do you mean to attempt to explain Matthew’s ingenuity ?” “ No,” was my rejoinder ; “ but I mean to thank you for adducing these passages : they furnish you and me with a most powerful proof of what I always told you, that the scribes and priests corrupted the word of the living God. St. Matthew narrates what the scribes and priests said.”

^{*} Matt. II. 6.

[†] Micah v. 2.

I then read Matthew II. 3—5. I wish I could give you portraits of the Doctor's visage before and after my reply ; Dr. D. was fairly done. His packed audience even could do nothing for him ; on the contrary, they aggravated his mortification by saying, "Doctor, why don't you answer him? Surely you do not mean to acknowledge yourself beaten, and turn Christian?" "Upon my word," replied the crest-fallen leader, "I never thought that the scribes and priests were the men who mis-quoted that passage from Micah," &c.

Exactly the same scene appeared here yesterday on board. A venerable-looking Hebrew pilgrim, well versed in the Old Testament Scriptures, volunteered to stop my mouth henceforth and for ever about the inspiration of the New Testament. In short, he acted Dr. D—— upon me,—and shared his fate. I shall never forget the rueful figures my Hebrew antagonists presented: some of them murmured to each other, in the Spanish language: "Instead of Rabbi Elvira wounding the head of the M'Shoomad with arrows drawn from the Christian quiver, he gave our enemy weapons to pierce us, and to slay the reputation of our holy men."

Thus have I acted twice, and succeeded, on the maxim laid down by the wisest of men, as translated in the English version,* "Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit." I say, as translated in the English version ; for you know that I think the translation of this verse a very incorrect one.† My answer was not such an one as I should give to a sober inquirer : it

* Proverbs xxvi. 5.

† The proper translation is thus, "Chastise a fool according to his folly." The Hebrew word ענה *anah* should have been pointed, ענה, *Aanayh*, which would have spared commentators and critics a world

was truly according to the folly of the questioners. This discomfiture inspired my antagonists with a degree of awe of me, which made me more uncomfortable than them. Some of the Jews had the bad taste to tell me that I reminded them of David slaying Goliath with a little pebble; for this man Rabbi Elvira is considered a giant in the army of Israel. I replied, "My success is owing to the same cause;" and read 1 Sam. xvii. 45. "That is as you say," replied my antagonists; and went their way. About eleven o'clock A.M., I proposed to my Protestant, fellow-passengers—whose number was but very small, which you will learn from Sir Thomas's letter—to have divine service. The engineer was delighted at the idea, and promised even to raise the tune, should we be disposed to have a couple of chants. We communicated to the Greek Patriarch our intentions; and he politely left the cabin to us, and betook himself, with his priests, on deck. As soon as we commenced service, however, he slept down, and hastened, unobserved he fancied, into an unoccupied apartment, and there he sat listening—to him, an unknown tongue—till the end of our worship; so that, as far as that dignitary was concerned, we experienced no interruption. We were doomed, however, to be disturbed twice by our effendi's harem, which occupied one whole side of the cabin, a description of which I have given in a letter to Lady Adelaide from Smyrna. As soon as we commenced, the whole tribe of the Turk's wives left their prison, some *yashmaked*, and others yet unveiled, to see what was going on. We should have had no objection to allow

of trouble to reconcile the apparent contradiction between verses 4 and 5 of that chapter in Proverbs. One might have supposed that commentators might have got a hint from verse 3: "A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a ROD FOR THE FOOL'S BACK."

them to be present, could they have managed to be quiet ; but this seemed hopeless. They made such a clatter, and set up such laughing, that I was obliged to threaten that I would send for their husband. This produced such a rush to their pen, that not a few of the veiled ones came down with such violence that we were obliged to run to their help. As soon as we settled them comfortably in their little harem, we recommenced our service ; but by degrees they came out, one by one, from their shell, and we observed a disposition to favour us with a second edition of their merriment. We were obliged to order them peremptorily to return to the harem, or else Effendi Mustaffa should forthwith be sent for. They then returned quietly to their ungrateful prison, and our engineer turned the key of their inclosure, and we enjoyed peace during the remainder of our worship.

During our service all the Greek priests who accompanied the Patriarch came down and joined their head in his little hiding-place, and tried to distinguish some words in the extraordinary language we conducted our worship in. When all was over, they came out, and the Patriarch addressing me in very polite terms, asked for a description of the prayers and sermon. As he was well conversant in the Arabic language, I put into his hands a copy of the Liturgy in that language, and pointed out to him the morning prayers, the collects, the Psalms, the lessons, &c., all of which he read and admired. I then offered to make him a present of the volume, which he affectedly declined. He evidently expected that I would press him to take it : however, I was not in a humour to do so. The Jews in the meantime congregated together on that part of the deck which is over the cabin, and listened with breathless attention to what they did not understand, expecting, as they told me, to hear some few

Hebrew expressions in our prayers. I told them the time for the fulfilment of Zephaniah's prophecy has not yet arrived: I referred them to Zeph. III. 9. They asked me, however, to give them an idea of the prayers we made use of. I went down into the cabin, opened one of my boxes, and took out a Hebrew translation of our Liturgy, and handed it to my Jewish friends, and said—"This is our Common Prayer Book." The loan of it was immediately asked, and great was the gratification when the request was granted. Every collect was rigorously examined; and no fault could the examiners find, except the Mediatorship of Jesus Christ, and the wording of the creeds, "which," said they, "if omitted, the book might have been used in every synagogue in the world."

This unexpected critique induced me to indulge in rather a lengthy disquisition on the Scriptural warrant for the Mediatorship of Jesus, as well as for the doctrine of a Triune Jehovah. To my surprise, as well as to that of my English and Dutch companions, I was listened to with great deference and attention. In the meantime our Gentile fellow-passengers—pilgrims from all parts of the world, bound for Jerusalem—looked upon me with astonishment. The poor Jewish pilgrims were despised by common consent by all parties; me they took for an English Christian, and I was, therefore, looked upon by many of the Polish, Russian, and Austrian pilgrims as a madman. I obtained the information about myself in rather a singular manner. I observed one of the Polish pilgrims particularly devout, frequently at his hymn-book, whining his hymns and crossing himself. Somehow or other, I found myself instinctively going from pilgrim to pilgrim, studying their manners, their devotions, &c. This peculiarity seems to have convinced them that I was not right; and as I was harmless, and a cabin-passenger, I

was not molested. At last, I happened to find myself opposite to my countryman, the Pole. I listened to his hymns; I was rather pleased with his accents. It is a long time since I heard that language spoken. Childhood's days came before me, and I could not help addressing the object of my inspection, asking him what part of Poland he came from, what was the present state of the country, how the Russian Government was liked? How surprised did I feel when I found that the young Polish pilgrim was a native of Suwalki!—my own native place—son of Danowski, a neighbour of my father! I felt excited, but I determined to control myself. I asked, therefore, of my countryman, first, questions foreign to my native place, and accounted to him for my knowledge of the Polish language, by informing him that I also was a native of Poland. He told me then, in answer to a question, that his father died last year, and made him, the son, take an oath that he would undertake a pilgrimage to the Holy City, once in every three years. He determined, therefore, at once to fulfil his father's dying mandate. The young man was well-educated, and well-informed. He seems to have read either the original, or a translation of Torquato Tasso's "*La Gerusalemme Liberata*;" for when I asked him whether he undertook the journey in consequence of being obliged to perform an irksome task, or whether he considered the task a pleasure, the pious youth broke out in unaffected enthusiasm, and in words eloquent indeed: "I look upon my journey to that Holy City as the happiest period in my life. The pleasure I enjoy is indeed mingled with melancholy thoughts: it reminds me that I am fatherless; but it puts me in mind that I have a Saviour, who bled and died, and rose again for me, and who now sits at the right-hand of the Father, to make intercession for me. Jerusalem, the

city, will be a further proof to me that my Redeemer liveth. It was there He appareled Himself in our fallen nature, its earth encased Him, but could not hold Him more than three days ; it was there that Jesus displayed His power by His resurrection," &c.

He went on with a cataract of eloquence, using the choicest and the sweetest Polish words. Of course, no one but a native Pole could have appreciated the chaste zeal of my countryman. However, his sentiments forcibly reminded me of the third canto in "*La Gerusalemme Liberata*," where Tasso brings his heroes, the Crusaders, in sight of Jerusalem. He speaks thus, which I dare say you know too well ; nevertheless, here they are :

"Osano appena d'inalzar la vista
Ver la città, di Cristo albergo eletto ;
Dove mori, dove sepulto fuc,
Dove poi rivesti le membra suc."

I then began to make some inquiries about persons in Suwalki, when he opened his eyes, with a degree of amazement that amused me not a little. "How do you know about those?" was his astonishing query. I soon gratified his curiosity, and informed him that I was a native of that place, and knew his father very well, and had even some slight recollection of himself, who was quite a youth when I left Suwalki ; and when I said : "Is not your name Yozeph?" (the Polish pronunciation for Joseph), he literally clasped me in his arms, and favoured me with a squeeze that almost rendered me flat. When I told him my father's name, he exclaimed, with peculiar Polish emphasis : "God have mercy upon us ! what wonderful occurrences Thou bringest to pass ! And you are Moses," he said, with wide-stretched eyes fixed upon me, "who abjured the Jewish religion, which teaches us to

despise our Holy Redeemer, and embraced the only true religion under heaven? What mighty things my eyes have seen! How often did I hear my father earnestly wish to be permitted to see the son of Gershon Margoliouth, who became a member of the Christian Church! and now my eyes have seen, what the sainted eyes of my sacred parent longed for," &c. He went on for some time in such a strain, and at last he exclaimed: "Moses, Moses, thou art not mad! Do you know that several of our fellow-pilgrims are of opinion that you are mad, by reason of your spending so much time with those few wretched Jews. I see it now, you are doubtless anxious to convince them of the same truth, which dispelled the falsehood of Judaism from your own mind," &c. Upon which I told him that I was obliged to him for his change of sentiment respecting my sanity; but, at the same time, I thought that he must feel but little regard for Jesus, if he thus despised his Redeemer's kinsmen after the flesh. In fact, I preached the poor fellow a regular sermon, and pointed out to him the mischief which professing Christendom has done to the cause of Christ, by persecuting the Jews; and contrasted the conduct of Christ and His Apostles towards them, with that of the popes and priests. I then appealed to him, saying: "Now, Yozeph Danowski, tell me, as a professing Christian, by what statutes are you guided? By whose admonitions are you guarded? Whose consolations cheer you in this dreary pilgrimage? What hope animates you? Whose promises gladden your heart? Are they not all drawn from Christ, and from Christianity? And who was Christ? Was he not a Jew? Is not Christianity, therefore, a Jewish religion?—and should not Christians rather pity, than hate and curse them? His eyes filled with tears; and I translated to him, in the Polish language, the following little verse:

“ 'Twas a Jew that shed His blood,
Our pardon to procure ;
, 'Tis a Jew that sits above,
Our blessings to secure.”

With faltering accents, he said, “ I am very sorry to be obliged to own that I have never thought of the Jews in the light you have now placed them before me. I shall henceforth look upon them differently from what I have hitherto done. I will respect them instead of hate them ; I will pray for them instead of curse them. Indeed, I will no more hate them, nor curse them. You may credit me.”

“ Now I see,” he reiterated, “ that you are not beside yourself. I tell you candidly, that many of my fellow-pilgrims, especially these Russians, as well as myself, beheld you as one of weak intellect, by observing you so often in the Jewish quarter, sitting and conversing with uncommon familiarity and freedom with those people, professors of the Old Testament ;* but now I perceive that nothing but a Christian principle directs your conduct, of which principle, I am sorry to say, I was comparatively ignorant. I now remember the words of my sainted father : ‘ Never ill-treat, curse, or abuse a Jew, for he stands in peculiar relationship to Jesus, our adored Redeemer, relationship which can no more be destroyed than that which existed between David and Absalom. The latter I conceive to have represented the rebellious Jews, and the former our Lord Jesus. How did the former give continual directions for the safety of his rebel child ! how pained was he when he heard of his cruel death ! How the love of Jesus is more fervent, more lasting, more pure, and he must therefore love the Jews,

* A Jew in Polish acts and contracts is styled *Staro Zakonny*, “ belonging to the professors of the old covenant.”

though their conduct constrains him to chastise them. But let us beware how we meddle with them.' Moses, you know and remember, doubtless, the respect my father entertained for yours. You have brought to my mind one of my father's characteristics, which during my parent's lifetime I was too young to appreciate, but now I am old enough, from henceforth this my father's principle shall be mine." Thus, and a great deal more, spake Yozeph Danowski. But he did not lose much time in putting his resolution into execution ; he made up to the Jewish quarter, and began to be so courteous and civil to the poor Polish Israelites, that the Russian pilgrims began to suspect the firmness of his faith in Christ, and began to speculate about the probability of his becoming a Jew himself. But their misgiving subsided in the evening, when they heard poor Joseph pour forth a most fervent prayer in behalf of Israel, that they might be brought into the fold of Christ their Redeemer.

The British Consul has just arrived with his boat for me ; I must say therefore, abruptly, Adieu.

I am, my dear Lady Powerscourt,
Yours faithfully, &c.

LETTER XVII.

TO DR. AUGUST NEANDER, BERLIN.

Beyrout, April, 1848.

My dear Dr. Neander,

I strictly comply with your request. The first thing I do in the writing line, from this place, is to commune with you by means of an epistle ; so that you may be assured that the moment I set foot on the land of our

fathers I thought of you. If this is indeed a cause of gratification to you—and I have no doubt it is so, since you expressed yourself to the same effect in your last to me—then I tell you, moreover, that you have never been absent from my mind since I left Constantinople.

Your kind letter, which I found at the Prussian Consulate at Pera, revived my spirits very much. I have not been well for the last few months, and began to feel low-spirited, but your spirit-stirring motto, with which you concluded your epistle, put a new song into my mouth. Yes, I echo it: "Now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as I also am known."* Your favourite motto, when I last saw you in Berlin, is equally animating and encouraging. I need not ask you, whose powerful memory is perfectly unique, whether you remember.—The last words which you made use of at our parting have many a time proved more than balm to an oppressed spirit: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is,"† were the last *vivâ voce* expressions I heard from your lips. I must say that I feel the force of the rabbinical maxim:

דברים היוצאים מן הלב נכנסים אל הלב:

You ask whether I often hear from your friend, Apollon Napoleon,§ my late diocesan. Since I made up my

* 1. Cor. XIII. 12.

† 1. John III. 2.

‡ "Words which emanate from the heart penetrate the heart."

§ The Archbishop of Dublin, alluding to his Grace's pamphlet, "The Historic Doubts with reference to Napoleon Bonaparte," in which the learned author attempts to destroy that Corsican hero's existence.

mind not to return to his Grace's diocese, I suppose he no more feels any interest in my movements. I had a few notes from Dr. West, the Archbishop's chaplain, but they were all with reference to my late parish, Glasnevin. You ask me to pick up some new information respecting the ancient history of the Christian Churches in the parts of the world I visit. You should not tantalize a poor fellow in this manner. After ransacking every scrap of information on the subject, to ask of such an individual as your humble servant to look for more! I think you deserve the name of Apollyon Historiographer, for you have really demolished all aspirants in that department. However, I have a few crumbs which I gathered in North Africa, Constantinople, Smyrna, Rhodes, &c., which may yet prove interesting to you. They shall form the subject matter of a future letter to you. At present, I shall only confine myself to an extract from my journal since I left Rhodes.

April 1st. We reached* Rhodes this morning. We were allowed to spend a few hours in that island; so that in one respect I have the advantage of St. Paul, for when he hastened towards Jerusalem he passed by this island.* There are about fifteen hundred Jews, but being Saturday I could not learn much about them. I took a long walk through the streets of the town, examining the few knightly relics that yet remain. They reminded me of the history of those days when they were built, but certainly they did not inspire me with the enthusiasm which other travellers experienced and expressed.

Aben Ezra, one of the greatest Jewish luminaries, gave up his vital spark in this place. The island seems beautiful, and I felt some reluctance to leave. Nothing but

* Acts **xxi.** 1.

absolute necessity made me submit to a curtailment of my stay on it. The only thing that reconciled me to the untimely departure is the company of a French Count, who is "fleeing from Louis Napoleon, the robber." This nobleman spent some time at Rhodes, and seems full of information, and very communicative; so that I hope to get the benefit of his Lordship's information.

Soon after my arrival on board, several of my Hebrew brethren encompassed me and asked how I liked Rhodes, whether I did not think, from the scattered Cyclopean fragments, that Arvadi—in the English version "Arvadite"—the son of Canaan,* was its founder, and whether it was not the "Rodanim"† of Scripture, which furnished us with subject matter for a long topographical conversation. But somehow or other our intercourse terminated in an exposition on Ps. XXII. The Zohar then became an object of criticism, which lasted for some time, as some of my Jewish friends were great Zoharists, and have never for a single moment ventured to question its authenticity or infallibility. I had some trouble before I could reconcile them to listen patiently to a brief disquisition on the nature of the contents of that book. As there are several passages in Zohar almost the same in meaning with some in the New Testament, I quoted purposely those passages, and told my agitated hearers that we have a book of earlier date than the Zohar, which contained similar passages. They asked whether I had a copy of the book; I replied in the affirmative, and produced it at once, as I always carry a couple of copies of it in my pocket. It

* Gen. x. 18; Ezekiel xxvii. 8.

† Gen. x. 4; Chron. i. 7. In the first book, the word is written, in the original רודנים; in the second book it is written רודנים.

was eagerly laid hold of by almost all who joined in the conversation. When I saw that the disposition to read it was general, I said: "If you will wait a little while, I shall be able to supply each of you with a copy of the same." I went down into the cabin and brought up copies, one for each. They took them as a loan, and went off, and are even now engaged poring over their respective volumes. I watched also this evening the ceremonies of my brethren in taking farewell of their Sabbath, and introducing the new week. They performed the *הבדלה* (*Havdalah*),* and sang their hymns, just as if they had been in their own private houses.

April 2nd. Cyprus. The first thing this morning, as soon as I came on deck, was answering a catalogue of

* The word signifies literally separation; and it means the ceremony of separating the week-day from the holy-day. The ceremony is performed by lighting a twisted wax taper, and pronouncing the following blessing over a cup of wine, beer, or some other liquor:

"Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation. Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation. Salvation belongeth unto the Lord: Thy blessing is upon Thy people, Selah. The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our fortress, Selah. The Jews had light and gladness, and joy and honour. So may it be with us. I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, our God, King of the universe, who hast created the fruit of the vine. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, our God, King of the universe, who createst all sorts of spices. Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, who createst light out of fire. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, King of the universe, who separateth holy from common things, light from darkness, Israel from the other nations, the seventh day of rest from the six operative. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, who art the distinguisher between holy and common things."

questions which my Jewish brethren proposed. They have already made themselves acquainted with the Gospel according to St. Matthew, and thought they had an opportunity to fight me with my own weapons. However, they found they were mistaken, and their objections only tended to enable me to give them a clearer elucidation of the claims of our Redeemer. I demonstrated to them that Jesus' predictions have been fulfilled, and are in daily progress of being fulfilled. "Where is the promise of Christ's coming?" my Jewish friends thought was decidedly a most unanswerable objection. But they were not a little disappointed when I read to them "Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation."* The history of St. Paul's conversion riveted their attention. I then proved to them, according to their own traditions, that Jesus must be the שם המפורש (*Shem Hamphoresh*), "the Ineffable Name," through whom alone prayers are accepted and answered—a favourite subject of mine†—and concluded our morning conversation with the history of Nathanael. I pointed out to them that the most ancient Jewish Rabbies took the same view of the ladder which Jacob beheld in his dream on his way to Padan Aram, as our Blessed Lord did, which view was to be found in John i. 51. I took the first volume of the Zohar, from the hands of a Jew, who stood close to me, and quoted the passage I referred to. The extract confused them more than I expected.

* 2 Peter iii. 3, 4.

† See "The Fundamental Principles of Modern Judaism Investigated," p. 197.

Being the Lord's-day, though we are but five Protestants on board, I determined, that we should unite in public prayer, believing that where two or three are gathered together in His name, there would His gracious presence be. I took my text from the Book of Genesis, xxviii. 12—15 ; being almost the last passage I discussed with my Hebrew congregation. My friends from the camp of Israel walked up and down the cabin-deck, anxious to know what we were praying, which, of course, not knowing English, they did not learn. As soon, therefore, as I ascended the deck, they asked me what we prayed for ? I returned to the cabin and brought up the Hebrew translation of our Liturgy, and said, " This is our Common Prayer-Book." The loan of it was immediately asked, and great was the gratification when granted.

We cast anchor at this island about six o'clock in the afternoon, and the Captain intends to allow us to wander about Larnica, and old Chitium, the whole of to-morrow. I am very glad of it. I love to see the places which the eyes of Christ's holy Apostles beheld, and to tread the same ground which the feet of those who bore good tidings of old traversed. Here, as everywhere else, the first Christian believers were Jewish, and the foundation of the infant Christian Church, was laid by Jews. Holy, indeed, was the first fruit of Cyprus. Joses the Levite, surnamed by the Apostles Barnabas, no sooner acknowledged Jesus as his Lord and his God, than he sold his land, and brought the money and laid it at the Apostles' feet.

April 3rd. I got up very early this morning, in order to finish a letter to a friend, and then to take a long walk into the island, as I was given to understand that the climate of Cyprus was very grateful, especially to invalids.

However, before I had fully finished my epistle, and breakfast, the British Consul, Mr. Kerr, called upon me, with a request. Having heard that I was a clergyman, he came to ask me to baptize a little boy of his. It was arranged that the sacrament should be administered about two o'clock, P.M. Till then I roamed about the island, looked with interest on the mighty fragments of ancient buildings—temples some call them—and aqueducts; beheld, with sorrow, the debasement of Christianity—for I have seen the different, so-called, Christian churches here—and contemplated what Cyprus might become, if inhabited by an industrious and pious people. About two, according to arrangement, I found myself in the British Consulate. Several of Mr. K.'s friends were there, all of whom were members of the Roman Catholic Church. However, they had an opportunity of listening to our most beautifully solemn and peculiarly simple baptismal service.

Mr. K. amused me by a narrative of an Armenian Bishop, who had lately visited this island, and granted indulgence for a space of no less than five thousand years. The Consul also surprised me, by showing me a letter from Sir Moses Montefiore, directed

לד הרב ה"מ"א"ה"נ" היושב לנהל את עדת ישראל
בק"ק קיפרוס י"ע"א:

“ For the hand of the Rabbi, the great luminary who is appointed to guide the congregation of Israel, in the Holy Assembly of Cyprus, may God protect it.* I was rather astonished at beholding the epistle. I thought Sir M. Montefiore sufficiently conversant with Jewish history to have known. that for many hundreds of years no Jews

Dated October 17th, 1848.

resided here. My Jewish fellow-passengers told me the reason why no Jews are to be found in the island. "In the days of Israel's prosperity, many wealthy Hebrews were so enamoured with the beautiful climate of Cyprus, as to build houses and plant vineyards there, and altogether chose it as a place of residence, in preference to any other spot in the world. The great men at Jerusalem, perceiving that, if that predilection should continue, it would prove detrimental to the prosperity of the Holy Land, issued a decree of anathema against every Jew who was a resident of Cyprus; and since that time—two thousand years ago—no Jew has lived there." Of course, I received this narrative as apocryphal. I showed to my informants that there were Jews at Cyprus, several hundred years after the destruction of the second Temple. As for their present exclusion, they were indebted to the frantic fury of the Greek Christians—unworthy of so noble a name—against them.

On my return on board, I told my Hebrew fellow-passengers that I saw a letter addressed by Sir M. M. to the chief Rabbi of Cyprus, and expressed my surprise that the Baronet should have made such a mistake. Upon which I was told that he was a very ill-informed Jew; perhaps more than any Jew in England—that is, as far as Jewish learning is concerned. This accounts for his severe bigotry towards his brethren of the New Synagogue, in Burton Street. But as soon as he hears of anything that can be done to ameliorate the condition of his brethren at a distance, he immediately exerts himself in their behalf. And one Jew told me that when he was last at the Baronet's house, at Ramsgate, in November last, somebody proposed the island of Cyprus, as a most eligible spot for settling Jews there, and training them in the knowledge

of agriculture ; he supposed, therefore, that Sir M. Montefiore wrote for that purpose. The sea begins to be very rough, so that I can note no more.

April 4th. Very early this morning, after a sleepless night, I went upon deck, to behold the scriptural and glorious Lebanon. I became literally dumb, as soon as I found my eyes riveted on that long-cherished name. The nearer we approached, the more wrapt in admiration and enchantment did I feel. At last, some of my Jewish fellow-passengers roused me from my deep thoughts. Every passage where Lebanon is mentioned occurred to my mind, and I could speak of nothing else to my Jewish brethren, but of Lebanon. I said, therefore, to them : "Would that ye diligently kept God's commandments, which He commanded you, to do them ; to love the Lord, your God, to walk in all His ways, and to cleave unto Him : then would this beautifully glorious mountain have been yours." Upon which I read the following passages of Scripture : "For if ye shall diligently keep all these commandments which I command you, to do them, to love the Lord your God, to walk in all His ways, and to cleave unto Him ; Then will the Lord drive out all these nations from before you, and ye shall possess greater nations, and mightier than yourselves. Every place whereon the soles of your feet shall tread, shall be yours : from the wilderness, and Lebanon, from the river, the river Euphrates, even unto the uttermost sea, shall your coast be. There shall no man be able to stand before you : for the Lord your God shall lay the fear of you and the dread of you upon all the land that ye shall tread upon, as He hath said unto you."*

"Now after the death of Moses, the servant of the Lord, it came to pass, that the Lord spake unto Joshua,

* Deut. xi. 22—25.

the son of Nun, Moses' minister, saying : Moses my servant is dead ; now, therefore, arise, go over this Jordan, thou and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them, even to the children of Israel. Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that I have given unto you, as I said unto Moses. From the wilderness and this Lebanon, even unto the great river, the river Euphrates, all the land of the Hittites, and unto the great sea, toward the going down of the sun, shall be your coast. There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life : as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee : I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. Be strong and of a good courage : for unto this people shalt thou divide for an inheritance the land which I swear unto their fathers to give them. Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayst observe to do according to all the law, which Moses my servant commanded thee : turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayst prosper whithersoever thou goest. This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayst observe to do according to all that is written therein : for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success."* After which, I remarked : " But now, alas ! your country is desolate, your cities are burned with fire : your land, strangers devour it in your presence, and it is desolate, as overthrown by strangers." Every one of the Jews quoted a different passage of Scripture, bearing upon Mount Lebanon. We were compassed about like as by bees ; for the whole of the passengers, men, women, and children, began to swarm ; still, nothing interrupted us, for our conversation was respecting the holy hills. However, the anchor

* Joshua i. 1—8.

being cast, the great majority of the passengers moved off in small boats to the shore : so that my friends, as well as myself, thought it time to come to an anchor with our conversation, for the present. We shook hands, expressed mutual pleasure at the acquaintance which we formed with each other, and hoped to meet again ere long. I exhorted them to think seriously on the things they heard on board the 'Stamboul.' We called down fervent blessings on each other's heads, and parted from each other very reluctantly.

I have not ceased thinking of them the whole of this day, and praying earnestly that some of them, at least, might be found amongst that "great multitude, which no man shall be able to number," and who shall have "washed their robes, and shall have made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Though annoyed the whole day with soliciting *cicerones*, corrupt custom-house officers, and extorting Arab boatmen and porters, I could not for a moment forget that I was treading on "the Land of Promise." Indeed, the majestic Lebanon will not allow the most careless mind to be forgetful of the fact. This place brings also to my recollection many painful circumstances connected with the history of our poor persecuted nation. It was here that great numbers of the captive Jews were slaughtered, when they were led in chains from the favoured city, Jerusalem, to enliven, by their ignominious death, the celebration of the birthday of their cruel conqueror. It was here the charge was first brought against the Jews, in the eighth century—which was afterwards repeated in Europe—of having mocked and crucified an image of Christ, and pierced its side, from which blood and water gushed forth in great profusion, &c. But glorious things are spoken of thee, O Israel.

“ I will be as the dew unto Israel.
He shall blossom as the lily,
And strike as Lebanon.
His branches shall spread,
And his beauty shall be as the olive-tree,
And his smell as Lebanon.
They that dwell under his shadow shall return,
They shall revive as the corn,
And blossom as the vine,
His memorial shall be as the wine of Lebanon.”

So far from my portfolio. My head is at present in so disturbed a state, that I cannot concentrate my thoughts upon a specific subject. The idea of actually, really and truly, being in the land of our fathers, is at present overwhelming to me. To behold the place which Moses of old desired to see, and was not permitted to do, is too much for my present excited feelings. I confess I never felt so much for that great leader as I do now, and never did his ardent petition—“ I pray Thee let me go over, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon ”†— thrill me so much as it does now. My room has two windows—one facing the sea, and the other the majestic Lebanon. I am sitting before the latter, and the sun is about beginning to set. The rays of that glorious luminary, therefore, lend a most lovely tint to the various snowy peaks of the august range of hills. Ten thousand dazzling rays reflect from them, so that they defy the most penetrating eyes to look steadfastly at the brow of the mountain just now, so that Solomon’s description, or rather comparison, of the Redeemer, is not inapt. “ His counte-

* Hosea, xiv. 5—7.

† Deut. iii. 25.

nance is as Lebanon.”* For I assure you the effect is not at all unlike to a “head and hair white like wool, as white snow, and eyes as a flame of fire, and a head with many crowns.”† Such are my present cogitations. I appeal to you, therefore, could I bring my thoughts, on the very first day of my setting foot in this land, to write on any other subject. It is a faithful saying, told by the faithful witness, “that from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.” My heart is full of nothing else but of our fatherland. A very curious notion is now and then invading my thoughts, viz., that I am one of the rightful proprietors of this land, and feel, therefore, momentary indignation at its abject state of being trodden down by the Gentiles. But the illusion does not last long. It is dissipated as soon as I see the wretched misery of our poor brethren of the house of Israel. Their condition soon makes the fact apparent, that our country is desolate, our cities are burned with fire, our land, strangers devour it in our presence, and it is désolate and overthrown by strangers.‡

You shall get long letters from Damascus, Nazareth, Safet, Tiberias, Jerusalem and Hebron, if I am spared.

Now, one word more about your apprehension of my not being able to read your handwriting. I assure you that I am beginning to decipher your hieroglyphics with comparative facility. Your last took me only one hour and a half to read through. Besides, if it cost me even twice that time, it would be time gratefully employed. It would be, to me, indulging in an idea that I am speaking face to face with a friend whom I affectionately love. I tell you again,

* Canticles v. 15.

† Rev. i. 14 ; xix. 12.

‡ Isaiah i. 7.

and that once for all, that I will not thank you for a letter written by your amanuensis, be it ever so long. A small sheet from your pen will be more acceptable in my sight, than a quire from that of your secretary.

I am, my dear Dr. Neander,

Yours affectionately,

In the bond of the new covenant, &c., &c.

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE REV. JACOB TOMLIN, TUNSTALL RECTORY.

Beyrout, April, 1848.

My dear Friend,

Before I leave this city, I must despatch a few lines to you, be they ever so few. I am sure you will bear with me, for its 'lame shape, when I tell you that there are two causes to make me curtail my epistle; one is, the fact of the mail leaving this day for Marseilles, and the second is, that I have arranged to leave this day for Baalbeck.

I came here in a large Austrian steamer, all the way from Constantinople, with a great number of pilgrims from different parts of Europe, Asia, Africa and America. I thus had many opportunities of studying ethnology. We touched at Smyrna, Rhodes and Cyprus. We beheld Troas, Samos, Chios, Patmos, &c. Amongst the mixed multitude of my fellow-passengers, there were about twenty-five of the children of Israel, with whom I spent much of my time. A cord of friendship, I am glad to say, has been woven amongst us, which, I trust, will not unite us in time only, by the same hope, but also in eternity, by the

same inheritance. One of the sons of Abraham, who was on board, was a severe sufferer at Damascus, in the year 1840, in consequence of the foul calumny brought against that congregation, of having killed Padre Thomaso, for his blood's sake. The poor fellow had large iron nails run under his finger and toe-nails, in order to extract from him some confession of guilt. I shall endeavour to furnish you with a brief sketch of my experience since I first planted my feet upon the shores of the Land of my Fathers.

On the morning of our arrival before this city, my eyes and my thoughts rested so completely upon Mount Lebanon, and my attention was so frequently demanded by my Hebrew fellow-passengers, that I scarcely observed anything of the appearance of this place from the harbour, which is so much eulogized by Oriental travellers. But one of my English fellow-passengers, whose breast probably was not the scene of so many jostling and throbbing feelings as mine, and being a person of great observation and of considerable descriptive powers (I mean my friend Mr. Woodcock), supplied me with a notion of what I have missed by my "Mosaic abstraction," as he chose to express himself. The following is my friend's portraiture :

"The bright morning sun shone out upon the land, and showed us the town of Beyrout scattered along the low rocky shore. There was many a small, square white dwelling, surrounded by its garden, its mulberries, figs, apricots and grapes ; there was the mosque, with its minarets and dome ; there were the tall houses of the Consuls, each with its unspreed flag-staff ; there were ruined walls, and gateways, and towers ; there were fragments of an ancient harbour, jutting rocks supporting crumbling ruins ; there were two or three fishing-boats with their

great lateen sails ; there was an angry sea lashing the black rocks with the foam of its madness, and then above all, soaring over the nearer hills like something far too radiant and glorious for earth, was the white head of goodly Lebanon. The sea was so violently agitated, that it was some time before we could disembark ; and when, at length, we ventured, I and my friends were covered with a cloud of spray, and after narrowly escaping a capsize, through the malice of a huge breaker, our Arab boatman conveyed us in safety through the boiling surf and broken rocks, and we stood on the shore of the Promised Land. There was no time for reflection, however : a fearful scramble occurred among the assembled, half-naked savages on the strand, for the honour of conveying our baggage. The battle around each trunk and carpet-bag resembled the fight for the dead body of Patroclus ; and he who bore off the prey was assailed by the stentorian unsuccessful with every variety of abuse. I do not know how long this lasted ; but I remember, that after satisfying the avaricious conscientiousness of the chief of the customs, our respective articles of baggage were divided amongst as many swarthy bystanders, who, on receiving directions, darted wildly up a steep street, and disappeared *seriatim*.

Feeling interested to ascertain the fate of the whole of our personal effects, we followed, and after a well-sustained pursuit, we arrived, all panting, at an old gateway, when we descried all the fugitives walking more leisurely along the sea-shore.

In all this bustle, though it fell to my lot to be the principal actor in arranging with the chief of the customs, and giving directions to the porters, I was unconscious of anything I was doing. I fancy I must have done all by instinct : Lebanon and the land of my fathers left no room

in my heart or mind for the reception of anything else. Nor did I know anything of my first day's adventures in the Land of Promise, until I heard them detailed by Mr. Woodcock to Mr. Winbolt, Missionary to the Jews of Beyrout, who called upon me the day of my arrival thither. However, having written a letter to Dr. August Neander, of Berlin, and unbosomed my feelings to him, I began to feel a little easier, and even susceptible to the reception of impressions of the passing events before me.

We took up our temporary abode at about half a mile from the town of Beyrout, on the south-west, at a sort of European hotel, or rather intended for Europeans, kept by a Maltese, named Antonio. We met there several gentlemen, just come from Egypt, through the desert, *via* Hebron and Jerusalem. They were full of the Nile, &c. Lord Beresford took everything very easy, except the little stones which pricked the soles of his feet whilst bathing; and I heard him, whilst he was coming up from the sea-shore, ejaculate incessantly: "Those cursed little stones! those cursed little stones!"

Mr. Richard Brooke—son of Sir Richard Brooke, of Norton Priory, Runcorn—seemed, to me, a person of very good taste and sound common sense; and to have profited very much by his journey—being possessed of an insatiable thirst for information. He favoured us with a view of a few of his sketches, which he took whilst on the Nile, which reflected a good deal of talent upon that gentleman. The names of the two last I did not catch. Lord Beresford and the youngest of the four, who, I think, are cousins, return to England by the 'Stamboul.' Being in the army, the conflicting accounts about the great impending conflict of Europe impels them to return to guard the life of their Most Gracious Majesty Queen

Victoria. They are in the guards. But Mr. Brooke and another gentleman intend visiting the cedars, Baalbeck and Damascus, before they return to England, so that I may see something more of them.

Mr. Winbolt called upon me; he looks very delicate, and complains bitterly of the vexatious letters he receives from England, which dishearten him for the great work he is stationed here to accomplish. I pity him for many reasons. He conducts a daily Hebrew service for the benefit of the Jews, but the Hebrews decline taking the benefit of the act. Nevertheless, Mr. W. keeps up the service most punctually. Every morning at ten o'clock he is to be seen arrayed in a snow-white surplice in his little desk, which is in the little chapel attached to the mission-house, and addresses his little boy and nephew as "Dearly beloved brethren," &c.* I should have attended the service, had I known of its existence, for I am very fond of worshipping God in the sacred tongue; but I learnt of the practice too late.

The Jewish synagogue is a neat building in the Jewish quarter. I visited it on a Saturday, and found it filled with Israelites. On my entering it, I was recognised by a turbanned Hebrew, who came up to me as soon as I crossed the threshold of that house of prayer, and clasped my hand with friendly grasp, and conducted me to his place, which was amongst the chief ones, and whispered into my ears how glad he was to see me

* When I visited Beyrout the second time, I called upon Mr. W. about half-past ten A.M., and the little boy came running to me, saying, "You have come too late, we have just finished our Hebrew service." I observed then Mr. W. in his surplice, and his nephew, who acts as clerk, come out of the chapel.

once more. It was during the reading of the law, when the admirers of Moses think themselves at liberty to talk about subjects irrelevant to the service of the synagogue.* The women, in their latticed gallery, also gave free course to their lingual faculties; so that between the whispers in the court of the Jews, and the chit-chat in the elevated position of the daughters of Judah, my attention was distracted, and I could not yield it to the reading of the law, however anxious I was to do so. My eyes almost involuntarily turned towards the women's gallery, and many a lovely face and sparkling eye adorned that upper apartment. But I confess their proprietors did not seem in the least attuned for devotional exercise; and my view of them gave me more pain than pleasure. The same love for ornament which characterized the daughters of Judah in the days of yore, for which their Prophets chid them, and predicted their present despicable condition, is also their distinguishing feature at the present moment. It is a long time since I felt my heart so heavily laden with grief in a Jewish synagogue as I felt in that of Beyrout. However, I waited till the service was over, when I ventured to remark that I regretted to have observed so marked an absence of solemnity in a house set apart for the worship of God. The aged Jews acknowledged the fault, and in this way accounted for the long continuance of Israel's captivity, as God would not listen to prayers offered up in so careless a manner. One aged Israelite in particular, who I afterwards learnt was

* Though strange yet true, that during the reading of the law, the Jews are less attentive than during any other portion of the service.

the Rabbi, began to rate several of his younger brethren for their light and trifling conduct in the house of prayer, which rendered it a disgrace to strangers. He also said very vehemently, if your wives and sisters cannot behave with more decency and propriety when they come to the synagogue, he would excommunicate them altogether. He charged those playful Jewesses with having three times destroyed the veil which should have kept their eyes from peeping into the men's synagogue.* An altercation ensued between the aged individual and the young men. The latter told him that it was the unnecessary Rabbinical strictness which degraded the Jewish female everywhere. Why should not the females mingle their voices in their prayers with those of the male worshippers, and not be excluded in that manner? You should go to a Christian place of worship and learn the best means for promoting decorum amongst Jewish females. The venerable old man was thunderstruck at the audacious speech of the "young stripling," as he called the ring-leader of the juvenile rebel band, and told him that he was on the high road to perdition, and that he was a fool, and unfit to give an opinion in the presence of aged men, who can be the father of his father in the amount of years. The young man answered, and said: "Years do not necessarily bring wisdom; intercourse with your fellow-creatures of different climes and different

* Besides the lattice-work which is put up before the faces of Jewesses in their synagogues, to prevent them a free view of the lords of the creation, a veil is also spread over the lattice so as to give them no chance whatever of getting an insight into the synagogue of the men. This veil was three times torn into shreds in the Beyrout synagogue.

nations increase the amount of a person's knowledge. What do the really Hebrew sages say? Hear them:

אֵין חָכָם כְּבֶעַל הַנְּסִיוֹן

'There is none so wise as a man of experience.' I have travelled through many a country, and witnessed many a mixed assembly of male and female, and never did I see females so orderly and well-behaved as where they are governed by moral force. You treat females like beasts, and think that you are the monopolists of all the ten measures of reason which the Rabbies have made God to have sent down upon this earth. Educate them, teach them the laws of propriety, but do not blame them for violating principles of which you keep them in ignorance." This young orator, female advocate, and experienced traveller spoke in so decided and firm a tone, that he considerably baffled the people of the old school, and produced silence for a short time. At last one of the aged ones said: "Art thou wiser than the wisest of all men, King Solomon, who said: 'One man among a thousand have I found, but a woman among all those have I not found?'"* "It so happens that it is also written, that the women among whom Solomon learned his experience were 'strange women.† Besides, Solomon only speaks of one in a thousand that he could not find, and he most likely referred to his own; which affords no wonder, inasmuch as he need not have expected to find a good woman amongst so heterogeneous a mixture, taken at random, with which he replenished his harem.

* Eccles. vii. 28.

† 1 Kings xi. 1.

Moreover, if you believe that Solomon meant that there was not a good or sensible woman anywhere to be found, why do you expect to find nonentities? You are contradicting yourself." The old men were obliged to satisfy themselves by simply saying :

ודע מה שתשיב לאפיקורס :

"Beware how thou dost answer to an 'Epicurean,' meaning, amongst modern Jews, a sceptic. The aged Rabbi then said, that he would be glad to see me at his house, whilst the young orator took hold of my arm and said, he was sure that I would accompany him. I said that "I felt extremely flattered by the kind attention they were all so good as to lavish upon me, but I learnt to honour those to whom honour is due. And as this venerable man said it would be honouring him by accompanying him to his habitation, I will first go with him; and then avail myself of your kind invitation." I found at the house of the Master in Israel of Beyrout several strangers, who were invited to spend the Saturday with the family, amongst whom I observed several of my fellow-passengers from Smyrna. The aged Jewess was also there, she looked the picture of ecstacy. The Rabbi said that he considered his antiquated sister unique. He had never met with one so really and so truly pious. She reminded him of Drura, the wife of Rabbi Judah, the sainted one. I told him, she reminded me of Hannah, who was waiting for the appearance of the Saviour. An interesting conversation on the subject was the consequence. The Rabbi ordered wine—it was home-made, from the vines of Lebanon—over which he pronounced the usual benediction, and handed a cup of the sparkling draught to all his guests, and he seemed as if he were

indeed in possession of the נשמה יתירה.* He gave me a great deal of information about the state of the Jews on the coast of Syria, and expressed his conviction that Israel had well nigh drank the cup of their affliction to its very dregs, and he therefore trusted that the coming of the Messiah will ere long take place. To which I moved an amendment, that the return of the Messiah may be on the eve of taking place. The Rabbi complacently observed: "Let there be no strife between us about mere words. You call it return, and allow me to call it coming." Who could quarrel about it? I could not. A beautifully worked table-cloth covered a large table, upon which several dishes were placed; a jug of water and a basin were handed round by a neatly attired man-servant, and a towel by a little maid, to all the visitors, and after washing our hands, and repeating the twenty-third Psalm, we all took our places at the table, and the Rabbi at the head pronounced the usual benediction, and cut a slice from the Sabbath bread for each of his guests. The remaining dishes were then discussed with considerable relish. Between each dish, however, a beautiful hymn was chanted by the dinner-party, in which I joined *con amore*. After the hundred and twenty-sixth Psalm was sung, the appointed after-meal prayer was offered up, and the host read a chapter of the "*Chouvath Hulvavouth*."† I listened attentively, and made a few remarks now and then, when I felt it my duty to do so. When that was finished, I begged leave to take my departure, which

* *N'shamah y'thayra*, an additional soul. The Jews believe that they are endowed with that spiritual boon every Saturday.

† "The Duties of the Heart."

was reluctantly granted, and I left, intending to search for the young party. But I was spared the trouble, for I found the ringleader of the young Beyruthians waiting before the door of the Rabbi for my exit from it, in order to conduct me to his house. I found it filled with intelligent-looking young Jews from Constantinople, Smyrna, Rhodes, Tripoli, Damascus, Bagdad, Aleppo, &c, all apparently of the same mind with respect to rabbinical slavery. "We must keep pace with European civilization; we must get our wives and our sisters educated; we must raise them from the depth of degradation into which arrogant and proud rabbinism sunk them." The lovely young Jewesses were so delighted with the spokesman, that they could hardly repress their feelings of gratitude towards him. I know not what they might have done to him, had they had him to themselves. As it was, they only exclaimed: "Very good! very good! You are the best, the kindest, the wisest of men." It was well for his bride that she secured him, otherwise I fear she would have had to struggle very hard for him. Many of the female auditory would have entered the lists for him. He complimented me that I was the first Christian who understood with correct exactitude the condition of the Jews; and if I published to Europe my views on the subject, it might prove very beneficial to the Hebrew race in general, and to those of Syria in particular. I told him that he overrated my abilities and influence. But one and all protested that I was too modest to own those qualities, which enhanced them the more; and the provoking daughters of Zion cast such bewitching looks upon me, that I felt overcome with blushing, an infirmity to which I am but seldom subject. And the laughing girls gave me a practical proof of their want of proper

manners, by shouting: "Look how he blushes!" The young men gave them a gentle hint that they were rude, by telling them that they had no more sense than young kittens, and the giddy young Jewesses became steady. They began to press me to partake of some *mish-mish*, i. e. preserved apricots, pomegranates, dates, figs, wine, &c.; but I was obliged to decline all, for the aged Rabbi took care that I should be able to taste nothing after I left his house. The young host then went up to a young charming sister of his, whispered something in her ear, and returned to converse with me. Presently the young lady got up, came to the table, took up a small silver tray, which had on it a crystal dish of figs, and another of dates, and came up to me with a fascinating smile, which I defy any one to resist, and with imploring eyes, begged that I would partake of their hospitality. I could not help it. I was obliged to eat once more. When I thanked my fair waiter, and took a date from her little hand—for she was not mistress of European customs, and therefore she needs must serve me with her fingers, to which I did by no means object—she laughed, and said: "My brother told me, that men where you come from never refuse anything that a woman offers them." The other females, who were dying to know what was the profound secret that Hillel whispered into his sister's ear, as soon as they heard the mystery, jumped up, and each caught a plate, and besought that I would take some. I protested that I could eat no more, even if it were to please the best, the nicest and the loveliest women in the universe. "Then put a fig, an apricot, a pomegranate, an almond, a date, &c., in your pocket. Men from your part of the world never refuse what a woman offers." I was obliged to fill my pockets with the produce of the land. But Hillel

stood aghast at the pranks of his female friends, and told them that they had no more sense than a flock of monkeys. I took the part of the ladies, and pacified the enraged young host. The rest of the things which I saw and heard that day, are they not written in the book in which I chronicle all the events which pass before me.

I am, my dear Friend, yours, &c., &c.

LETTER XIX.

TO THE REV. J. HAWORTH, CHESTER.

My dear Friend,

Before I quit this city, I must, according to my engagement, send you an epistle, though it must necessarily be a brief one. You would not thank me for a long letter, with stale news in it. I abstain, therefore, from giving you, or any one else, information which might be got in the host of volumes which have been published on Syria and Palestine during the last few years. I will tell you nothing about the Turks, Bedouins, Syrians, Greek, Maronite and Armenian Christians—nothing about the Druses and the other inhabitants of Mount Lebanon; but having obtained a morsel of new information whilst at dinner last evening, at Colonel Rose's, the British Consul-General for Syria, I will impart that morsel to you.

Amongst the visitors at that hospitable board, I was introduced to an elderly gentleman, Mr. John Lowthian—a gentleman farmer, of Carleton House, near Carlisle.

This individual is the second time in the land of Israel. He first visited it in 1843, and seemed so much pleased with the country, that he determined to revisit it, and try his agricultural powers upon Mount Lebanon. This, his praiseworthy determination, was hastened on into practice by a little work he read, published by a Mr. Wilson, proving you, all England to be the descendants of the ten tribes. Impressed with the conviction that he is one of the genuine stock of Abraham, to whom the land was promised as an "everlasting possession," he redoubled his determination, from a patriotic view, as well as by a pious impulse, and left England at the beginning of this year, with the intent of renting a piece of ground on "that goodly mountain," and farm it, after English fashion, and teach the natives to do the same. He brought with him a large supply of agricultural implements, and set to work without any loss of time, and is already in raptures with his success. This Mr. Lowthian is looked upon as a visionary by almost all the English visitors; but I am not ashamed to own, that I looked upon him with great interest, not only because he is likely to turn out a cousin of mine, but because of his unaffected piety. I therefore made up to him at the earliest possible opportunity.

From what I have gathered from his interesting conversation, I learned that Lebanon would be the most fertile spot in the known world, if the former and the latter rain descended again upon it. As it is, he assured me that the least attention, in the way of good farming, makes any part fruitful; and as a proof of the truthfulness of his theory, he invited me to take a survey of his little establishment, of which I purpose to avail myself. Mr. Lowthian's notion about the early and the latter rain vibrated a notion which took possession of my mind some years since, and I never

met anywhere, in all the books I waded through on Palestine, a corresponding theory, viz., that the latter rain has altogether disappeared from the land of Israel, and hence its present sterility and barrenness. It was unaccountable to me, as a simple believer in every word of God, how travellers could talk in their voluminous productions, "this is the season of the former rain," "this is the season of the latter rain;" whilst those heavenly showers were only granted conditionally—that is, if the children of Israel be obedient to the law of their God. For instance, read the following passage: "And it shall come to pass, if you shalt hearken diligently unto my commandments which I command you this day, to love the Lord your God, and to serve Him with all your heart and with all your soul; That I will give you the rain of your land in his due season, the first rain and the latter rain, that thou mayst gather in thy corn, and thy wine, and thine oil. And I will send grass in thy fields, for thy cattle, that thou mayst eat and be full."*

Such was really the condition of the land, as long as the children of Israel hearkened unto the voice of the Lord their God. But in what condition is the land now? What pictures do the scientific travellers give us of its once fertile plains, but those of bleakness, dreariness and desolation? I was therefore accustomed to associate in my mind its present desolation and barrenness with the threatened judgments, in case of Israel's disobedience: "Take heed to yourselves, that your heart be not deceived, and ye turn aside, and serve other gods, and worship them: And then the Lord's wrath be kindled against you, and He shut up the heaven that there be no rain, and that the land

* Deut. xi. 13—15.

yield not her fruit, and lest ye perish quickly from off the good land which the Lord giveth you.”*

Now read the accomplishment: “Therefore the showers have been withholden, and there hath been no latter rain, and thou hadst a whore’s forehead, thou refusedst to be ashamed. Neither say they in their heart, Let us now fear the Lord our God that giveth rain, both the former and the latter in his season: He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of the harvest. Your iniquities have turned away these things, and your sins have withholden good things from you.”†

Here I found, therefore, the indissoluble link which exists between cause and effect. But those provoking Robinsons, Wilsons, Keiths, &c., would talk of the former and latter rain, in spite of inspired declarations. I felt, therefore, considerably pleased to find that my opinion, which I almost feared would remain *solo*, found a place in the mind of a very intelligent farmer. I will therefore give you the benefit of his experience. He says:

“As I travelled from Jaffa to Jerusalem, over some as fine soil as could be found anywhere, I did not see so much as one single blade of grass, though I looked for it as one would search for a diamond. This, to me, seemed very strange, for I knew that in England grass will grow where nothing else will; but here, neither among the fine stubble-fields, nor even along the roadside, where no plough comes, was to be found so much as what might with strict propriety be called a blade of grass. This is something very astonishing. Not having ever seen this taken notice of in any books of travels that I had read, I cannot help thinking that surely I must be the first English farmer who has

* Deut. xi. 16, 17.

† Jer. iii. 3; v. 24, 25.

paid a visit to this land. Upon my arrival in Jerusalem, and perceiving that all the milk that was brought into the city in one day, for about twenty-four thousand inhabitants, did not exceed ten or twelve quarts; and that even that small quantity was only goats' milk, well watered; and when I could find no honey, but a small piece which I had the pleasure of tasting while taking tea with the Bishop's chaplain, I could not but exclaim to myself—how completely have God's judgments been executed on this devoted land! And most clearly did I perceive that the natural cause of all this evil was the absence of seasonable rain. Rain, which waters the earth, and blesses it with fertility, God has withheld, and thus brought all these evils, and many more which I need not stay to enumerate, upon the land which 'flowed with milk and honey!'

"The former rain," proceeds Mr. Lowthian, "which I call the winter rain, is so uncertain, that it sometimes does not come before January, in consequence of which, water becomes so exceedingly scarce and dear, that the inhabitants are put to great inconvenience and loss. And as neither planting nor sowing can be proceeded with until the rain makes the earth soft, the harvest is thrown back; for it is mostly in March or April that the crop is gathered in. After that the latter rain used to come, by which it is more than probable, nay, almost certain, a second crop was produced; but this latter rain is now entirely withheld, and none is ever expected to fall during the summer. On this account the best part of the year is lost; and no vegetable can grow, nor keep alive, but those plants whose roots penetrate deep into the earth. It is well known to farmers, that if grass-seed were carried from England and sown in that land, the very first summer would kill the

whole of it. To such a well-known fact, I appeal, as a corroboration* of my view respecting the withholding of the latter rain. God has, as it were, turned the key upon the refreshing and fructifying bounties of the skies. He has commanded the clouds that they rain no rain upon the inheritance of his disobedient people. The latter rain is withheld, and with it the grass of the field, which being lost to the cattle, the milk is consequently taken away. Neither can the flowers, from which the industrious bee extracts honey, blow and yield their sweets. All these are evils resulting from the want of sufficient rain. But these are not the only cases in which God has proved the truth and severity of his denunciations. He has also said that the land shall be desolate and enjoy her Sabbaths; and this is to be seen on the hills, and even in the plains which have generally a very deep and rich soil, but which, on account of the indolence of the people, and their want of skill in cultivation, is almost lying waste. The small portion which is under cultivation, is not made to produce more than one-tenth of what it might be made to grow, even with the rain that is now afforded.

“ With reference to the hills and mountains, the desolation is still more striking, so that it has caused many a visitor to say: ‘ Is it possible that those bare rocks could ever have been covered with grass?’ but this is not my opinion. For, first perceiving that these rocky mountains take up by far the greater part of the land, I cannot believe that the plains, let them be shown to be ever so fertile, could yield sustenance sufficient for the great number of inhabitants once supported in the land; and it appears to me also, that the taking away of the latter rain from these mountains would have the effect of making them just what they are. As, for instance, if one of the high mountains in Cumberland,

which are covered with grass from the top to the bottom, were placed under a hot, burning sun from April to November, the consequence would be, that all the grass would be killed, as well as every other plant whose root does not penetrate very deep. The grass being taken away, there would be nothing by which the soil might be bound or kept together ; so that it would be, when thus pulverized, easily blown away by the high winds, and washed down into the valleys or to the sea by heavy rains. This being repeated year after year, the bare rock would soon become visible, and at last this grass-bearing mountain would be brought into the very state in which the rocky elevations of the Holy Land now are. But as we are taught to believe from the Word of God, that these mountains are again to be clothed with grass, it may be a question of doubt with some, how that is to be brought about, and how they are again to be covered with soil ? To which I answer, that it requires no other miracle than the restoration of the rain* in its due season ; for let these hills and mountains only receive a regular moistening with the rain, and situated as they are under a fine warm climate, they would soon begin to present signs of something like vegetation, and that vegetation taking hold of the rock with its roots, would preserve it from being either blown or washed away ; and the blade or leaf dying or rotting upon the place, would very soon create a rich and fertile soil." Mr. Lowthian then quoted a passage from Dr. Adam Clarke's " Commentary," and commented upon the commentator ; the following is the extract : " By the first, or former rain, we are to understand that which fell in Judæa about November, when they sowed their seed, and this served to moisten and prepare the ground for the

vegetation of the seed; and that the latter rain fell about April, when the corn was well grown up, and that rain rarely fell in Judæa at any other season than these." Upon which Mr. L. made the following strictures: "Now I should like to know from some agriculturist how the grass could be made to grow, or even be kept alive for six months together, under a hot, burning sun? And I should also like to hear explained, how Dr. Clarke's views on the subject are to be reconciled with Deut. xi. 12, where speaking of the great fruitfulness of the land it is said: 'that the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even to the end of the year.' Now as it is said 'the Lord cared for it the *whole year*,' it could not, therefore, be given up to drought and barrenness for six months of the very best part of it. I am inclined to believe, that as there is plenty of time through the summer, after the first crop is gathered in, to sow and produce a second crop, so would it be the case if the latter rain came down to 'water the ridges,' and 'moisten the seed in the clods.' Though some travellers have stated, that they saw reapers at work both in May and June, yet I believe that these cases occurred only when the 'former' rain, which is very uncertain, had fallen late, for frequently it does not begin to fall before December, and sometimes it is delayed till January; it is plain, therefore, that both seed-time and harvest-time would be thrown much later into the year, which would not be the case if the rain came down in its proper season."

We find that at present, for five or six months of the best part of the year there is neither ploughing nor reaping, excepting in situations where the land can be watered artificially; and in such places I have no doubt

that grass might be made to grow. But if we turn to Amos, we read the following : “ Behold the days come, saith the Lord that the ploughman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed.”* Now we are to understand this promise as referring to the time when the rain now withheld shall again be given. The rain coming down, immediately on the ingathering of the winter crop, would prepare the sower, as soon as the former crop was reaped. The same Amos continues in the same strain, saying, that “ The mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt ;” and Moses said, in the name of the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, “ I will give you the first and the latter rain, that thou mayest gather in thy wine and thine oil ;”† by which it is made quite plain that the hard rocky mountains shall be so softened by the rain from heaven, as to be again covered with vegetation, and made capable of sustaining in the richest fertility the olive and the vine.

From the observations I have made with reference to the vine, I ascertained that it can only grow and prosper where there is a deep soil and plenty of moisture ; and I am fully convinced that it is for the want of rain that these mountains are now stripped of their vines, which cannot be brought to the great perfection they were wont to arrive at without summer rain. As to the olive, I have been told by the natives, that its fruitfulness very much depends upon the rain ; and that it is very unfavourable to its produce when the drought sets in too early in the year. From all this, Mr. L. concludes that the land could not be clothed with grass so as to make it a land

* Amos ix. 13.

† Deut. xi. 14.

flowing with milk and honey ; nor the vine and the olive be made abundantly fruitful without a summer's rain, which he properly calls the latter rain, and which is now quite taken away on account of the disobedience of the people.

Mr. Lowthian finished his interesting disquisition with the following extract from Robinson's "Biblical Researches :—" "The autumnal rains—the early rains of Scripture—commence in the latter half of October, or beginning of November ; not suddenly, but by degrees ; which gives opportunity for the husbandman to sow his fields of wheat and barley. The rains come mostly from the west or south-west, continuing for two or three days at a time, and falling especially during the nights. . . . The whole period from October to March now constitutes *only one continual season of rain, without any regularly intervening term of prolonged fair weather*. Unless, therefore, there has been some change in the climate since the time of the New Testament, the early and the latter rains, for which the husbandman waited with longing, seem rather to have implied the first showers of autumn, which revived the parched and thirsty earth and prepared it for the seed ; and the later showers of the spring, which continued to refresh and forward both the ripening crops and the vernal products of the fields." Mr. L. justly argues, that if there be no regularly intervening term of prolonged fair weather, "from the commencement of rain in October to its cessation in March, is it not plain that the intervening period includes but one season?"—hence it is the period of the early rain.

To me, the whole lengthy discourse was extremely interesting, as my mind is now quite made up on the subject, for the observations throw a great flood of brilliant light upon

the volume of inspiration. I have no doubt it will be equally interesting to you ; I make, therefore, no apology for trespassing upon you with so voluminous a letter. For though I am sure that you have read through many a volume of travels in this country, from able pens and learned heads, I am almost sure that you never read the remarks of a simple-minded English Christian farmer. My attention was forcibly called to the question by the late Bishop of Kildare whilst reading his nephew's (Lord Lindsay) " Letters from Edom and Palestine." That prelate, besides his being an eminent, though unassuming, theologian, was also a most skilful agriculturist, and such subjects interested his Lordship very much. I then ventured to give my humble opinion that the latter rain had altogether disappeared from the Land of Israel, according to the threatened judgments in case of disobedience, and now I fear not to give it as my most decided conviction.

The country must indeed have been unique in its fecundity, since even with all the disadvantages and curse under which she labours during the present dispensation, she abounds with vestiges of unbounded fertility. But the promises of Jehovah are yea and amen ; the land shall be once more blessed, and be the glory of all lands.

I am, my dear Friend,

Yours faithfully, &c., &c.

LETTER XX.

TO THE REV. H. S. JOSEPH, CHESTER.

Khan Hashan, April, 1850.

My dear Mr. Joseph,

Whilst Youseff and Saloom are engaged preparing a repast for our wearied and exhausted frames, I will employ my time in penning a few lines to you, as my excited mind will not allow "sleep to mine eyes nor slumber to mine eyelids," giving you an account of my first ride on Mount Lebanon. I must begin by telling you the best and most convenient mode of travelling in this country, as I know you have a great desire to undertake a pilgrimage to it, at some period of your life. Do not attempt to provide yourself with tents, canteens, or even eatables. Do as my friends and myself have done in this our expedition, and you will find the experiment a capital one. We contracted with a couple of Christian Arabs, of good report, to supply us with tents, horses, mules, eatables—breakfast, dinner, supper, &c., for twenty francs per day, individually. So that we had no occasion to trouble ourselves about the little things, which are great annoyances, incident to a pilgrimage of this kind. We drew up a written agreement, and specified most minutely the respective conditions on both sides, even the different dishes we were to have at our different meals. It was furthermore agreed that when we came to a respectable place, such as Baalbeck, Damascus, Nazareth, &c., where an inn exists, that we take up our abode in the

hotel for the same fare per day, and for our contractors to settle with the innkeepers. You may travel comfortably for £1 per day in this manner in Palestine. The agreement was read and signed, then were horses, mules and donkeys brought forward by different muleteers, to be chosen by us. As for myself, who am but a timid equestrian, I only bargained for a quiet horse, which I got, and was satisfied, allowing my mind to dwell upon the numberless recollections which continued crowding upon it since I set foot on the shore of this land.

The preparation, packing, and arranging, lasted from eight o'clock A.M. till two P.M., when we began to move out of the precincts of Antonio's hospice. Though we are but four pilgrims, our caravan looked rather consequential. One of our contractors and the arch-muleteer rode a-head, shouting, "Make room, make room for Chwadjahs!" The second rode by my side, for I felt extremely nervous, partly from a confused state of mind, and partly from the wretched state of the roads, and four muleteers, with their six loaded mules and two burdened donkeys, behind. We were obliged to proceed cautiously through the long, narrow and dark streets of Beyrout, and thus unable to escape either the baksheesh clamours or the curses of the demented Moslem saints. However, with a little patience, we steered clear of them all, and began to ascend the everlasting hill of Lebanon, when I stopped for a few moments, and in silence surveyed the town with its surrounding neighbourhood. It is a beautiful and charming landscape to look at. The mulberry-trees, olive-trees, vines, apricots, cypresses, interspersed with minarets and cupolas, and the unfurled flag-staffs of the various consulates, gave the city an imposing character; and if I

never traversed through its streets, and witnessed the degraded and depraved condition of its inhabitants, I would have ran away with the idea that Beyrout was the metropolis of some fairy land, inhabited by the happiest of mortals; but as I got a view of the real condition, I could not admire without pitying it at the same time, and involuntarily gave utterance to the old adage, "All is not gold that glitters."

Our muleteers knew a nearer way, and therefore left us, whilst we got into a watercourse, which we followed until we reached a track, resembling, to a certain degree, an English bridle-road. If you had seen me, you would probably have considered me sulky and cross; but I was neither; I was overcome, and looked very thoughtful. I felt several times as if I could leap down from my horse and throw myself on the ground, and press my lips to its burning clods. But I controlled myself, and therefore held my peace, but it was pain and grief to me. I had no brother Jew with whom to exchange feelings. Though my friend Mr. Woodcock is a good and pious man, still he cannot possibly feel the same emotion in his breast as one of those to whose ancestors this land was given as a possession. With some degree of complacency did I listen to Mr. W.'s admiration and description of the beautiful flowers which strewed our path,* but I could not trust

* At this season of the year, nothing could exceed the beauty of the flowers, which gaily scattered their brilliancy and scent on either side of our path. Under every bush and hedge of rocky ground, the sweet and snowy anemone (*C. Persicum*) nestled its lowly head; the more open ground was decked with the rich scarlet anemone and a bright blue iris or fleur-de-lis, of low growth, in the greatest abundance. Scrambling among the hedges of prickly pear was

myself to unbosom my thoughts to any one. What would your society not be worth to me just now ! However, if I go on this way, I do not know when I shall bring you to the end of this day's journey.

After passing through a valley, which brought brave Saladin to our recollection—for a few pine-trees were there pointed out to us as having been planted by that hero—we began to make our way on the first ridge of hills. We turned to look once more upon Beyrout, and it appeared very much diminished in size. The large vessels in the harbour seemed but tiny little boats, and we began to feel rather low-spirited, for we found ourselves far removed from civilized society, and our faces were towards deserted and desolated mountains. The roads were fearfully bad ; I will not stop to describe them, for I have no time to do so.* We managed, nevertheless, to mount a considerable

a light yellow vetch, a little blue and white veronica hid the nakedness of the high banks, and the perfume of the orange and lime blossoms was borne on the wind which swept along the gardens of Beyrout.—*Rev. W. J. Woodcock.*

* The roads were terrible. I feel quite incapable of conveying, by language, an idea of what they were ; it would be a compliment to call large portions of them stone staircases much worn, for the variety of angles, and the smoothness to which the rocks have been reduced by the feet of camels, and horses, and mules and men, make it appear impossible for horses to maintain their footing. Moreover, every now and then we came to a place where the rain had washed down even this pathway, and then there was a good deal of jumping and struggling, and getting into awkward holes, and getting out again, in such a manner that it was a marvel how we proceeded at all. I am sure no English horses, unless they had been purposely trained, could ever pass by such paths as those we took that evening, nor would they have dared to try. All this was by nomeans delightful, because it so often happened, that where to stop next, was a matter

height on Mount Lebanon. One of our contractors professed to be a Maronite Christian ; he delighted, therefore, to point out to me the little chapels belonging to that Church, as well as several priests, who were on their way with some utensils, perhaps to administer some religious rite. Both ministers and chapels looked mean and humble. The second of our contractors is a native Drusee, who embraced Romanism ; he gave me, therefore, a great deal of information about his people, which is worth knowing, but I cannot tell you it now. I had both contractors by my side in turn, and they pointed out to me many new signs of cultivation and fertility. They told me that a material change for the better has been perceptible for the last thirty years in this mountain, which, according to prophecy, is an omen that the latter days are drawing nigh.

I began to feel very chilly, the sun began to sink lower and lower, and darkness overshadowed us ; I ordered, therefore, my African camel-hair bernouse to be given me, in which I arrayed myself, but felt by no means comfortable. We were informed that we were some distance as yet from our resting-place. Solemn silence prevailed in our little caravan. At last Mr. Woodcock and myself simultaneously began to sing that beautiful hymn :

“ Guide us, O thou great Jehovah,
Travelling through this barren land,” &c.

My friends, who in all probability were never exposed to such roads nor such discomfort, began to grumble a little,

quite out of the reach of calculation, whether it would be up or down, to the bottom of a hole to the right, or on the top of a wall to the left.—*Rev. W. J. Woodcock.*

and constantly asking me, "How soon shall we reach a resting-place?" as if I were to blame why there were not comfortable villages and khans every hour's journey. Poor Youseff kept at some distance a-head of us. We were obliged to ride in single file, on the declivity of a mountain, whose loose stones and dark ravines made us rather uncomfortable. At last our guide descried lights in the distance, and he proclaimed, "Behold yon village! it shall be our resting-place for to-night." We doubled our speed, and in one half-hour more we were at Khan Hashan. Every one of us began to run about on his horse, looking for an eligible place for the pitching of our tents, upon which we soon decided. But, alas! the tents were not there yet. Our muleteers took their time, and did not arrive till three-quarters of an hour after us. So Youseff, to save himself from a shower of abuse, soon collected a pile of sticks, branches, and all sorts of combustibles, and then lighted it and called us to warm ourselves, which of course we did. I watched the faces of my comrades, they by no means bespoke satisfaction. Mr. Hooglandt mourned over his rashness in undertaking so comfortless a journey. However, a noise of many footsteps of men and beasts announced that our necessities were at hand; the tents were pitched, one—a splendid large one, which Mr. Winbolt kindly lent me—for Mr. Woodcock and myself, and the other for Messrs. Stone and Hooglandt. Our beds were unfolded, and we thus entered into our pavilions about nine, P.M. Mr. S. and his tent-fellow committed themselves to a short doze, Mr. Woodcock to a reading out of Lord Nugent, and I to my Wedgewood's manifold letter-writer. And having come thus far, I must conclude, for Youseff has just come

in to announce that a repast was ready, and that as our tent is the largest, the table must be placed in it; so farewell for the present. I will only add, that I have obtained this day an additional proof of the truthfulness of the Psalmist, and my last words are :

הִנֵּה לֹא יָנוּם וְלֹא יִשָּׁן שׁוֹמֵר יִשְׂרָאֵל :

“ Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.”*

Yours very truly, &c.

LETTER XXI.

TO THE REV. T. F. REDHEAD, ROCK FERRY.

Baalbeck.

My dear Sir,

Before I quit this astounding relic of past history, I sit down in a little nook, unobserved by my fellow-pilgrims to pen a few lines to you, giving you a laconic account of my cogitations since I entered the beautiful valley in which this majestic ruin is situated. I must begin with yesterday morning. At day-break I left my tent, and began to survey the little village, Khan Hashan, in which my temporary dwelling was situated. I discovered but a few miserable huts forming the village, but the position was in

* Ps. cxxi. 4.

a very picturesque part of the country. A little rivulet of crystal water was flowing close to it, and the surrounding mountains make it extremely tranquil and serene. Not far from our encampment was the pavilion of an Arab chief, whose retinue and suite were considerable. The son of Ishmael was travelling with the whole of his household; his half-score of wives, with their female attendants and eunuchs, and pipe-bearers, &c., made his encampment of considerable extent. I did not enjoy my expedition of discovery for any length of time. The attendants of our party, as well as those of our neighbours began to bestir themselves, and great and distracting were the noises of the different muleteers as to who should first slake the thirst of their animals, at the strong trough placed there for the purpose. The quarrels of the different individuals were enough to raise the most entranced from their deep sleep, so that in a few moments all were abroad. One of our neighbour's ladies seemed to have observed our party, and we must have appeared such prodigies to her, that she rushed into her canvass apartment, and gave intimation that a sight might be enjoyed gratis. A whole tribe of the Arab fair, regardless of their yashmeks, came out and stared for some minutes, and then laughed and screamed: "Look, look at these strangers, Nazarenes, infidels! look at their dresses, at their capotes, at their trowsers, at their hats, at their faces!" and then pretended to run away, and then came back again, all the time without their veils. Mr. Stone was so much taken with the beauty of some, that a bright idea flashed upon him, perhaps he could purchase some of them, and begged of me "to ask the principal eunuch whether his master would have any objection to part with some of his conjugal stock?" which I respect-

fully declined doing. Our neighbour's attendants were more in number and activity than ours, so that he and his party were *en route* before us. Mr. S. did not like to be left behind. He therefore insisted that all possible speed should be made, in order to be enabled to follow in the Arab's train. But great was our companion's disappointment, when he found that the ladies, when equipped to mount their horses, were so muffled up as to baffle his most exquisite penetration to find out whether human beings were on the horses' backs, or sacks of cotton; and he murmured and grumbled at the tasteless Arab, for nearly an hour and a half, when to his further chagrin, the Islam party turned off towards another road from that we went in, and poor Mr. S. seemed disconsolate for some time, and declared that it was the most tantalizing incident that ever fell to his lot. However, his trouble from that quarter did not last long, for we were overtaken by another party of Arabs, on their way to Damascus, for the purpose of selling one of the most beautiful wives of the Pacha of Cyprus; the lady having proved very refractory, the husband determined to part with her. We saw her on board, for she came with us from that island, and were therefore acquainted, by sight at least, with her male attendants.

The roads were so bad in some places, that we had the greatest possible difficulty to keep together. As for myself, I was many a time left behind, and could not stir until I got one of our contractors to come and lead my horse by the bridle. Many parts looked like large petrified castles and palaces; we had to ascend high mountains as it were by precipitous staircases, whose steps were at great distances from each other. Some parts, again, seemed like mountains of snow. Other parts, again, looked

like large extensive cemeteries, thickly studded with gigantic tombstones. Notwithstanding all these barricades and impediments, Mr. S. kept close to the lady for sale; but he was doomed to be again disappointed. The salesman's object was to reach Damascus as soon as possible, and they directed their path, as soon as we entered the Bekka, or the Valley of Lebanon, in a westerly direction, while we continued our northerly expedition towards Baalbeck. Mr. S. at first objected to our going to Baalbeck, instead of proceeding at once to El Sham, but he was outvoted, and held his peace.

The Valley of Bekka, as it is called, is extremely beautiful. How much I felt that it should thus lay in comparative uselessness. Its fertility, where it is cultivated, seems unbounded. To my present infatuated patriotism this vast plain cries aloud: "Plough me, sow me, and great will be your reward. I require no manure, no guano; nay, I dispense even with the former and latter rain. Auspicious heaven placed me between Lebanon and anti-Lebanon, ever white with snow;* and they keep me like a well-watered garden. Behold the streams and rivulets with which I am constantly supplied."

Now for a word of criticism about the etymology of the name Bekka, or Baca, as some choose to spell it. Pray bear with me. I am about to disagree with all writing travellers; I cannot help it, when I think they are wrong.

* The reason supposed by some why this mountain goes by the name of Lebanon, is, because it is constantly white, by reason of the ever existing snow on it. The Arabs have a verse to the following effect, that the mount has its name written on it in the following manner. During winter, on its head; during spring, on its shoulders; during autumn, on its top; and during summer, on its feet.

Attribute it to my infirmity. All those who have visited Palestine, and were privileged to travel this valley, speak of it something to the following effect: "We have now entered the spacious Valley of Becca, or the Baca of the Psalmist," alluding to the following passage: "Who passing through the Valley of Baca, make it a well: the rain also filleth the pools."* I hesitate not in saying that they are all in the wrong, no matter of what rank or standing the traveller may happen to be. A scanty knowledge of the Hebrew language was no doubt the cause of such a blunder. בִּקְעָה, *Bikkah*, is the Hebrew word for valley, and this being the finest valley in Palestine, it therefore went by that simple appellation, *par excellence*. But the original words of "Valley of Bacca," are עֵמֶק הַבְּכָא, which signify literally "The Vale of Weeping." The Prayer-Book version of that passage comes a little nearer to the original in its translation, which renders the above word, "Vale of Misery." Since I am about it, I may as well tell you that the whole verse is sadly mangled in the English Bible, and I will even venture to obtrude a new translation upon it, so that you may be enabled to correct a travelling book-making genius, and I will moreover give you the original of the verse before translating it:

עֲבְרֵי בְּעֵמֶק הַבְּכָא
מֵעֵן יִשִּׁיתוּהוּ
גַם בְּרָכוֹת יַעֲשֶׂה מוֹרֶה:

"They who pass through the vale of weeping,
Shall make Him† a fountain,‡
Then even blessings will the teacher shower."

* Ps. LXXXIV. 6.

† The person spoke of in the preceding verses.

‡ Isaiah LV. 1; Zech. XIII. 1.

How beautifully this coincides with a passage in the writings of the beloved disciple : "The Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters ; and God shall wipe away all tears from eyes."*

Whilst my mind was dwelling on these Scriptural passages, my friends were interested in the long-legged storks, peering about in quest of insects, as well as in the small vultures, which were to be seen frequently since we entered the Bekka.† After a nine hours' tedious ride, we reached a small and miserable village, glorying in the name of Abba. We observed a large caravan of Arabs pitching their tents by the banks of a streamlet. We gave, therefore, directions to Youseff and the contractors to go and prepare for the doing of the same. The evening was beautiful, the valley charming, the groups of people picturesque, so that I did not feel tired in the least ; as soon as I dismounted my horse, I made my way towards the native caravan, which was very extensive. I thought at first it consisted of a company of Mohammedan merchants ; but on approaching the tent of the principal personage—which was encircled by about thirty camels, with their burdens by their sides—I was led to believe—from their conversation and conventional expressions—

* Rev. vii. 17.

† In the tall standing corn the storks were to be seen peering about in search of insects, their long legs raising them nearly to the level of the crop, and their heads bent down, in abstruse investigation of the ground, ready to seize any unhappy insect which might be visible. A small vulture, too, was not uncommon, of a greyish-white colour, with black pinions to the wings. It reminded me in flight and appearance to our English hooded-crow.—*Rev. W. J. Woodcock.*

that they were of the family of Jehonadab, the son of Rechab. I soon became friendly with the chief of the company, a noble-minded fellow. I interchanged a few queries about our different journeys, and the Arab was delighted when I told him that I was a son of Abraham, and did not believe in the pretensions of Mohammed. "Do you believe in Jesus, the son of Mary?" he asked me. "Yes," was my reply; and having a small copy of the Arabic New Testament in my pocket, I opened Heb. II., and said to him: "Read this at your leisure; you are welcome to the book; keep it for the sake of Moses, the son of Gershon, of the family of Margoliouth." I then turned my eyes towards the surrounding mountains. It was a good sight to behold the everlasting hill, rising higher and higher, till your eye is lost in the firmament. I then turned my attention to the village population, and watched the women, who came from some distance for water.* I then entered into my humble pavilion, threw myself upon a temporary divan which was to serve as my bed, and chronicled the events of the day. Supper was soon produced, and after partaking of it, I thanked God for His goodness towards me, and committed myself to His care and keeping for the night.

Very early this morning, I heard the Rechabite host

* Mr. Woodcock, who enjoyed the same scene the following morning, speaks thus respecting it: "It pleased me to watch the women coming thus early from the neighbouring village to the stream with their rude pitchers; for poor as they were, their gait was noble, and their dress, though coarse, was picturesque; moreover, we had always the associations of so many Scripture incidents connected with this assembly of the women to fetch water, that the sight was invested with an interest of no common kind."

busy preparing for their onward journey. I got up in order to obtain another view of them. The chief welcomed me, and thanked me again for the "precious book" I gave him last night, and he told me that he valued it as much as a hundred camels. I then handed him a copy of our Liturgy, translated into Arabic. We kissed each other's shoulder, and pressed our hands to our respective hearts, heads and lips, and we parted. I was glad that my fellow-pilgrims were folded in the arms of Morpheus: I should not like them to have witnessed all our antics, for I was not in a humour for merry jests; I therefore pocketed all I got, by way of compliment, and neither the Englishmen or the Dutchman are the wiser for it.

After the large caravan departed in peace, I went to wake my friends in their tents, and uproot our muleteers from the ground they planted themselves on; and whilst they attended to the horses and to the mules, and to the packing of the furniture, I took another ramble in the neighbourhood of Ablā. •Our little encampment looked very small, and I never looked smaller in mine own eyes than I did this morning, when all was quiet and desolate, whilst beholding the mighty arch of heaven apparently leaning upon the mountains of Lebanon and anti-Lebanon. The words of Micah occurred to me, where that Prophet breaks forth in the following sublime announcement: "Hear ye now what the Lord saith, Arise, contend thou before the mountains, and let the hills hear thy voice. Hear ye, O mountains, the Lord's controversy, and ye strong foundations of the earth: for the Lord hath a controversy with His people, and He will plead with Israel. O my people, what have I done unto thee, and wherein have I wearied thee? testify against me. For I brought thee

up out of the land of Egypt, and redeemed thee out of the house of servants, and I sent before thee Moses, Aaron, and Miriam. O my people, remember now what Balak, king of Moab consulted, and what Balaam the son of Beor answered him from Shittim unto Gilgal, that ye may know the righteousness of the Lord.”*

My roving imagination conjured up a valley of this kind as the place of controversy, which filled my soul with terrible solemnity. The lark, beginning his morning hymn, whilst soaring higher and higher towards the sky, made my fevered brain fancy that what Solomon said respecting the birds of the heavens carrying the voice, was illustrated by the lark and my thoughts. All these crude and heterogeneous floating ideas went to the winds as soon as all on the part of my companions was ready. Saloom was sent in search of me, and said he found me sitting on a stone, with clasped hands, star-gazing by a bright sunlight. However, I accompanied the Maronite, and partook of some weak tea and stale bread, and away we went in rapid gallops, scarcely resting until we came close to the site of the ancient ramparts of the once beautiful Baalbeck.†

* Micah vi. 1—5.

† Mr. Woodcock thus chronicled this our morning's ride: “Then mounting our horses, and rejoicing in our grassy road we left our baggage behind, under the guidance and guardianship of Youseff the Arab, and sped away in the free air and hedgeless plain of Baalbeck. 'Twas wonderful to see our horses then, so poor, so spiritless to look at as they had been, safe indeed in those trackless mountains, but ever needing in the fairer pathway the ceaseless spur, now on that greensward, in the sweet fresh morning, assume at once another character. The eyeball flashes life, the strained muscles show their latent might; the head proudly tossed in air, announces that a slumbering spirit wakes once more to energy, the expanded nostril

Mr. Woodcock and Mr. Hooglandt discussing most warmly notwithstanding the rapidity of our cavalcade, the inability of England to furnish themselves with a good King, that Great Britain was obliged to send to Holland for one, alluding to William Prince of Orange; and Mr. Hooglandt seemed to triumph for some time, till I reminded him of a little anecdote, which indeed he said he never knew, that shows, that to a noble-minded Jew was England indebted for their emancipation from encroaching Popery, and Holland for the opportunity of bragging. The fact is as follows: when William Prince of Orange was preparing his expedition against James the Second, he was all at once at a stand-still, in consequence of a decided lack of the needful wherewith to equip his navy, and ensure success to his projected war against James. An Israelite of Amsterdam requested an audience. When he was admitted into the presence of the Prince, he said: "My Lord, you are in want of money to accomplish a great national project. I have brought you, from our people, two millions. If you succeed, refund them to me; if you fail, we are quits." This little bit of information rather startled the combatants, but Mr. S. remarked: "This accounts for the fondness of Jews for oranges; for you see them in London with large sacks full on their backs." How witty! how characteristic!

About three miles from the great ruin, the ground under my horse's feet began to sound hollow, which

drinks new vigour from the breeze; and while he shoots along the earth, you scarcely feel his footsteps touch it, yourself just then almost as free and wild as he. 'Twas as if the memory of uncurbed freedom, which once his fathers had, rose for the moment to the horse's brain, and filled him with the proud wild vigour of his sires."

attracted my attention. I began to go backwards and forwards, as well as sideways, in order to ascertain whether there was an artificial cause for the phenomenon. I discovered that the hollowness was at regular intervals, and sometimes ran on for the space of half a mile, and then ceased and commenced again. It appears to me that they were the vestiges of ancient vaulted cellars, or something of the kind, and must formerly have formed part of the ancient city, though its present aspect would scarcely make it credible, if there were no historic records to attest the truth, that it was once almost invincible, and humanly speaking, would have stood to this very day, if it were not for the cupidity and insatiable avarice of nominal Christians. Avaricious Herbis, thy covetousness put Rafi Ibn Abdallah in possession of this once glorious Christian city.

Within a mile of the majestic ruin we halted for a few minutes at a small collection of granite columns put together in a circular shape, in a very careless manner; they seemed to me to have been large fragments of some whole ones. On our approaching the great ruin, I could not help but exclaim in the words of Lord Lindsay, that: "Palmyra and Baalbeck are Claudes treasured in the cabinet of the memory, which neither accident can injure nor beggary deprive one of;" notwithstanding that Dr. Wilson does not consider his Lordship a grave and sober traveller. We first visited the quarry from which the stone is supposed to have been taken for the erection of the original palace here, as well as for the erection of the temple to the service of Jehovah. Both were reared by the wisest of men and of monarchs. We were astounded at the enormous magnitude of one stone, measuring no less than

upwards of sixty-six feet in length and thirteen feet in thickness, and the same in breadth. Our Drusee, Maronite, and Mohammedans thought they delighted us with many wonderful tales connected with all sorts of prodigious feats on the part of the Prince of Darkness. From thence we proceeded to the ruins of one of the great wonders of the world, for such I consider the vast remains to be. The ruined majesty completely overcame me; I could do nothing else but creep and climb from one apartment to the other, gaze, examine, admire, and say nothing. You will not expect me to stultify myself, and give you a detailed description of the different features of their present aspects. You are doubtless conversant with the various works of which Baalbeck is the theme. But one thing I must tell you, that neither picture nor description, be the former ever so striking and the latter ever so graphic, can give you a correct idea of its reality. I indulged in a delusive fancy that I should not be taken by surprise, as I was well prepared with book information about every corner and column of this august pile of massive architecture; but I found out my mistake; seeing is appreciating it, and nothing less. What a magnificent church it must have been, when owned by Christians. Alas, alas! what have Christians not lost by forsaking their first love! I have seen the large stone, which has on it an intersected triangle, which the Jews call the "the shield of David," and Christians and Mussulmen "the seal of Solomon." For aught I know, David's shield may have been of that shape, and so may Solomon's signet have been, but what I do know is this, that in the early days of Christianity, it was an important Christian emblem. I love to see this emblem in the old English churches. I was delighted

with Westminster Abbey on the last Sunday before my leaving England, and my delight was enhanced by my observing the intersected triangle in its painted windows.

I have gone on scribbling longer than I should. Good-by, we are off.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXII.

TO MISS HOLLIST, MANCHESTER.

Tranmere, May, 1849.

My dear Miss Hollist,

It is high time, you will say, that I fulfil my promise of such long standing, viz., to write to you about Baalbeck. Well, I think you are perfectly right ; I proceed, therefore, to do so this morning.

The ruins of Baalbeck are to be found towards the north of the beautiful valley in Mount Lebanon. This valley goes by the name of the Valley of Bekka, or Baca ; and some, I may say all travellers, are hasty enough to put down in their journals, that they “ have just passed through the Valley of Baca, of Ps. LXXXIV. 6.” בִּקְעָה, *Bikkah*, is the Hebrew word for valley, and it has been given *par excellence* to that of Lebanon. Hence Baalbeck, was the name of the temple dedicated to the god of the valley. So that, according to my new crotchet, בַּעַל בִּקְעָה, *Baal Bikkaah*, was the aboriginal name of the original palace erected on this spot, and hence in process of time Baalbeck.

It bore, however, various names in the different revolutions of the world. In Joshua's days it was called Baal-gad.* It was doubtless then dedicated to the god Gad, of whom mention is made in Isaiah,† (where the word is translated "troop," and the margin properly corrects it). In Solomon's time—for that monarch rebuilt it on a very magnificent scale—it went first by the name of *בַּעֲלַת* *Baalath*,‡ perhaps because Solomon made his Egyptian wife the mistress of the valley, and afterwards "Baal-hamon."§ It is supposed, and with very good reason, that Solomon presented it to his Egyptian wife. We know from Sacred Writ|| that poor Solomon went sadly astray, and indulged his idolatrous wives in their superstitious and idolatrous practices. By a reference to the Hebrew Bible, I find that the name of the Egyptian god was Amon,¶ (the English version in the Songs of Solomon mistranslated the word by "the multitude"). Hence the temple Solomon built for his Egyptian Queen he surnamed Baal-hamon. Solomon must have spent a good deal of his time in that locality, which accounts for the frequent allusions to the scenery of Lebanon, in his book of Canticles. When I was standing on a gigantic column, on the ruins of Baal-beck, Canticles iv. 8 forcibly occurred to my mind; and it seemed plain to me that it was an address to the Church to be gathered from all parts of the world. "Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon: look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' den, from the mountains of the

* Joshua xi. 17.

† Isaiah lxxv. 11.

‡ 1 Kings ix. 18.

§ Cant. viii. 11.

|| 1 Kings xi. 8.

¶ Jeremiah xlv. 25.

leopards." It requires not much critical acumen to observe that the four corners of the earth are herein described.

But I have been indulging in my antiquarian propensity at the expense of Baalbeck's modern condition. Its present state, then, is ruinous, to all intents and purposes. Grand, however, in its ruination. The first of the ruins, which I beheld with amazement, was a small octagonal temple, supported on columns of red Egyptian marble. A little examination showed that it was comparatively of recent putting up, from the remains of some majestic edifice.

Having spent a short time at that place—it does not deserve a long time—I mounted my horse again, sped the pace of my willing animal, and in twenty minutes afterwards, I was close to the ruins of the great temple of Baalbeck. I was astounded. For about an hour I did nothing, said nothing, but slowly rode round and round the temple, gazing all the time at the beautiful, grand, and mysterious structure. The first sight one catches of the great ruin, gives the idea of a petrified forest of palm-trees. I wish I had leisure just now to tell you all I have seen and conjectured during that melancholy hour's ride, but want of time forbids me doing so at present. I dismounted by a gigantic wall, and fixed my eyes in a most riveted manner—for I literally felt that I could not withdraw my gaze—upon the huge stones of the foundation. They are enormous. I was scarcely surprised at the tradition which was current during the Middle Ages, that Solomon built it, and his principal architect was Ashmedai, the prince of demons. Really I could not get rid of the idea which took possession of my mind in my younger days, that there were enchanted places, and Baalbeck was one of them.

There is everything to foster that strange notion. A crystal and beautiful rivulet flows on the north-western sides, and forms here and there some small lakes of running and limpid water, which murmurs and foams around the massive stones which have fallen from the top of the walls.

Now, my dear Miss Hollist, I made a mistake; Baalbeck is not a theme for one letter. At least six should be devoted to it, in order to do it justice. I am afraid to enter into particulars, for fear of being obliged to stop abruptly.

Yours faithfully, &c.

Probably some of my readers may never have had an opportunity of reading any description of this extraordinary spot; I deem it, therefore, just and right to add a few particulars to the above. And in doing so I shall let my friend Mr. Woodcock be the narrator. We stuck close to each other all the time we surveyed those monstrously enormous ruins, so that his and my remarks are a sort of mutual property. Moreover, he kindly confided to me the revision of his interesting little work* when it passed through the press. The following, then, is my fellow-pilgrim's account.

As we approached the ruins, an Arab village became perceptible, with the remains of an ancient wall stretching up the adjacent hill, which is a small offshoot of the anti-Lebanon range. Then we passed a Moslem tomb, with a

* "Scripture Lands, being a Visit to the Scenes of the Bible."

splendid old cypress overshadowing it, and walking our heated animals up the bed of a beautiful stream, the road round the ruins, strewn with large fragments of broken columns, and crossed by rippling brooks (so grateful in that burning sunlight), was open to us. I examined this remarkable memorial of the past with some care and great interest, yet the accounts already published respecting it leave little to be told. As is well known, the ruins are of various ages: there is, first, an ancient sub-structure or outer wall, connected with which are massive vaults running three sides of a square, and supporting platforms on which the chief part of the temple rises; secondly, there are the columns, architrave, cornice, and vast walls of the temple itself; and thirdly, there are several Saracenic additions, which, however, do not appear to have materially altered the general features of the building. In the Saracenic portion a few ornamental niches would not interest us, but as the bones of the great Saladin rest somewhere in the environs of these ruins, the memory of that truly great hero sheds a lustre even on the monuments of Moslem sway. The second and chief part of the ruin is undoubtedly Roman.* Their appearance would certainly have suggested to our minds an earlier period than the generally received one of Antoninus Pius. The general plan seemed to have been an oblong square; but the larger temple is supposed to have been disused, and a smaller one erected, the ruins of which are, as now mixed together, rather confusing. Six superb Corinthian columns, each fifty-eight feet in height, with their superincumbent fragments of entablature, rear their heads above the surrounding desolation, and are visible for miles along the plain. Along the crumbling

* Volney has given the best description of these ruins.

walls are rows of columns, some half displaced, some leaning for support, and some prostrate, while still a remnant prop the rich entablature, and bear witness to the former beauty of their fellows. As we regarded these highly ornamented capitals, and that roof so richly carved, it seemed difficult to imagine that they had been long executed, so sharp was the outline, and so bright and clear the stone. The broken soffit, on whose high finish and exquisite design my eye had fallen, could seventeen centuries have treated it so kindly, that it might serve to be raised once again, and bidden to decorate the temple of a purer faith? And this was Heliopolis, the city and the sanctuary of the sun, whose ancient worship continued, perhaps, from the time shortly after Solomon received here new honours from the arts and splendour of Rome, who recognised in Baal's altar a shrine of her own Apollo, and covered it with her own magnificence. The dark vaulted passages, which support part of these grand remains, are covered with arches of Roman construction, for they bear medallions, at intervals, in the key of the roof, in one of which I recognised the Roman Eagle. But the massive substructure of those vaults, the lower part of those outer walls—whose work were they? If the bevelled edges of the large masonry do not tally with what we suspect to be Jewish works in Jerusalem and Hebron—those enormous blocks, whose magnitude—there are two of sixty, and one of sixty-three feet, in length—causes the very infidel to wonder, and the Arab to ascribe them to the Prince of Darkness—do not these seem worthy to be numbered among the works of mighty, splendid Solomon?

This association of ideas, which throws itself back so many ages in the world's history, is aided by an often-mentioned fact, In the mountain, to the south-east of the

temple, is a quarry, whence the stone of the greatest part of the buildings has evidently been taken ; it is a close and richly tinted limestone, and in the centre of the quarry a vast block of similar dimensions to the greatest in the wall of the ruined temple, is seen hewn and prepared in the mountain, ready for its place in the building. So as we thought of the fourscore thousand strangers whom Solomon set to be *HEWERS in the mountains*, and who at his command “brought great stones, and hewed stones to lay the foundations of the house,”* I could not but deem that that great stone hewn in the mountain for the foundation of the neighbouring temple another illustration of the truth of Scriptural details, if not a link in the chain of the circumstantial evidence which binds the ruins of Baalbeck to the wisest of kings. To the north-east of the ruins, and connected by a broken wall, is a very beautiful, though small, round edifice, supported by Corinthian columns, and richly ornamented. Large parts of the northern wall of the great ruin were evidently rebuilt from materials of a more ancient date ; and these materials, with their irregular marks and bevelled edges, accorded with my notions of what Jewish masonry was, which, however, is only conjectural.

* 1 Kings v. 15—17.

LETTER XXIII.

TO THE

RT. REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF 'DOWN AND CONNOR.

Damascus, April, 1848.

My Lord,

Various are the legends connected with Mohammed's first sight of this beautiful city. Some say that he was on his way to subjugate it, but found that the inhabitants were too mighty for him, he made, therefore, its magnificence an excuse for not attempting to shoot an arrow at it; observing, whilst he was viewing the glorious object from the summit of the Salahieh Mountains: "Of a truth this is the earthly paradise, but I will not barter the celestial one for a terrestrial," and thus turned his camel and his eyes from the city for ever. Another version is, that whilst Mohammed was on his way towards the seventh heaven, and with lightning flight darted over this city, he hesitated, and vacillated somewhat about bidding even a temporary adieu to so glorious a spectacle, saying: "I am in a strait, I am halting between two opinions, whether to proceed or to stay where I am; I know not whether the Paradise itself can compensate the loss of this flower of the earth." Untrue as the former is, and ridiculously fabulous as is the latter, both versions furnish, nevertheless, a striking illustration of the estimate Mohammedan writers formed of the beauty and majesty of this place. Lord Lindsay might well have exclaimed: "Oh, how lovely! the city with her picturesque minarets, sailing like a fleet through a sea of verdure." Striking and graphic as this picture of his

Lordship is, it lacks in detail. But alas, my feeble pen cannot supply the deficiency. I could not possibly compress in a brief letter the multitudinous ideas which crowd my mind. Diverse are my conceptions about it. I must, therefore, resist for the present any rising desire to try my hand at a sketch of my own. The best and most comprehensive picture I ever saw of this august Damascus, is that given by Mr. Disraeli in his third volume of "Tancred." And as it is a book which few Bishops might find time to read, I transcribe here part of his fifth chapter of that volume.

"The most ancient city in the world has no antiquity. This flourishing abode is older than many ruins, yet it does not possess one single memorial of the past. In vain has it conquered and been conquered. Not a trophy, a column, or an arch records its warlike fortunes. Temples have been raised here to unknown gods and to revealed Divinity; all have been swept away. Not the trace of a palace or a prison, a public bath, a hall of justice, can be discovered in this wonderful city, where everything has been destroyed, and where nothing has decayed.

"Men moralize among ruins, or in the throng and tumult of successful cities recall past visions of urban desolation for prophetic warning. London is a modern Babylon; Paris has aped imperial Rome, and may share its catastrophe. But what do the sages say to Damascus? It had municipal rights in the days when God conversed with Abraham. Since then, the kings of the great monarchies have swept over it; and the Greek and the Roman, the Tartar, the Arab and the Turk have passed through its walls; yet it still exists, and still flourishes; is full of life, wealth and enjoyment. Here is a city that has quaffed the magical elixir and secured the philosopher's stone, that is always young and always rich. And yet, the disciples of progress

have not been able exactly to match this instance of Damascus; but it is said that they have great faith in the future of Birkenhead.

“We moralize among ruins: it is always when the game is played, that we discover the cause of the result. It is a fashion intensely European, the habit of an organization that, having little imagination, takes refuge in reason, and carefully locks the door when the steed is stolen. A community has crumbled in pieces, and it is always accounted for by its political forms or its religious modes. There has been a deficiency in what is called checks in the machinery of government; the definition of the suffrage has not been correct; what is styled responsibility, has, by some means or other, not answered, or, on the other hand, people have believed too much or too little of a future state, have been too much engrossed by the present, or too much absorbed in what was to come. But there is not a form of government, which Damascus has not experienced, excepting the representative, and not a creed which it has not acknowledged, except the Protestant. Yet, deprived of the only rule, and the only religion that are right, it is still justly described by the Arabian poets as ‘a pearl surrounded by emeralds.’

“Yes, the rivers of Damascus still run and revel within and without the walls, of which the steward of Sheikh Abraham was a citizen. They have encompassed them with gardens, and filled them with fountains. They gleam amid their groves of fruit, wind through their vivid meads, sparkle among perpetual flowers, gush from the walls, bubble in the court-yards, dance and carol in the streets; everywhere their joyous voices, everywhere their glancing forms, filling the whole world around with freshness and brilliancy, and fragrance, and life. One might fancy, as we

track them in their dazzling course, or suddenly making their appearance in every spot and in every scene, that they were the guardian spirits of the city. You have explained, then, says the utilitarian, the age and flourishing fortunes of Damascus: they arise from its advantageous situation; it is well supplied with water. Is it better supplied than the ruins of contiguous regions? Did the Nile save Thebes? Did the Tigris preserve Nineveh?"

The above is a correct delineation of the reality of Damascus, for it must be owned that a cursory ramble through the narrow, irregular, and sometimes dirty streets of the city—apart from the recollection of its charming aspect at a distance, or of a glance into the interior of its palaces—would impress the stranger with anything but the correct idea which Mr. Disraeli has favoured his readers with. I am at issue with the learned author, and perhaps with all travellers, about the original site of the Damascus of sacred story; I have written a long and critical letter on the topography of ancient Damascus to my dear friend, Dr. August Neander, of Berlin; I have no time to translate it for you at present, but I can only mention that my personal examination of the neighbourhood between the River Barada and modern Damascus, induces me to believe that the present city stands on new ground; and hence the fulfilment of Jehovah's denunciations.

"The burden of Damascus. Behold, Damascus is taken away from being a city, and it shall be a ruinous heap. The cities of Aroer are forsaken; they shall be for flocks which shall lie down, and none shall make them afraid. The fortress also shall cease from Ephraim, and the kingdom from Damascus, and the remnant of Syria; they shall be as the glory of the children of Israel, saith the Lord of hosts. And in that day it shall come to pass, that

the glory of Jacob shall be made thin, and the fatness of his flesh shall wax lean.”*

“Concerning Damascus. Hamath is confounded, and Arpad: for they have heard evil tidings, they are faint-hearted, there is sorrow on the sea, it cannot be quiet. Damascus is waxed feeble, and turneth herself to flee, and fear hath seized on her: anguish and sorrows have taken her as a woman in travail. How is the city of praise not left, the city of my joy? Therefore her young men shall fall in her streets, and all the men of war shall be cut off in that day, saith the Lord of hosts. And I will kindle a fire in the wall of Damascus, and it shall consume the palaces of Ben-hadad.”†

“Thus saith the Lord, for three transgressions of Damascus, and for four I will not turn away the punishment thereof: because they have threshed Gilcad with threshing instruments of iron. But I will send a fire into the house of Hazael, which shall devour the palaces of Ben-hadad. I will break also the bar of Damascus, and cut off the inhabitant from the plain of Aven, and him that holdeth the sceptre from the house of Eden: and the people of Syria shall go into captivity unto Kir, saith the Lord.”‡

On my arrival at such a city as this, you may well imagine how anxious I was to penetrate into every nook and hole of its multifarious departments; I had no difficulty in accomplishing my heart's desire; no door was closed before me. I have got access into many places where few travellers have; and even introduced some of my friends into houses where they had little chance ever to get admittance. My fellow-travellers seemed to gaze

* Isaiah xvii. 1—4.

† Amos i. 3—5.

‡ Jeremiah xlix. 23—27.

with breathless admiration on the splendour and riches which characterize the palaces of the Jews here*—for palaces

* My friend Mr. Woodcock, who accompanied me in part of my perambulations in the Jewish quarter, speaks thus rapturously of what he saw, and of what he was able to understand : “ I had opportunity to visit the principal Jewish houses in Damascus, and I confess that their splendour and riches quite astonished me. One house in particular, belonging, if I remember right, to Rabbi Farhi, where Lord Sligo and Sir Moses Montefiore lodged when in these parts, is as elegant and classical as it is intrinsically magnificent. After passing through two or three small doors, at which we had all to bend, we arrived first at an outer court, surrounded by buildings, and then at the grand quadrangle of the house. In the centre was a marble basin, into which the water was lazily trickling from a small pipe at the side ; near this was a large cluster of Chinese roses, and all about the court were large orange and lemon-trees, diffusing a pleasant smell with every stirring breeze. The pavement itself was marble. On the sides of this court there were large recesses in the building, under the canopy of a Gothic arch (slightly horse-shoed) springing from the wall, and resting on capitals of a Saracenic character. Before the chief of these is, as I remember, an arcade, of two or more arches, resting on columns ; round the interior of these recesses are divans, spread with carpets and mats, luxurious and inviting. The rooms of the house, almost all, more or less, decorated, environ the square ; but the grand saloon, occupying one side, is the most splendid of all. In length, it is quite palatial, though not very wide ; the roof is very lofty at both extremities of the apartment, for the ceiling is here divided, as the room is, into three parts—the central hall, or entrance, with its court, and the two divans at either hand. The central roof is of vast height, and ornamented within, like the others, with arabesque patterns, painted in the richest colours, and gilded with pieces of mirrors, inserted so as to give the whole a very light effect. Large pendants hang down, richly ornamented, and a cornice of equal richness supports the whole. The walls are a sort of mosaic of the Florentine kind, made out of the marbles of Syria, varied with mother-of-pearl, beautifully inlaid ; niches having canopies of Saracenic character, carved in the simple stone, are below, while richly-

they are, without any doubt—and they enjoyed the courtesy and good-will of my nation's chiefs of this city.

I have laid down as a rule for my correspondence to give each of my friends a description of particular departments. What I intend for you, is an account of a magnificent MS. of the Hebrew Bible, one of the oldest in the world, which came under my notice whilst here. I am one of the few European travellers who have ever seen it; there are many here who have resided for years in this capital of ancient Syria, and have never beheld it. It will be interesting to you to know how I came to get a sight of an object which is considered so sacred as to be rendered almost invisible.

When I was at Smyrna, the chief Rabbi presented me with a book, being a description of the land of my fathers; in it I read the following passage: "The author of the '*Ahavath Zion*'—('Love for Zion') saw in one of the Damascus synagogues an extremely beautiful MS. of the Pentateuch, written A.M. 4749, [A.D. 799]. Also a very gorgeous and very ancient MS. of the whole Bible, which had beautiful illustrations, and the representation of the Temple, the representation of the walls which surrounded Jerusalem, the representation of the Tabernacle, its altars,

painted and gilded sentences in Hebrew, from the Law, the Prophets, or the Talmud, meet everywhere the eye—in short, for the warm climate of Damascus, I can conceive nothing more apt and more gorgeous than such a house, and yet the exterior has a miserable mud wall. The reasons for this affected display of poverty are quite evident, for when the Pacha goes his ride through the city, he casts a taxgatherer's eye upon houses of good appearance, and inquires the names and stations of owners, such inquiries being rarely out of mere curiosity, but commonly producing a visit from the collector with increased demands."

and its furniture—gold as well as brass—and many more such illustrations; beautifully illuminated with golden figures. This was written A.M. 4341 [A.D. 581].” Soon after I arrived here, I began to make inquiries about the latter, but one and all, though residents of the place for a long time, knew not a syllable about that MS. They moreover declared that I was duped by an old Hebrew writer, and some ventured even to sneer at my Jewish credulity. I felt greatly disappointed, for I am rather weak on that point. I am extremely enthusiastic about old MSS., and anticipated a luxurious treat in examining the one I read about. I, of course, despaired ever seeing it since it was decided that it was a nonentity.

Whilst walking through the streets, I accidentally entered into conversation with a venerable Rabbi; we became very friendly together, and he complimented me that my Hebrew style equalled David’s and Isaiah’s. “You seem to be very zealous for the Hebrew language; follow me, and you shall see something in Hebrew, the like of which you never saw before.” I thanked him, and followed him very closely. He led me through many a narrow and filthy street, and at last knocked at a little insignificant door; a voice was heard, saying: “*Man hoo?*”—“Who is there?” The Rabbi replied, the door was opened, and I followed my venerable guide into a spacious square, paved with white marble, having a fountain in the centre, which sent up its heavy showers, which fell back on the marble bed with a splash and coolness peculiarly refreshing, and sparkled in the sun as glittering gems. The fountain was surrounded with divers trees—orange, lemon, apricot, fig—and the walls were decked with a hundred richly-hued and richly-scented plants. There were magnificent apartments on each side, and over the doors were inscribed pithy little

verses in Hebrew, conveying a sort of invitation and welcome to all those who understood their purport.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה בְּבוֹאֶיךָ
וּבְרִוּךְ אַתָּה בְּצֵאתֶיךָ:

“Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and blessed shalt thou be, when thou goest out,” was the beginning; but the invitation ended with several verses of original composition, with which I will not burden you at present. The major-domo came out to welcome me, and his interesting family surrounded me with smiling countenances, as if recognising an old friend. After a few words, the Rabbi said once more, “Follow me.” He brought me into a nice library, opened a cupboard, from which he took out an antiquated and elaborately worked wooden box, which he opened, and produced a large silver box, fantastically chased, out of which he took a beautifully worked silk wrapper, which he unfolded, and out came that gorgeous, that unrivalled, that truly unique triumph of penmanship. I snatched it and kissed it a dozen times, whilst the crowd of Jews, who by this time assembled, felt themselves greatly scandalized, for they themselves are only allowed to look at it once a year, that is on the feast *שמחת תורה* (*Simchath Tourah*), “the Joy of the Law,” which takes place at the termination of the Feast of Tabernacles. I obtained permission to turn it over, leaf by leaf, and each page disclosed new masterpieces in the way of design in the marginal notes, and some of the illuminations I found therein were really astonishing. So graphic, so well finished, so striking, that I could not help speaking out aloud: “What will not Jewish skill accomplish!” I have seen almost all the MSS. in the various national libraries of Europe, but this one

deserves the palm for beauty and execution. I kissed it several times after I finished examining it, and reluctantly returned it to be restored to its shrine. After which we had a long and pleasant conversation about the Jews of Damascus; of the character of their oppressor; the great sufferings they were subjected to in the year 1840, in consequence of Romish Christian enmity and avarice. One Jew said "Christians are an ungrateful set of men! Who were the people who took the part of the Christians, and who occupied the post of danger when Mohammed's successors laid siege to Damascus? The Jews.* Who were the people who kept the Moslem army at a distance, and thus preserved Damascus to the Christians for a few days longer? The Jews.† And this is the gratitude we received at their hands. Alas, cruel persecution!" "But these Christians are ignorant," was a reply of another. After partaking of coffee, and smoking a couple of pipes, I left my newly-acquired friends with a considerable degree of unwillingness. I have visited the synagogues, and also the various schools. Was introduced to the celebrated family of Farhi, the patriarch of which was a great sufferer in the great persecution of 1840. He lives in great style; his mansion is splendid and grand. All the members of his family are so affable and amiable, that I felt quite at home

* "Great was the consternation of the inhabitants, yet they set to work with desperate activity, to prepare for the coming storm. The fugitives had reinforced the garrison with several thousand effective men; new fortifications were hastily erected. The walls were lined with engines to discharge stones and darts, which were managed by Jews skilled in their use."—*Washington Irving*.

† "The battle continued with great fury; but such showers of stones, and darts, and other missiles were discharged by the Jews from the engines on the walls, that the besiegers were kept at a distance."—*Ibid*.

with every one of them. They had a grateful recollection of Mr. Pieritz,* their able advocate of that melancholy year; and when I told them that he was a personal friend of mine, they made several kind inquiries "after his peace," and begged that when I should see him, to remember them gratefully to him. They complained bitterly of the oppression which they experience, both from Christians and Mohammedans; both being guilty of the great crime of ingratitude. One aged Jew, narrated to me how a relation of his fared for endeavouring to benefit the inhabitants of Damascus.

In 1820, Malhem Hahim filled the post of Minister of Finance to the Governor of Damascus. His talents, united with high integrity, soon placed him in the entire confidence of the Pacha. During nearly twenty years he availed himself of his favour, and not only ameliorated the condition of Israelites who inhabited the pachalics of Damascus and St. Jean d'Acre, but also supported the rights of the unfortunate,* encouraged commerce, and indefatigably attended to the prosperity of the country. He introduced regularity and strict economy in the public expenditure. He alone, among all the functionaries, had the courage to tell the truth to the Pacha, and opposed all unnecessary expenses and unjust imposts. In vain his friends counselled him to relax the rigidity of his principles, to suit the caprices of the Pacha. Malhem Hahim always replied, that, faithful to his duty, he ought to risk everything honestly to serve his country, and that to yield to fear would be cowardice unworthy of a public func-

* Once a Missionary of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, now of the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

tionary. His virtue proved fatal to him; for Abdallah Pacha, wearied with the prudent counsel and wise economy of his minister, and not daring to dismiss him, from apprehension of causing general discontent, caused him to be assassinated at night, and had his body secretly thrown into the sea. The mysterious death of the upright Hebrew minister spread consternation throughout the country. The national funds were profligately squandered by the prodigality of the Pacha's courtiers. Abdallah did not long survive his odious crime. Mehemet Ali took possession of his pachalic, and made him atone, with the approval of all, for the guilt of having sacrificed a faithful servant and a loyal minister.*

* I find the same circumstance related in "*Les Matinées du Samedi.*" The following will be read by all philanthropists with great interest. It appeared in "*The Jewish Chronicle*" of the 12th of last July :

Sir,

Inclosed I beg to hand you the translation of a document which I have received in a letter from a highly respectable gentleman at Damascus.

Should you deem it of sufficient importance to insert it in your columns, I doubt not it will be read with interest and gratification, not merely by my co-religionists, but by thousands who, recollecting the severe persecutions to which the Jews have been subjected in the East, and particularly in Damascus not many years since, will recognise in it evidence of a desire on the part of the Sultan not only to guard them for the future from the effects of prejudice and intolerance, but to secure for them that consideration to which, in common with others, of whatever creed, they are justly entitled.

My correspondent, whose letter is dated the 28th of May, states, that Osman Bey, on his arrival there at the beginning of the month, after producing the Sultan's order for the remodelling of the Council

I returned to the Hôtel de l'Europe in the evening, and was glad to be summoned to the *table-d'hôte*. At dinner

(which formerly had consisted of Moslems exclusively, to the number of twelve), proceeded to constitute five Moslems members of the Council, and addressed the note in question to the chief Rabbi, as well as similar notes to the local heads of the Catholic and Greek Churches, desiring each of them to furnish a member from their co-religionists, to occupy a seat in the new Divan. He further informs me that the choice of the Jewish community had fallen upon a venerated and respected man, Mr. Meir Solomon Farhi, who had been a severe sufferer from the calumny and persecutions connected with the lamentable affair of 1840.

I have troubled you with this brief summary of the contents of my correspondent's letter, so far as it relates narratively to the subject of Osman Bey's note; as in the event of your publishing that note, it is a material point that you should be furnished with the authentic relative information, of which you may perhaps also see fit to make use.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

MOSES MONTEFIORE.

Grosvenor Gate, Park Lane, July 5.

*" Translation of a note addressed to the chief Rabbi at Damascus by
Osman Bey, President of the Municipal Council.*

" In obedience to His Majesty's pleasure relative to the reorganization of the Municipal Councils in sundry important provinces of the Ottoman Empire, several respectable members have already been elected, with the view to the constitution of the Council of Damascus. It is, however, necessary that other members be also elected from the Christian and Israelite communities by the votes of the higher classes of their co-religionists respectively.

" The chief Rabbi is hereby accordingly invited to summon the leading members of his community, and, with their aid and concurrence, to elect some person of talent and integrity, and depute him to attend the Council to-morrow, for the confirmation of his appoint-

I related my adventures in the presence of my fellow-pilgrims, who did not accompany me the first day, and by some means, even my friend W. remained behind, and therefore saw nothing; and a few other gentlemen, among whom was a very intelligent individual—a Mr. Brooke, of Norton Priory, Cheshire—whom I had the pleasure of first meeting at Beyrout. Messrs. W. and B. asked whether they might be permitted to inspect the extraordinary MS. “which turned up after all” the sneers and jeers which they bestowed upon me for my Jewish credulity. I told them the sanctity in which it was held, and that the Jews themselves were only allowed to see it once in the year. This explanation only made them long the more for a sight. I promised therefore to try again, for which my friends were very much obliged to me. Accordingly, the following morning we set out very early in search of the Jewish Rabbi, the *cicerone* of the preceding day; I found him examining a large school of cross-legged sitting boys. I communicated to that Master in Israel the desire of my friends to see that unique MS. He observed, “Your eyes beheld the smoke which ascended from the nostrils of some of the Jews, for allowing you to see it, how much more will their anger kindle against me, if I make that holy and precious thing so common, as to exhibit it two days, one after

ment as a member of that body, when he will be required to produce a declaration in attestation of his election under the seals of the said chief Rabbi and of his other constituents.

“It is therefore notified that you should forthwith proceed to such election, and instruct the person who may be elected to present himself at the Council to-morrow.

(Signed)

“OSMAN BEY,

“President of the Council.

“7 Rajiab, 1266.”

another; and that to a mixed multitude of Gentiles and strangers?" To which I replied, in kind: "Have not your ears listened to the complaints of your brethren against the ingratitude of the Roman Christians? how they related what they have done for Christians? and how the Christians requited the kind aid—which the Hebrews of Damascus afforded them in the day of trouble, and in the time of calamity—with unkindness and cruelty? and will you now act the same ungrateful being to these Englishmen? Who were the people, in 1840, who held large assemblies, and called upon their monarch to interfere with the powers of Damascus in favour of the calumniated Jews? The English Christians. Who were the people who deputed one of their zealous missionaries to take his life in his hand, and go and plead in your behalf? The English Christians. I could recount to you a long roll of benefits which the English have showered upon the Jewish people whenever they had an opportunity. And will you act the same ungrateful beings which you despise and mourn over? Surely ingratitude is not the character of my race. Arise, therefore, and come with us—plead with the gainsaying Jews as I pleaded with you, and their tongues will cleave to the roof of their mouth, and their mouths will be stopped murmuring, and they will be glad that they are able to deal kindly by those who dealt kindly by them." My harangue had the desired effect. The Rabbi rose, and he and I walked ahead, and our Gentile friends said, according to prophecy, "Come, let us go with you." We went the same way, passed through the same avenues, and found ourselves in the same square. We encountered a few oppositionists, but the Rabbi repeated his and my speeches to the murmurers, and they changed their tone. The same

process was gone through in the library, and the looked-for object made its appearance. Messrs. Brooke and Woodcock—who are men of exquisite good taste—were lost in admiration. Mr. Brooke being an English officer, and I determined to impress upon the minds of our Jewish friends, the fact of that gentleman being one of Our Gracious Majesty's life-guards, the Rabbi thought he would puzzle the British soldier, by showing him, in the MS., a beautiful illumination of the *traditional* sevenfold wall which surrounded Jericho, which was of so labyrinthine a character, that he thought no Gentile could find his way into the city, even if the gates were thrown open. But the British officer, after a couple of failures, found his marauding finger in the heart of the city. "Verily," cried out the Rabbi, "English Christians are not like any other Gentiles!" Mr. B. was so enchanted with the MS. that he wished to purchase it; he said to me: "Will you ask the Rabbi whether five thousand piastres would pay for it?" I did so, but there ply was: "Not five hundred thousand—not five millions—not five hundred millions of piastres would pay for it! It is not to be sold for all the gold and silver in the world!" I took down the name of the donor, with which I was obliged to be satisfied. It was presented to the family by Rabbi Elisha, the son of Rabbi Abraham, the son of Rabbi Babnisty, the son of Rabbi Elisha, surnamed Karskas, A.M. 5143, [A.D. 1383.]* And after some

* Mr. Woodcock writes thus respecting the MS.: "There are the illuminated borders, and occasionally whole pages, occupied with a pattern in arabesque, containing one eminent sentence. These are most beautifully drawn in gold and colours, and the choice of patterns, or rather the invention of them, and combination of forms (rarely, if ever representing any *natural* object), certainly shows a very high style of skill. Mr. Owen Jones, even with the

conversation, we took a walk through the city, wondering at the mixed multitudes before us. I cannot afford time in this, for description.*

Alhambra for his theme, has not produced anything so original and rich. Knots and chains in complicated folds form a prominent feature in these designs; and I fancied I could trace in many of them a great likeness to the rich painted windows of the Byzantine style, which, about a century after, were so generally diffused throughout Europe. There is in one page an attempt to represent the vessels of the Jewish temple, but they are merely gilded outlines. A large part of the volume is adorned by a border of an ornamental pattern, formed by a commentary on the text, written in letters almost microscopic, more curious and difficult of execution than pleasing to the eye. The whole is written on vellum, and seems in excellent preservation."

A Damascus correspondent of mine promised to procure for me correct facsimiles of all the illuminations of that magnificent MS., but he has not made his promise good as yet.

* To gratify some of my readers who are particularly anxious for descriptions, I make the following quotation from Mr. Woodcock, who was always at my elbow,* and to whom I left this part of the work. "Truly, the characters and costumes which met the eye were such as few cities in the world can show for variety. The coarse, sensual Turk, in his gay jacket lined with fur, his waistcoat embroidered with gold, his rich shawl girdle, his full white breeches, scarlet or yellow slippers, and high turban or red skull-cap; the swaggering Greek, in less gay colours than the Turk, but with stiff embroidered greaves and longer tasselled cap; the tall, severe, haughty-looking Bedouin, his naked limbs scarcely concealed by the striped white and brown blanket, which hangs over his kingly form from the very top of his head, glowering upon the passer-by from his brown face, with eyes bright and fierce as those of a panther; the merchant of Aleppo, with pointed cap, furs and flowing robes; the Persian, with high, black, lambskin head-dress, dark and richest silken garments, and soft, effeminate countenance; the black Nubian or Ethiopian, gaily decked with gold and finery, and often with delicately-formed, regular features; the Greek priest, in his

Early this morning, my friends and myself took an hour's ride, north of Damascus ; we crossed a beautiful stream, supposed to be the ancient Abana, one of those rivers of Damascus whose superiority to the waters of Israel, Naaman the Syrian, whilst yet a leper, so haughtily asserted, when the Prophet Elisha bid him to wash seven times in the River Jordan. After looking at the tomb of Mr. Ramsey, Lord Lindsay's amiable companion during his Lordship's travels, we proceeded to Guber, or Juber. There is a synagogue at that small place, which is considered the most ancient in the world ; and, moreover, Hebrew writers affirm that it is built over the cave of Elijah. I suppose they must mean over one of his caves, as well as on the spot where Jehu and Hazael were anointed to be kings over Israel. Guber being only about an hour's ride from Damascus, the Jews therefore prefer residing in the largest of the two ; the former place, as a matter of course, has but a scanty Jewish congregation. I found two Jews only in the synagogue. I asked for the

flowing black robe and round-topped cap ; the Latin monk, in the brown, coarse habit of his order ; the soldier of the Porte, in an anomalous regimental of rough blue cloth and scarlet facings, fitting closely to the body, coarse and dirty ; the stately yet bending Jew, here turbaned and habited almost like the Moslem, but with less gay colours, his beard flowing over his chest, and his black, meaning eyes glancing carefully around ; the Dervish, with his odd, conical-topped, white hat, without a brim ; the European, half attempting to adopt (from choice or necessity) the Oriental dress and fashion ; and lastly, the disgusting Santon, or holy man, whose sanctity consists in being excessively dirty, and with no other garment than dirt to conceal his naked body ; all these, and more, pass in an ever-changing panorama before the eye, and furnish plenteous food for amusement and curiosity."

Hebrew MS.—I knew of the existence of one in that synagogue, from which Bishop Alexander, in 1843, preached the Gospel to the Jewish Rabbi there. The volume was soon shown me. It is by no means so fine a masterpiece as the Damascus one, but it is certainly much older. A most awful anathema is written on the cover, against any one selling or stealing it. My object was to do neither, but I took occasion to point out, even to the two Jews, Him of whom that MS. spoke, and to which I first of all attended. I left a couple of New Testaments in the synagogue. I descended into the famous crypt, or cave, and amused myself for about a quarter of an hour reading the various autographs I found there, also the autograph of the late lamented Bishop of Jerusalem. Having then seen all I wished at Juber, I returned to Damascus about ten o'clock, A.M. I went again to the Jewish quarter, and visited as many more of my brethren as I conveniently could, amongst whom was the principal Jew. He, as well as his whole family, were exceedingly kind. He read the New Testament at Bagdad, and was well informed.

I regret that I am obliged to close this epistle, as I have many things to say about this city, but your Lordship may perhaps see some of my other letters to some of my friends in Ireland.

I am, my Lord,

Yours, &c., &c.

LETTER XXIV.

TO LADY MARY LINDSAY, GLASNEVIN HOUSE.

Damascus, April, 1848.

My dear Lady Mary,

I promised to write to you from this beautiful place, and of course do it I will; I only wish that I had more time for doing it.

Amongst the many beauties Damascus is proud of, is one of which she has abundant reason to be so; viz., the beauty of her fair sex. I own this species of Elsham's charms would entirely have escaped my observation, had not my attention been called to it by one of my companions. In our rounds in the Jewish quarter, Mr. Woodcock was very anxious to see the beautiful Esther, of whom Mrs. Romer speaks in such raptures. We succeeded in getting thither. We found her sitting, or rather lounging gracefully on a divan, smoking a richly-ornamented nargella, and tending an infant boy. The group was intensely picturesque, but Esther's beauty was materially impaired by Time's ruthless hand, as well as by corroding care; and Mr. W. felt disappointed. I did not care, for my mind was in quest of other discoveries. However, whilst continuing our researches in that quarter, I observed a splendid mansion open, and I entered thither. It was the house of a Rabbi Judah, a Polish settler. The men were from home, and the women were busily engaged preparing for the Feast of the Passover, which was very nigh at hand. The mother of this Israelitish family was extremely courteous and welcomed us at once, ordered

coffee and pipes for us, and conversed very freely on different subjects. Strange to say, I happened to know something of her family, and she of mine, and we became very intimate. She learned that I was a Christian, and she lamented the curse which I inflicted on my family; and I grieved to tell her that she was in fatal error, and, *nolens volens*, a spirited discussion was entered upon. According to the estimate formed by my antagonist's daughter-in-law, I had to deal with the most learned woman of Damascus. Mrs. Rabbi Judah took the part of the Talmud "through thick and thin," as the saying is. When I had occasion to say to her: "You need not stand up and defend the Rabbies; they have dictated a very unpolite prayer, to be offered by men, which reflects anything but credit upon them, and honour upon you, viz.,

בְּרִיךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם שְׁלֹא עָשִׂנִי אִשָּׁה:

"Blessed art Thou, O Lord, our God, King of the universe, that Thou hast not created me a woman." To which my opponent replied: "The Rabbies were assuredly right; we poor women are but like donkeys, and so is every woman in the world; a poor, helpless creature, unfit for anything." Her boy, a sharp young fellow, returned just then from school, said to his mother, in a most unfilial tone: "Then why do you oppose him? he is also a man, and therefore infinitely superior to you in intellect as well as in anything else. I perfectly agree with you, mother, and you are therefore unfit to reason on any subject." Upon which I gave the boy a severe lecture on his violating the Fifth Commandment; but this did not stop his audacious tongue. A great number of

Jewesses assembled together, and whilst I was quietly giving an exposition of my views, a daughter of Israel would now and then assail me, but this little fellow would interpose, and say: "Now, thou art a woman, bear that in mind;" which had the effect of keeping them silent. Whilst I was engaged in this work, my friend W. was scanning the lovely faces of my combatants, and he, as soon as he got an opportunity, whispered in my ear: "These are pretty woman, and no mistake. Look at that charming creature," pointing to a beautiful girl sitting on a divan, amongst some gay and gaudy clothing, which she put in some order. She was beautiful. My attention was then directed towards that lovely maid, and I asked—do not be shocked at what I am going to say, it is a matter-of-course question amongst the Jews in the East—I asked Hannah when she was going to be married. She blushed, and looked lovelier than ever, and said: "In about three months." The following is Mr. Woodcock's account of this, his visit, when he returned to the hotel in the evening, for his mind was full of it:

"When my friend Mr. Margoliouth and myself entered the room, the female part of the family were busily engaged in preparing for the Passover, and the beautiful Hannah sat, not ungracefully, among a heap of gay clothing, with which she was in some way occupied with a needle. Her mother and aunt rose and courteously received us, apologizing greatly for the disorderly state of the house. Jewesses from the adjacent houses were added to those of that household, and Mr. M. engaged them in controversy; but Hannah continued, and every now and then glanced curiously at us from her large black eyes, till the conversation turning to family matters, she was referred to. Now it happened that there stood

in a corner of this lofty room, a curious pair of clogs or pattens, having high props under the toe and heel, and beautifully inlaid with mother-of-pearl. These, my friend espied, and with some curiosity, demanded their use. They were Hannah's holiday clogs, the mother said, and on great days of rejoicing, when she is followed by a long train to her dress, she wore them; would we like to see her put them on? Of course we would, if it were not too much trouble. The damsel blushed a good deal, but rose and equipped her pretty, small feet in these queer-looking things, which certainly seemed monstrously out of character. But the worst was yet to come. My friend was too well pleased with this odd part of Jewish costume not to desire to have a picture of it. If I would be so kind, I was to sketch the blushing and yet laughing Hannah. I am neither a Reynolds nor a Grant, and so I said, and made all sorts of excuses; my pencil-point was broken; I had only a small sketch-book with me; I had—it was of no use. There was a brief pause in the conversation; the fair Jewess changed her position repeatedly, and I made violent use of Indian-rubber. 'Tis not a good likeness,' said Mr. M. 'Didn't I tell you?' answered I. The ladies examined it, and shook their heads ambiguously. There was but one way to regain their good opinion, and that was to utter a compliment. I tried. 'Tell the fair Hannah,' said I, to Mr. M., 'that were I the best of painters, I could not approach the beauty of the original.' 'That will do very well; your compliment is better than your picture.' **

It appears that Damascus has always been celebrated for her fair sex. One of the Arabian poets said: "*Mu bein*

* See also Mr. Woodcock's "Scripture Lands."

Jabiha wa bab Breedha kamaron yagheeb walef badron yatt lahoo,"—"Between Jabieh (one part of the town) and the gate Breedha (the opposite part of the town), one moon sets and a thousand full moons rise." The moon being the most favoured emblem of beauty.

I send you herewith Mr. W's sketch, but it is a malicious libel upon the fair creature for whom it was intended.

I am, my dear Lady Mary,

Yours, &c., &c.

LETTER XXV.

TO DR. AUGUST NEANDER, BERLIN.

Safet, April, 1848.

My dear Dr. Neander,

This being one of the cities which our brethren deem holy, I do not think you will be displeased with an epistle from hence. I need not tell you the reason why our people consider it holy, and the privileges they fancy they will be entitled to by being buried here. I do not intend to analyze the merits of those opinions, but I do most sincerely mourn over their present abject condition. I have obtained a copy of a Hebrew petition, which lies now for signature in the different synagogues of Safet and Tiberias. The petition is soon to be forwarded to the Queen of Great Britain, imploring Her Most Gracious Majesty to appoint a Consul for Safet, who would be the means of protecting them against their relentless persecutors and

oppressors. The petition is very curiously worded, but it affords a graphic, though melancholy state of the poor Jews here. I transcribe for you the copy I got. You will observe that the person upon whom they fixed as their Consul is none other than Mr. James Cohen, the Missionary of the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews. It already contains upwards of three hundred suppliants.

As a specimen of Hebrew penmanship, it is the finest I have ever seen, and very peculiar in its diction. I dare say our beloved Queen is acquainted with some of the peculiar Arabic-Hebrew idioms.*

“To our most excellently glorious, truly beloved, dear and precious, even Victoria, by the grace of the Lord of hosts, Queen of England, Scotland, and Ireland. She is more precious than rubies; she is the darling of all Sovereigns. She is the lily of the valley. She is famous to the uttermost parts of the earth, and to the most distant ears. She is an infinitely precious pearl. She is altogether beautiful, and there is no blemish in her. Strength and glory are her garments. She openeth her mouth with wisdom. The children of men collect together, gather up, embrace and kiss the dust of her feet. Her fear and terror are upon all the dwellers of the earth. She is highest of all the Monarchs of this globe. She practises mercy, judgment and justice towards all the inhabitants and great ones of the universe. All the nobles and senators,

* If not, the accompanying translation will facilitate Her Majesty's reading of the original, which must long since have been forwarded to our Queen. The author is in possession of a copy of the original, and would be glad to show it to any one interested in such curiosities of Hebrew literature.

as soon as they hear her extremely wide-spread fame, attend to her high behests. May the throne of her kingdom be established for ever and ever, so that her children may sit as kings to the end of the world, and may their eyes behold each other with joy and gladness, and may their enemies be clothed with shame and confusion, and lick the dust of their feet, Amen. May it thus please God.

“ Israel, the people of God, prepare a supplication to the excellent honour of the beauty and praise of her magnificence, who implore to be holpen from the throne of Her Majesty’s kingdom. For the enemies of the petitioners prolong their yoke simply because the petitioners adore and worship the name of the Lord God. May He that dwelleth in the heavens deliver us, and all those who take refuge under His wings, speedily and in haste, Amen.

“ We, the undersigned, have herein, by the most solemn asseveration, that by reason of our great distresses and great troubles, we solicited the excellent James Cohen (Missionary to the Jews at Safet), of London—may that city continue till the days of Elijah—to stand by our right hand and to speak and solicit in our behalf the countenance of Her Most Gracious Majesty for help and support ; that she may assist and uphold us. It is well known that we, the sacred congregations of Israel, who reside in the holy cities of Safet and Tiberias—may those cities be rebuilt—writhe under the most intolerable yoke. The Moslems eat our very flesh, and, as a recompense, mock us and laugh us to scorn. Little ones and servants exercise dominion over us ; they robbed us of our cattle and substance. For since we sinned before the Lord our God and the God of our fathers, our crown was removed from our heads ; and now, O Most Gracious Queen, let our prayer

come up before your Majesty, and let not your Majesty hide your face from our supplication ; for we are not so obtuse and stiff-necked as to forget the vast measure of your Majesty's goodness which you have shown towards our brethren, the children of Israel, of Damascus and of several other places, to deliver them out of the hands of their enemies, and commanded the Princes and governors to protect the poor nation of the Jews. And as your Most Gracious Majesty heard their cry, so we beseech you to hear and answer us also in mercy and good-will. And may the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in his good pleasure and infinite mercies, hear again your Majesty from His holy heavens, Amen. May this be the will of God. Let it be known then, that were our tongues even like the pens of ready writers, our mouths could not possibly narrate, nor could even the most distinguished artist depict in the proper colours the extent of our troubles and the bitter captivity which we endure. But we hope that the bearer of this, Mr. James Cohen, will relate orally to your Gracious Majesty, and the words spoke from the fulness of his heart, will assuredly penetrate your heart. This excellent man has been residing amongst us in these holy places for some time, and his eyes beheld the extent of our sorrows by reason of the oppressive and intolerable captivity which we endure. Our enemies continually wreak vengeance upon us. They malign us with malicious malignity ; they calumniate us with foul calumny ; they bear false witness against us ; they devour everything we possess, and yet are so impudent as to say : ' We have not devoured your property, but give us more ; ' they plague us with strange accusations before their great men ; they beat us publicly, and none say to them : ' What do ye ? ' they rob our houses, and there is no deliverer ; they borrow

from us and do not repay ; they take away their pledges and afterwards deny their having done so. They compel us to give them bribes, in order to fill their purses ; they take away the furniture of our houses, in order to furnish their houses. Yet all this does not satisfy them ; they must needs, moreover, issue against us evil and cruel decrees. Jehovah, from heaven above, who judgeth the people with uprightness, He knows the secrets of men's hearts ; for even their (the Moslem's) nobles, senators, rulers and judges care for nothing else but to fill their bellies and purses. They decree unrighteous decrees, to turn aside the needy from judgment and to take away the right from the poor people of the Lord, even the Jews, that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless. Both old and young make a noise, and say : ' Who are these Jews, that they should be allowed to live upon earth ? Let us take their silver, and let their substance be our spoil.' They robbed us over and over again, especially of later years, since the departure of Ibrahim Pacha ; since then we have not experienced, we have not even witnessed anything good, but iniquitous judgments and vile calumnies were our portions. We have also been abused, dealt with treacherously, and become lost in the eyes of the Nazarenes. Our hope is lost—God forbid—say they, and the wrathful anger of the Lord is upon us, and therefore there is none who would protect us or listen to our petition. But with the British Government it is just the contrary, they always practice mercy and righteousness, and pity the seed of Jacob, and shield them in their season of trouble. This, therefore, emboldens and encourages us to write and send our petition before the throne of Her Gracious Majesty. And through the excellent Mr. James Cohen, to supplicate the

forces of your Majesty's nobles, princes, and senators, to speak a good word for your Majesty's servants—who are obedient to your Majesty's mandates—to take us under the merciful shadows of your Majesty's wings, and to appoint Mr. James Cohen as your Majesty's Consul of Safet and Tiberias, to protect us and our children with your Majesty's upright protection. For he (Mr. C.) knoweth our language, and the language of the Gentiles amongst whom we sojourn. He knows us all, and is also known to us as a man who is able to bear our burdens, especially since no one helps us as he does. From the time that Consuls from your Most Gracious Majesty came into some places of this country, Israel—in those places—by reason of their protecting care, enjoy a comparative rest; especially by reason of the protection afforded by his Excellency Colonel Rose, and his Excellency Mr. Finn—may their praise be exalted. We hope, therefore, that your Most Gracious Majesty will show us this great kindness, and commission Mr. James Cohen to act in the capacity of a Consul. In these places, as already mentioned, there is not a single person who would protect us; and the above-named distinguished personages are several days' distance from us. We pray and beseech, therefore, your Most Gracious Majesty to have pity and compassion upon the people of God, according to the multitude of your Majesty's mercies. Oh, hear and answer us, and graciously and condescendingly have respect to our request, and exercise your mercies upon scattered Israel. And the Lord God will strengthen, from Heaven above, the glory of your Majesty's kingdom, Amen. Thus shall be the pleasure of the Lord."

A similar petition was sent by those Jews, a few weeks

ago, to the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, for the appointment of a physician.

I visited the synagogues of Safet with greater interest than I have done any other synagogues before. These are the synagogues of Galilee. And though the Jews call Safet holy, because of the many Rabbies who flourished here, and because some of the Prophets—as our brethren affirm—were interred here, still Christians may also accord that appellation to this city; for Jesus must often have preached here, as one of the cities of the province he was brought up in. I had many opportunities of much intercourse with the Jews. The poor Jews are awfully superstitious and credulous; if I were to tell you all they told me you would even laugh. I am almost sorry that I listened to them, for they now and then dispelled the solemn feeling which took possession of my soul, and which influence I enjoyed very much. The poor people pointed out to me, with great gravity, the place where our patriarch Abraham stood, when Rabbi Ari summoned him, about three hundred years ago, to complete a *Minyan*.* Also the site where Shem and Eber had their college, and a great many such wonderful lions. I found the poor Jews not averse to listen to the message of peace, when I addressed myself to their feelings. In the evening a very intelligent Jew came to my tent and pointed out the disastrous consequences of the last earthquake. In reply to which, I said, “What else can the Jews of these places expect? Behold yon Mount Tabor, the hill on which your Messiah was transfigured, and a voice from heaven proclaimed: ‘This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased;’ but our forefathers turned

* See vol. i. p. 29.

a deaf ear to the celestial mandate." And thus I pointed to all the places in this vicinity which are recorded in Gospel history. This mode of preaching has a wonderful effect upon a devout-minded Israelite. My visitor seemed very much affected, and said he thought sometimes that God must have some great cause of anger against Israel, since he allows them so long to be trampled upon and crushed by his own enemies. But the Lord Messiah will not tarry much longer, and then their final and effectual deliverance will take place. "Amen," was my heartfelt response.

Adieu, farewell,

Yours faithfully, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

TO THE REV. DR. HORLOCK, BOX.

Nablous, April, 1850.

My dear Sir,

I will give you but a brief account of my visit to Galilee and its principality, Nazareth, where I also spent yesterday's Sabbath-day. My companions and myself spent a day in each of the principal places in that province. Two of them are deemed holy, and possess and confer, in the Jewish mind, important privileges. We left the first of those sacred cities—Safet—the day before yesterday, on our way to the second—Tiberias. It was a beautiful day, and the fields through which we passed were covered with the richest and most gaily coloured annuals, bulbous plants, and shrubs, which covered the ground and rose luxuriantly, often higher than our stirrups. The masses of brilliant

colour, the yellow of marigolds, the scarlet of poppies and a magnificent adonis, the rose-pink of the linum, a straw-coloured scabious, yellow and white peas, graceful vetches of every shade of pink and lilac, and now and then tall clumps of wild, pink holy-oak, shooting up above the surface of that magnificent natural carpet, all this lavish outpouring of beauty seemed to us to usher in, by a path bestrewn with flowers, the entrance of those scenes so loved, and trodden, and hallowed by the Saviour.* I must not give you all the particulars—I must reserve some for letters to other friends.

We reached Tiberias about two o'clock, P.M. I strolled along the shore of the lake for about an hour gathering some shells, and reading those passages of Gospel history with which Tiberias stands associated. Our tents were pitched about a mile and a half to the south of the city, on the banks of the lake. As soon as this was done, I went into the city to learn something of the inhabitants. I found both synagogues filled with Jews. Some of the very aged ones were dressed in white, in their grave-clothes, waiting earnestly for the summons to their last account. All, young and old, were very intent upon the study of those traditions which make the Word of God of none effect. There was a young boy about thirteen years of age, and already a husband; his eyes were very sore, in consequence of incessant reading. He was advised to intermit his reading, as it might prove fatal to his sight. To which he replied: "It will be time to intermit reading when I am deprived of my sight, but as long as light is granted me, be it ever so faint, I will use it." On my return to my tent, I went to bathe in the bath built

* See also Mr. Woodcock's "Scripture Lands."

by Ibrahim Pacha over the hot springs, which represent the baths or station of Einmaus, whereof Josephus speaks. I felt so ill and debilitated after doing so, that I would never advise you, when you visit Tiberias, to imitate this deed of mine. I was obliged to lie down almost helpless.

Suddenly a great wind arose, and my tent shook terribly; if it were not for Mr. W.'s precaution, everything belonging to us would have been swept into the lake; and the Sea of Galilee itself, which was but a few moments before tranquil and serene was wrought into madness by the angry and violent breeze, and had a boat been sailing on it, she would assuredly have been dashed into pieces. So much for infidel Volney's criticism. The wind, however, after a few hours' rage, subsided; and I was favoured with a good night's rest. I felt refreshed the following morning, and was equal to prosecute my journey towards that absorbingly interesting place, Nazareth.

After passing the supposed place where the miracle of the loaves and fishes was performed, and of the supposed places of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, and the probable spot of Cana of Galilee; about three hours afterwards we came in sight of Nazareth. The first view of it is very beautiful, and to the Christian enchanting. We pitched our tents not far from "the Well of the Virgin," the liveliest spot in the whole of Nazareth, for the women and children must needs come there to draw water.*

* My friend Mr. Woodcock indulged in such a passage as this: "An additional charm was given to a scene lovely in itself; for truly those graceful women of Nazareth, with their gay and tasteful dress, the hanging sleeve, rich jacket, folding trowsers, and long head-dress

I will not trouble you with the reflections which filled my mind. You can easily imagine the feeling of a Christian on a Lord's-day, for the first time, in the place where the Saviour of the world tabernacled, after seeing all the apocryphal places which prolific imaginations have invented. Towards evening I proposed to my fellow-pilgrims to leave early this morning, and endeavour to ride very fast the whole day and part of this night, in order to arrive at Jerusalem by to-morrow, as there is a probability

descending with their hair down their back, when added to the stately even gait, needful to keep the pitcher upright on the head, composed the most lovely groups I had seen in Palestine. The exquisite symmetry and beauty of the upraised arm of many of these dark-eyed damsels (the finger just steadying the balanced water-jar with a touch), and of the little firm-set foot, often without a slipper, were not confined to one or two, but seemed extended to them all; and in these features they were fit models for a sculptor."

When my friend had occasion to speak of the maids of Jezreel, he gave vent to expressions which may not be at all palatable to his countrywomen. "Several girls stood around the well's mouth with their pitchers; and I noticed again the extreme beauty of their form, and the delicate symmetry of their hands, arms and feet, unconstrained as they were by the mischievous notions of European fashions, or the wretched incarcerations of stays and light shoes. Dark indeed they were, these daughters of Jezreel; their head-dress and their dowry a string of coins bound across their sunburnt forehead; their clothing poor and scanty; but with all this, their black and flashing eyes, their noble features, their free and graceful unconstrained dress, compelled me to admit that, at least, they more resembled her whom God created first of women, than all that European care and fashion could produce. No tapering, pinched wax-like waist was here—no cramped or Cinderella-slippered foot, but the woman stands the noble and splendid creature that the Almighty formed her, and her free foot-fall and unfettered form tell us something of that which no European Saloom can do—how heaven-formed Eve looked in Paradise."—*Scripture Lands, by the Rev. W. J. Woodcock.*

of the Protestant Church being consecrated on the day after to-morrow. My humble proposition was unanimously rejected. My friends did not come to Palestine with the express purpose of killing themselves. I then begged to submit to their kind consideration the expediency of allowing me the companionship of young Saloom, and I would proceed by myself. It was objected to, on the ground that I should be sure to be murdered. However, after a great deal of argument, my friends decided that it was a determined case of suicide on my part, and that they therefore might conscientiously allow me to commit that rash act. I promised Saloom a *baksheesh* of one hundred piastres, and we set out this morning at five o'clock. "Saloom," I said, "I hope you are courageous, and not fearful of any one." He seemed quite affronted that such a suspicion should find a place in my mind. As long as we were in sight of Nazareth, Saloom was all right; but no sooner did we lose our view of that place, than the poor fellow began to look all timidity and nervousness. I could not ride fast at first, for the roads were, all along, precipitous mountains. I was obliged, therefore, to put up with my timorous companion's misgivings; but as soon as I reached the beautiful and extensive level plain of Esdrelon, I set off at full speed towards Jenin. But Saloom remained behind. "What is the matter with you?" I asked. "I am afraid," was his answer. "Afraid of what?" "Of Bedouins." "Where are they?" "This is a dreadful neighbourhood for robbers and murderers. I will go back to Nazareth." It was not till I threatened, in most decided terms, to turn Bedouin upon him, that he made up his mind to go on.

My not carrying fire-arms was an incessant burden of complaint to him, which he apprehended would be the

cause of numberless catastrophes. However, at about ten o'clock, we were close to Jenin—half way between Nazareth and this—safe and sound. I was hungry, I said therefore to my nervous companion: "Let us go into a khan, and get some coffee and milk." "Where? at Jenin? No, if you give me a camel, loaded with piastres, I will not go into that place—that city of destruction—that nursery of spoilers and robbers. There is not a single Christian in it—all Mussulmen." "Well then, you remain where you are, and I shall go by myself." "I shall go back to Nazareth." "Go then, you cowardly fellow." I was obliged, therefore, to enter Jenin by myself. I was soon escorted to the khan, where I asked for coffee and milk. A sort of divan was immediately prepared for me, and I stretched myself, and lounged for about half an hour. A vast concourse of all sorts of people came to stare at me; the women carefully examined my broad-brimmed white hat, admired its tassels, and asked for them. When I offered to change with one for a string of gold coins, which formed her head-dress, over her eyes, they gave up asking for anything from me. I asked for permission to examine those curious head-dresses, and, after a few coquetish grimaces, the pleasure was granted. I counted the gold pieces, and they amounted to no less than one thousand. I am of opinion that this head-dress illustrates the following difficult passage:

וְלִשְׂרָה אָמַר הִנֵּה נָתַתִּי אֵלֶיךָ כֶּסֶף לְאַחִיד הִנֵּה הוּא לְךָ כִּסּוּת
 עֵינַיִם לְכֹל אֲשֶׁר אֶתֶד וְאֵת כָּל וְנִבְחָת: *

which I take the liberty of translating as follows: "And unto Sarah he said: behold I have given thy brother a thousand pieces of silver, behold it is for thee as a cover-

* Gen. xx. 16.

ing over the eyes [the ornament of stringed coins is worn over the eyes], as well as for all thine own purposes, &c." This translation removes the difficulty which commentators have discovered in the above passage. Having spent a whole hour at Jenin, hearing all sorts of stories about the great Bonaparte, in connexion with his siege at that place, &c.; I bade the people of En-gannim salaam, and went in search of Saloom.

My companion was better than his word; he did not return to Nazareth; in fact, he was afraid to turn hither or thither. He endeavoured to keep out of the road as much as possible. He seemed astonished and pleased to see me all right before him. I could not help speaking angrily to him, and said sternly: "Come along, you brave Christian: let us depart hence." "I shall now be very courageous," he said, "I need fear nothing as long as I am with you." It was not long after that heroic speech, that a tall, athletic Arab appeared in sight. Saloom said: "I tremble and fear for that great robber; I am sure he is a robber." "Where is your courage, you stupid fellow?" "But you have neither gun, pistol, sword or lance; did ever European travel in such a manner as you do?" We neared the Arab, and I observed that he carried a large basket very carefully. When we came close to him, he accosted me, asking whether I wanted any eggs; I answered in the negative. "I want to sell these eggs." "Go, then, look for one who wants such things." "Buy these eggs!" the fellow seized the bridle of my horse, and would not let me go. Poor Saloom turned as pale as death. "Are your eggs new?" I asked. "Quite new, they were all laid two hours ago," replied the lying Arab. "Then let me dismount, and count them. Saloom, get off your horse, and hold my bridle

whilst I dismount to count the eggs." Saloom was obliged to obey. I made the Arab sit down on a stone, and put his hands clasped on his knees, and made him bend a little backwards, so that I might count the eggs in his lap and upon his bosom. I covered him with eggs up to his very chin, so that the egg-seller could not move anywhere, the moment he would do so, all the eggs would go smash. I shouted then to Saloom—he was at some distance with both horses—"Now you sit down, and I will finish counting them upon you." I took the basket, and ran towards Saloom, and then jumped into the saddle, and left the Arab sitting and cursing our grandfathers' beards with the most vehement cordiality; but we galloped off, roaring with laughter, and Saloom declared that I must be a lineal descendant of the Witch of Endor; he also declared "that no one need be afraid of travelling with me, though all alone." Arabs, you see, make bulls similar to those of the Irish.

On we galloped till we came to Sebastia, where we halted, and I allowed my eyes to feast for some time on the noble columns there. From thence we proceeded direct to Nablous. I took up my quarters for a few hours in the house of a Christian, from which terrace I could see and hear all that was going on in the Jewish quarter, which is not very large here. As soon as I had rested a little, I proceeded to the Samaritan synagogue; and because I could read the Samaritan inscriptions fluently, the high priest insisted that I was a Samaritan, and that I was therefore entitled to a few privileges. I was permitted to see the real Pentateuch of antiquity; I was permitted, moreover, to compare my Hebrew pocket-Bible with it, so as to mark the *variæ lectiones* in my copy.*

* See Appendix.

Being the eve of the Feast of the Passover, I witnessed the sacrifice of the Paschal Lamb on Mount Gerizim. I then went into the Jewish quarter, and listened to the interesting prayers and hymns there. I observed a curious amulet in the Jewish synagogue, consisting of the whole Book of Canticles, fantastically written in such a manner as to delineate all the furniture of the Temple; around which is an invocation on the influence of God's thirty-three auspicious eyes against the thirty-three species of evil eyes.

I then went to my lodgings, and told Saloom to be ready to start at twelve o'clock, midnight, precisely, as I wanted to be at Jerusalem at twelve o'clock, mid-day, whilst I sat down to pen this to you.

12 o'clock. The poor Jews have just begun their lamentations over the destruction of Jerusalem. The melody is beautiful. It is sung in parts. I wish I had time to give you particulars, but the horses are ready, and I leave for Jerusalem,

“ Whither the tribes go up,
The tribes of the Lord,
Unto the testimony of Israel,
To give thanks unto the name of the Lord.
For there are set thrones of judgment,
The thrones of the house of David.
Pray for the peace of Jerusalem :
They shall prosper that love thee.
Peace be within thy walls,
And prosperity within thy palaces.
For my brethren and companions' sake,
I will now say ' Peace be within thee.'
Because of the house of the Lord our God,
I will seek thy good.”*

I am, my dear Dr. Horlock,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

TO MISS ASHTON, TRANMERE LODGE, TRANMERE.

Greenway Terrace, June, 1849.

My dear Miss Ashton,

I was so delighted with the sweet music, both instrumental and vocal, which I heard in your house, that I am induced to send you the accompanying piece of Hebrew music. I am anxious to hear it again. I was once thrilled into rapture, and felt completely ravished, when I listened to its plaintive notes for the first time; and I know no one in this neighbourhood, whose charming voice could bring that period back to my memory, than your lovely little sister, Mary Louisa. With what a sweet and powerful voice did her benign Creator endow her! And if her temper and disposition are equal to the charming character of her voice, I have no doubt she will oblige me, and learn the accompanying little piece, monotonous as it may sound to an ear accustomed to the best compositions of the best creative minds of civilized Europe. I am so exceedingly fond of the melancholy lays of my nation, that I shall consider your learning and singing it, for me, the next time I call, as a real *bond fide* favour.

I will just tell you its history, or rather the history of my first hearing it. Last year, when I visited Nablous, the principality of ancient Samaria, I was staying at the house of a Syrian Christian, which adjoined the Jewish quarter. From the terrace of the house I lived in, I could see and hear all that was going on in the Hebrew district.

I was obliged to leave that beautifully situated city at midnight; and when I was just on the point of descending the terrace of the house, where I was writing my "Evening Notes," and all around was quiet and serene, enjoying the repose of sleep, the following little verse first broke upon my ear :

עַל אֱלֹהִים וְעַל אֱלֹהִים אֲנִי בֹכֶה:

עֵינַי עֵינַי יִרְדּוּ מִיָּם:

עַל חֲרָבָן בֵּית הַמִּקְדָּשׁ:

כִּי הוֹרֵס וְכִי הוֹדֵשׁ:

אֶסְפֹּד בְּכָל שָׁנָה וְשָׁנָה:

מִסְפֹּד קֹדֶשׁ עַל הַקֹּדֶשׁ וְעַל הַמִּקְדָּשׁ:

" On account of these things and on account of those do I constantly weep.

My eyes, my eyes do flow with water.

Even for the destruction of our holy house,

Which was trampled upon and trodden down.

I will never cease to mourn, year by year,

A holy lamentation, on account of the holy thing, and on account of the sanctuary."

All the pious Jews get up at midnight, and sit down on the ground in mourners' attitude, and bewail the calamities which has befallen them, their country, their temple, and their religion. The music I send you was chanted by several venerable old men, whose voices, though somewhat tremulous, were yet clear and stentorian; the effect was therefore rapturous to my ears.

Andante.

Recitative

עַל אֵל לֵהָ עַל אֵל לֵהָ
Aal ail - leh we-aal ee - - - leh a -

עַל יָם מִרְדָּהּ יוֹ נִי עֵי נִי עֵי יְהוָה בּוֹ נִי
ni bo - chi yah ai - ni ai - ni yo rdah mâ - - yim aal

רַם הוּא כִּי דָשׁ מִקֵּה בֵּית בּוֹ חֹר
choor-ban baith ha mik dash Ki hoo ras - - - we

כִּי הָיוּ דָשׁ אֶסְפוּד בְּכֹל שָׁנָה וְשָׁנָה
 chi - - hoo - dash Es - poud be-chol shanah we-sha-nah

דָשׁ מִקֵּה עַל וְדָשׁ קֵה עַל דָשׁ קֵה
 mis-pad Ko-desh aal ha ko-desh we - aal ha - mik - dash.

I have written the Hebrew words backwards, as you are accustomed to open your books the wrong way, from left to right. I find this chant is also used in France, as it occurs in the "Chants Religieux des Israélites," used in the French synagogues. The above piece bears the name of "Élégie ancienne mélodie sur la destruction du Temple."

I am, my dear Miss Ashton,

Yours truly, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO MISS ELINOR ASHTON, TRANMERE LODGE.

Greenway Terrace, July, 1849.

My dear Miss Elinor,

The music which I sent last month to your sister has been so kindly received and so well managed, that I feel justified in sending you the second part of the same. The former piece, as I stated in my letter to your sister, Sarah Jane, was chanted by grey-bearded and grey-headed Israelites; the enclosed was chanted, as a sort of reply, by young men; rather quick, which gave to the melody an air of cheerfulness, which air well befits the words.

I must here take the opportunity of expressing my great admiration of the manner in which the first piece was performed. Your little sister's Hebrew pronunciation is lovely; her tongue was never intended for a Gentile head.* I should not at all wonder if I find out, some day or other, that you and yours are the offshoots of some twig of our Hebrew aristocracy. I defy any Jewess in the

* One of the Jewish Rabbies heard those Hebrew hymns chanted by Miss M. L. Ashton; he felt so affected by the melancholy sweetness of the little songstress' notes, that he could not restrain tears. He said that she was the first English Jewess that he heard pronounce Hebrew so beautifully and correctly. When I told him that she was no Jewess, he would not believe me for some time; and when I pointed to her father and mother, he said: "Depend upon it, she belongs to a Jewish origin. Such Hebrew organs were never put into a Gentile's head." According to a recent discovery, in the ancient pedigree of one branch of the family, the Rabbi may be right after all.

whole of this united kingdom to pronounce the Hebrew better than does little Mary Louisa.

The words belonging to the accompanying music are the following :

תְּרַחֵם צִיּוֹן בְּאִשֶּׁר אָמַרְתָּ
וּתְכַוְנֶנָּה בְּאִשֶּׁר דִּבַּרְתָּ :
תַּמְהִיר יְשׁוּעָה וְתַחֲלֵשׁ נְאֻלָּה :
וְתָשׁוּב לִירוּשָׁלַיִם בְּרַחֲמִים רַבִּים :

“Thou wilt have mercy upon Zion, as Thou hast said,
And wilt establish her, as Thou hast declared.
Thou wilt hasten salvation, and speed redemption,
And wilt return to Jerusalem with abundance of mercy.”

As I expect, ere long, to receive a model of Jerusalem as it is, and as the same chants are sung at the Jewish place of wailing, in the Holy City ; we shall thus have opportunities to form a more complete idea of the present melancholy condition of the city, and how aptly applicable are the midnight lamentations, as well as the plaintive elegies, which the once chosen, but now degraded people of Israel, pour forth at their houses, their synagogues, and at the site of their temple. The following bears the name in the French synagogue collection, “*Consolation et espérance pour le rétablissement.*” .

A PILGRIMAGE TO

Allegretto.

p

מֵרָאָה שָׁרָא פִּי יוֹן צִי חַיִּים תֵּרֶ
T'ra-chaim Zi - yon, Ka - a - sher a - mar -

f

מֵתָ : תֵּת בְּרֵךְ שָׁרָא פִּי הָ נֶנֶה תְּכוּנוֹ : תֵּת
ta : U - thcho-ne neh - ha Ka - a - sher dib-bar - ta : Te ma -

f

וְ : לָהּ אֵין חַיִּישׁ תֵּת : עֵדָה שׁוּי הָרַ
hair Ye - shu - aah : We - tha - chish g' - oo - lah : We



The Jews sing many more hymns to the same effect, besides those verses I send you, and those sent to your sister. I know not whether such gloomy things will prove acceptable to a young lady, whose eyes look forward through a vista of bright prospects. Probably not. Well, if so, put the following in your archives of rejected letters. Far be it from me to cast a melancholy thought into a happy and contented mind: yet I know not why the following should mar any one's happiness; it speaks of judgment, but also of mercy. Here, then, is the original of another *Ch'tzouth* hymn,* with a translation in verse:

1.

קול ברמה נשמע ביללה
 קול נהי מציון המהללה
 קול ברמה נשמע ביללה:

* חֲצוֹת, *Ch'tzoth*, signifies middle, because this service is performed in the middle of the night; it goes, therefore by that name.

II.

חשבתי ימים הייתי גברת
 ביד יהוה עטרת תפארת
 ועתה אני שחרחרת
 טבעתי בבור ביון מצולה
 קול ברמה נשמע ביללה:

III.

יחידה רעיה אזי הייתי
 וכבוד עליון אני נקראתי
 ועתה לתחתיות ירדתי
 ודודי ורעי לרום עלה
 קול ברמה נשמע ביללה:

IV.

יחד יודעי בתולתי וריעותי
 בכי עמי כי רבות אנחותי
 אין נוטה עוד אהלי ומקים יריעותי
 כי דודי מני נסע ונגלה
 קול ברמה נשמע ביללה:

V.

ממרום הושלכתי ברוב מנינה
 שלח אש בעצמותי וירדנה
 ויצאתי בגולה בדרך כאלמנה
 הגלה יהודה הגלת שלומים כלה
 קול ברמה נשמע ביללה:

VI.

הייתי כלה בתוך אפריון
 וענן יומם על מכן הר ציון
 הושלכתי לחוץ כעני ואביון
 בגדי לקח צר ואני אמללה
 קול ברמה נשמע ביללה:

VII.

כהני חקני שבחו אויבי
 מחזיקים בבריתי זרע אוהבי
 בני היקרים ובחורי הלכו בשב
 ועללי בגולה
 קול ברמה נשמע ביללה:

VIII.

הן כל אלה אין דורש לנפשי
 אמלאה החרבה ואל עמים ארים ראשי
 ואיבי אמר לא תקראי עוד אישי
 כי נפלתי לפני בני עולה
 קול ברמה נשמע ביללה:

IX.

נא אב הרחמן תשוב לציון
 עין בעין נראה בבנין אפריון
 והבית הזה יהיה עליך
 ואז גאולים יפצחו צהלה
 קול ברמה נשמע ביללה:

The following translation is taken from Mr. Ewald's
 "Journal :"

I.

" A voice of woe from Ramah's hoary tower,
 A voice of wail from Zion's sainted hill ;
 Alas ! my diadem and queenly dower,
 The youthful honours I remember still,
 Dark is to me the solitary bower,
 Who did of old a throne of splendour fill.

II.

" I was surnamed Jehovah's fairest bride,
But now am forced, forlorn, disconsolate,
His heavy wrath and vengeance to abide ;
My joys are flown, my heart is desolate.
Come, weep, ye daughters, at my faltering side,
For no one draweth near, my sorrow to abate.

III.

" Degraded from a peerless eminence—
Victim of pride and wanton vanity—
My beating heart in trembling violence,
Strikes at her cage of hopeless misery.
Judah laments in tearful penitence—
A widow mourning in captivity.

IV.

" 'Twas in Solyma, a radiant green,
A golden cloud upon the mount of God :
But now by infidels despoiled, I ween
No poorer pilgrim e'er the desert trod.
Wrenched from the bosom all my babes have been.
The murdered elders steeped the soil in blood.

V.

Doth no one lay my wretchedness to heart,
And no one check the swiftly rolling tear,
And no one soothe the soul-empiercing smart,
And no one say, ' The heathen shall not dare
Call him my husband.' Oh, the poisoned dart,
The cruel mockings I am doomed to bear !

VI.

“ Father of mercies, come, return with grace
 To Sion’s dwellings beautified again.
 Let Israel’s eye behold thy dwelling-place
 Restored : then list the Hallelujah’s strain.
 The hymning voices of a ransomed race,
 Greeting the rising wall of that eternal place.”

This service is finished by several prayers for the speedy coming of the Messiah. The following verse occurs in one of those prayers :

זכור חסדך לישראל
 לתת נדולה לדל שואל
 מגן אברהם שלח נא בואל
 וקראת שמו עמנואל :

“ In mercy, Lord, Thy people’s prayer attend,
 Grant his desire to mourning Israel.
 O shield of Abraham, our Redeemer send,
 And call his glorious name Emmanuel.”

Now this epistle will have one of two effects upon you : it will either make you enamoured with Hebrew, and determine you to make an attempt at it ; or, on the other hand, this will prove such a surfeit, that you will henceforth not endure the sight of Hebrew characters. Whatever be the result, I shall be right, for I told you before, and now let things take their chance.

I am, my dear Miss Elinor,

Yours truly, &c., &c.

LETTER XXIX.

TO MRS. JOHN HOLLIST, MANCHESTER.

Tranmere, April, 1849.

My dear Madam,

I fondly hope that you will adopt the old English adage, and exclaim on the receipt of this, "Better late than never." Many a time did I long to fulfil my promise to you—for it gave me unfeigned pleasure to think of my rambles in loved Palestine—but could not possibly find time to sit down to the grateful task. However, I managed to find leisure to-day, and here you have a letter on Nablous according to promise.

Next Monday will be the anniversary of my first visit to the principality of Samaria, the Shechem of the Old Testament, and the Sychar of the New. I left favoured Nazareth on that morning, and after a ride of two hours over rugged, though picturesque mountains, I descended into the beautiful Valley of Jezreel. I arrived about ten o'clock, A.M., at a place now called Jenin, the En-gannim of Joshua; from thence I proceeded over mountains and valleys all covered with large flocks of storks, till I came to Sebasta, where I spent a couple of hours; and about five, P.M., I arrived at Nablous.

The first view the traveller gets of the spot, from the summit of Mount Ebal, as was my good fortune, is ex-

quisitely charming. You behold the city—though at a considerable distance—embosomed by the two grand mountains of Ephraim, Gerizim and Ebal, renowned in sacred story ; the valley that is between those mountains—which is the site of Nablous—being cultivated in a superior style ; and you thus see the environs of the city beautifully variegated with fields of different hues and colours. I was exceedingly charmed with the different scenes of Nablous, which I beheld from various points of view, but I must not stop to describe them now. At present I shall confine myself to an account of the existing state of the Jews and Samaritan Israelites, who are to be found in that city. It so happened, that the day I arrived there, was the Passover eve. The Samaritan Israelites have a synagogue, which they call the temple, on Mount Gerizim, in which they still offer up sacrifices. I therefore repaired to that place of worship first. The high priest, as the principal functionary of the synagogue is called, would not at first allow me to enter the precincts of the building, bidding me first to undergo all the preparatory rites of ablution. After a tedious discussion on the subject, I was bid to put off my shoes and enter. I was thus permitted to witness the sacrifice of the Paschal Lamb. This circumstance gave me a most favourable opportunity of directing the attention of the whole congregation to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world ; and, I am thankful to say, I was listened to with undivided attention. After I had preached about an hour to them, I cast my eyes upon a tablet with a Samaritan inscription, which I began to read. This made my audience conclude that I was one of them ; they insisted upon it for some time. I then said : “ If so, then your faith must be the same as mine,” which brought

me back to the former subject. I read to them John iv., containing an account of the first Samaritan believers, which pleased them so much that they went to the trouble of copying the whole chapter in the Samaritan characters, and deposited it in their most sacred shrine. They were extremely delighted with Luke x. 30—35, the narrative of the good Samaritan, and exclaimed: "None but a Samaritan would be so good!" But they cast their eyes downwards, when I read to them the following: "And He sent messengers before His face: and they went, and entered into a village of the Samaritans, to make ready for Him. And they did not receive Him because His face was as though He would go to Jerusalem. And when His disciples James and John saw this, they said, Lord, wilt Thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them, even as Elias did? But He turned, and rebuked them, and said, Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them. And they went to another village. And it came to pass, that as they went in the way, a certain man said unto Him, Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest."*

I revived their spirits by reading Luke xvii. 12—19, the account of the thankful Samaritan. I then endeavoured to apply the whole to them in a variety of views; and I trust, with the blessing of God, that some impression was made on their hearts. They followed me with invocations of blessings on my head, and when I visited Nablous a second time they appeared to have a grateful remembrance of me. Of a very different character, but

* Luke ix. 52—57.

of an equally interesting nature was my visit to the Jewish synagogue. About the present state of the Nablous Christians, you have a copy of Bishop Gobat's letter to me. It got late, but it was a moonlight night, and the scenery, as steeped in the gentle colouring of the moonbeams, looked enchanting, literally so. How solemnized my mind felt ! I often recur to that time.

“ How sweet its mem'ry still.”

My face was then steadfastly set to go to Jerusalem ; I would not, therefore, allow myself any sleep that night, but set out, with a young Arab boy, a little after twelve o'clock, at midnight, for Jerusalem. About one o'clock, we reached Jacob's Well, where I rested for nearly an hour, reading John iv. Oh, for the sacred thoughts, that filled my mind then !

I find my notes on that locality, and of that evening, too voluminous for a hasty letter ; I must, therefore, for the present, say, Farewell. I may, some day, furnish you with a supplementary epistle, to make up for the present laconic one.

I am, my dear Madam,

Yours very truly, &c.

The letter from the Bishop of Jerusalem, alluded to in the above, is the following :

Jerusalem, October 11, 1848.

My dear Friend,

Although I was always sure that you could not forget Jerusalem, and that you would remember the weak witnesses of God's truth in her, in Christian love ; yet the interest you take in our work, as evinced by your kind letter of August 9th, and as I have been informed from another source, greatly encourages me to go on cheerfully in the work committed to my charge. And I am sure you will be glad to hear that our work is blessed this year more abundantly than in previous years, both amongst the Jews and amongst the Greeks. We have now twelve or thirteen Jews and Jewesses under instruction, of whom some promise very well ; they are all poor, as you know, and only two or three of them have previously enjoyed Jewish instruction ; one only is a learned man, not yet fully convinced that Jesus is the Messiah, but desirous to be so, and apparently very sincere. They have all shown themselves very willing to be taught some trade ; five of them have been placed as apprentices to two shoemakers, and two are learning tailoring ; even little Rabbi Jacob has returned, and is apprenticed with Max. In this respect, the example of Shuffami* has done much good ; he returned about a month ago, and went cheerfully to his trade—turning. You know that I intend employing him hereafter, as Bible reader, but he does not yet know it ; and,

* See p. 309.

at any rate, it will be good for him to have a trade. Our little congregation goes its quiet way. I regret that we have not more spiritual life, and desire very earnestly that the Spirit may be poured out more abundantly on us all; yet I believe that there is growth in grace with some, and there is less division.

I am sorry that I cannot say much of the school at present; but I hope the present cloud is but temporary. Till the vacation, which we were obliged to give during the month of August, on account of the heat, and also the impaired health of Miss Harding, we had a regular attendance of eighteen children, doing very well; but I fear her zeal led her to re-open the school too soon, at the beginning of September. She went on well for two weeks; but since, she has been so ill of fever, that she must be watched every night, nor is she out of danger at present: thus the school has been dispersed; but if God hears our prayers, and Miss Harding be restored, we have very good prospects of an increase.

Poor Mrs. Kiel died about two months ago, as also, suddenly, the second son of Juda Lion.

I have also opened a scriptural school at Nablous, numbering about twenty-five boys. There is a remarkable movement amongst the Christians of Nablous and its neighbourhood. There is a great demand for Scriptures, and many seem resolved to constitute themselves into a Scriptural, or, as they say, an Evangelical Church, and desire to place themselves under my direction. In order to get a solid footing, I have purchased a school-house at Nablous.

Our burial-ground will soon be in order; I have had the rubbish removed, and have encircled it with a solid

wall. It will look very pretty and large, as you know that it is well situated. We have not had so much difficulty, this year, in providing for the poor proselytes and inquirers, as last year, having received much more help; for which I wish to be thankful to God and to men. I am very thankful that you, also are remembering our wants, and that you are succeeding so well. If ever you have any sum to remit to me, please to pay it at the bank of Messrs. Herries, Farquhar, and Co., 16, St. James's Street, either specifying the object you have in view, or simply for diocesan purposes.

I do not yet know when the church will be constructed, but it will be soon.

Mrs. Gobat joins in very kind regards.

Yours, very faithfully,

S. ANGL. HIEROSOL.

To Rev. M. Margoliouth.

LETTER XXX.

TO MISS WILSON, CHURCHILL, GLASNEVIN.

Jerusalem, April, 1848.

My dear Miss Wilson,

You complain that my letters “are very brief, few, and far between.” You think, moreover, that a traveller can easily make up a long epistle, if he would only put upon paper the things which constantly move before him, as in panoramic view. Now here it is where we are just at issue.

For a traveller who is continually on the move, and is daily, ay, hourly, receiving new impressions, it is the most difficult thing to write letters to his friends: “Where am I to begin?” is to him a most baffling question. Now, for instance, humble individual as I am myself, since I wrote to you last, I have been to Constantinople, Smyrna, Rhodes, Cyprus, Beyrout, Baalbeck, Damascus, Safet, Tiberias, Nazareth, Nablous, and have just arrived at Jerusalem. Now these are only the principal places. Shall I begin to enumerate the intervening ones? their name is legion. What shall I begin to write about? Perhaps about the august and majestic appearance of Stamboul. Who is sufficient for that? Not I. I made some puny notes whilst there, which you may perhaps read on my return. Ismir, though once called the Queen of the cities of Anatolia, extolled by the ancients under

the title of "the Lovely," "the Crown of Ionia," "the ornament of Asia," and last, not least, "One of the Seven Churches," yet I confess there is very little to write about it at present. The same may be said of Rhodes and Cyprus; and besides a letter is not sufficient for a description of an ancient city, or island, be they ever so uninteresting. My feelings at Beyrout I leave to your fancy and imagination. Fancy my first view of the silvery summit of majestic Lebanon, and then for two days riding over it. Just conceive what I felt when I caught the first glance from a mountain peak of the charming Valley of Lebanon, bearing the name, by mistake, of "the Valley of Bekka," which is something similar to the English proper name, *Benson*, the last syllable being a translation of the first. Imagine my approach to the mighty ruins of Baalbeck. I do not care what all the antiquarians say, Solomon first built it, and I can prove it—yea, I will prove it too—to a demonstration that that wise sovereign built it, and spent a good deal of his time there.

Now transfer yourself for a moment with me to the brow of the hill just before Damascus, when coming from Baalbeck, and gaze on—as Lord Lindsay, who has the power of describing a most beautiful city in one sentence, calls Ash-sham—"The City, with her picturesque minarets, sailing like a fleet through a sea of verdure." Then sit by my side whilst examining the very finest MS. in the world, of which no traveller, from the time of Rabbi Benjamin, of Tudella, till Moses Margoliouth, knew anything. Now saddle your nose with my spectacles, and catch the reflection which they enjoyed of Mount Hermon, with its snowy diadem. Now follow my footsteps, whilst

I followed the footsteps of our adorable Redeemer, when going through Galilee. Help me gathering beautiful little shells from the Sea of Galilee, or the Lake of Tiberias. Read with me, then and there, John vi. Proceed then with me to Nazareth; mark the spot where the holy Jesus miraculously fed the multitude; look on Mount Tabor; halt for a few minutes at the village where Elizabeth lived; advance with me to Nazareth, in solemn silence—not a word was heard from any one, for it is the birthplace of the King of kings, and Lord of lords—ah, ungrateful Nazareth! Fancy me pitching my tent near the well of—as it is called—the Virgin Mary. Now draw in your breath, and follow me up Mount Gerizim, and witness the Samaritan Jews at Sychar—modern Nablous—offering up the Paschal Lamb. Get up at midnight. Hark! the Jews are beginning their *חצות* (*Ch'tzoth*), Service. List, oh, list to the aged Jews! how affecting! how thrilling! how thrilling! how sad, yet how musical! how mournful, yet how rapturous! Silence! a change in the voices; young voices sing:

“Thou wilt have mercy upon Zion, as Thou hast said,” &c.*

It is too much for my excited feeling. Accompany me to Jerusalem. The soft and silvery moon shines brilliantly. We shall go half an hour out of our way, in order to sit awhile—on the same spot, where the King of Glory, his wearied limbs to rest, sat down—by the Well of Jacob, and read there John iv. Hasten, gallop away, bad rider though I am, I will follow you. It is to Jerusalem. We catch the first sight of El Khuds at half-past two o'clock, this afternoon. My heart sinks within me; I am dumb; I cannot

* See pp. 282, 283.

speak. My eyes are fixed. Like an idiot do I stare at its walls. At last I break silence by the words :

“Eccò apparir Gerusalem si vede,
Ecco additar Gerusalem si scorge,
Ecco da mille voci unitamente
Gerusalemme salutar si sente.”

And then exclaim : “This is not Jerusalem as it was, nor as it shall be.” I make another effort, and my horse sympathizing with his rider, strains every muscle, and with main and might, presses forward, and in half an hour’s time I entered Hebron Gate. We stand still, whilst we pronounce in the sacred tongue :

עֲמֻדֹת דָּוִד רַגְלֵינוּ בְּשַׁעְרֶיךָ יְרוּשָׁלַם :

“Our feet are standing within thy gates, O Jerusalem !”*

Poor Jews were the first upon whom my eyes rested.

“Oh ! where are the sons of mine ancient race,
Who were born but the javelin to bear ?
How fallen is that city whose wreck I trace,
Though once it was lovely and fair.”

Fancy or imagine these and a thousand other things, and you will have some idea of the impossibility of a traveller in this country writing a letter to a friend so as to give satisfaction. However, you have my first from Jerusalem. My experience of to-day is but scanty : I am still as one that dreameth. Never did I feel the force of the open-

* Ps. cxxii. 2.

ing of the hundred and twenty-sixth Psalm as I do now.

The first person I went to see was the Bishop, and was well pleased with him, he seems a delightful character, a true apostolical one. I love him with true filial love, and look upon him as upon a genuine Father in God.

The next person I paid a visit to, was my dear friend the Rev. F. C. Ewald, for whom I have sincere regard, and so must every one have who knows him thoroughly. I then ran out of St. Stephen's Gate, which is on the east side of the city, descended the rough eastern declivity of Mount Moriah, gazed for a time upon the blocked-up Golden Gate, passed over a bridge across the Valley of Kedron, ran in, for a few moments, to the Garden of Gethsemane, and under an aged wide-spreading tree, I was relieved of the fulness of my heart by a shower of tears of joy; and never was I more tempted to borrow a Mohammedan expression than I was this afternoon, yea, I verily believe that I spoke out aloud in the words of Rabia:*

“O heart! weak follower of the weak,
That thou shouldst traverse land and sea,
In this far place that God to seek,
Who long ago had come to thee.”

Overpowering was the crowd of contemplations which thronged my mind. I was obliged to rush out of the hallowed spot, run with renewed strength up the hill,

* A Mohammedan saintess', of the second century of the Hegira, exclamation on arriving at Mecca.—*Palm Leaves*, p. 67.

which our Lord loved to traverse; behold Jerusalem—still beautiful from that mount, though a wreck of a widow—give vent to another flood of tears, whilst harping on the one expression: “O, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! if thou hadst known the things which belong to thy peace!” The sun begins to go down, and I, in ecstatic mood and in Dervish-like manner, shout and cry aloud: “The sun shall be no more thy light by day, neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended. Thy people also shall be all righteous: they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified. A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation: I the Lord will hasten it in His time.”*

I then returned towards Jerusalem, descending the Mount of Olives, and chanting to myself Rabbi Judah Halevi's beautiful elegy, my great favourite, which I translated the year before last for the “Christian Examiner,” and here it is again:

דרשי שלומך יהם יתר עדיך
רחוק וקרוב שאי מכל עברך

ציון הלא תשאלי לשלום אסירך †
מים ומזרח ומצפון ותימן שלום

* Isaiah Lx. 19—22.

† I give the original, because of its elegance. It is unique in the sublimity of its diction, the writings of the Sacred Scripture excepted. Though I am perfectly aware that our beloved Queen has as much reason as Henry VIII. had to exclaim, “Vehementer dolere nostratum Theologorum sortem sanctissime linguæ scientia

חרמנו ונכסף לרדתם על היריד
 שיבת שבותך אני כנור לשירך
 ולמחנים וכל נגעי מהוריד
 פתח למול שערי שחק שעריך
 סהר ושמש וכוכבים מאוריד
 רוח אלהים שפוכה על בחריך
 ישוב עבדים עלי כסאות גבירך
 נגלו אלהים לחויד וציריך
 אניד לבתרי לבבי בין בתריך
 ניד מאד ואחונן את עפריך
 תומם עלי חרון מבוחר קבריך
 אורים גדולים מאוריד ומוריך
 אבקת עפרך ונופת צוף נהריך
 חרבות שממה אשר היה דבריך
 ביד אשר שכנו חדרי חדריך
 חלל בארץ טמאה את נזריך
 כי יסחבו הכלבים את כפריך
 אראה בפי עורבים פגרי בשריך
 מלאו כסלי ונפשי ממוריך
 כור אהליבה ואמצה את שמריך
 למאד ובך נקשרו נפשות חביריך
 על שוממותיך ובוכים על שברריך
 איש ממקומו אלי נוכח שעריך
 מהר לנבעה ולא שכחו גרריך
 לעלות ולאחוז בסנסני תמרריך
 הבלם ידמו לתמיד ואורריך
 איך ואל מי לויך ושירריך
 חסנך לעולם לדור ודור נזירריך
 יבחר ויקרב וישכון בחצריך
 אורך ויבקעו עליו שחרריך
 חתך בשובך אלי קדמת נעורריך:

ושלום אסיר תקוה נתו דמעיו כמל
 לבכות ענותך אני תנים ועת אהלום
 לבי לבית אל ולפני אל מאד יהמה
 שם השכינה שכונה לך והיוצרך
 הנה כבוד אל לבד היה מאורך ואין
 אבחר לנפשי להשתפך במקום אשר
 את בית מלוכה ואת כסא כבוד אל ואיך
 מי יתנני משוטט במקומות אשר
 מי יעשה לי כנפים וארחיק נדוד
 אפול לאפי עלי ארצך וארצה אב-
 אף כי בעמדי עלי קברות אבותי ואש-
 הר העברים והר ההר אשר שם שני
 חיי נשמות אור ארצך וממר דרור
 ינעם לנפשי הלך ערום ויחף עלי
 במקום ארונך אשר נגנו ובמקום כרר
 אנח ואשליך פאר נור ואקוב זמן
 איך יערב לי אכול ושתות בעת אחזה
 או איך מאור יום יהי מתוק לעיני בעוד
 כוס היגונים לאט הרפי מעט כי כבר
 עת אזכרה אהלה אשתה חמרך ואז-
 ציון כלילת יפי אהבה וחו עוררי
 הם השמחים לשלותך והכואבים
 מבור שבי שואפים נגדך ומשתחיים
 עדרי המונך אשר גלו ונתפזרו
 המחזיקים בשולך ומתאמצים
 שנער ופתרום היערכך בגדלם ואם
 אל מי ידמו משיחך ואל מי נבי-
 ישנה ויחלוף כליל כל ממלכות האליל
 אורך למושב אלהיך ואשרי אנוש
 אשרי מחכה ויגיע ויראה עלות
 לראות בטובת בחיריך ולעלות בשמ-

carentium, et linguarum doctrinam fuisse intermissam" (Hody, p. 466), yet there may be a small remnant who may appreciate its beauties. The author of this elegy was the celebrated Rabbi Jehudah Halevi, father-in-law of the famous Aben Ezra. At the age of fifty, he undertook a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, at the time when the Latin kingdom was almost extinct. One day, he sat, lost in melancholy, under the ramparts of the Holy City; he loosened

“Hast thou, O Zion, forsaken thy captive children? Art thou insensible to the fervent acclamations which the remnant of thy flock send towards thee, from all the corners of the earth? From east, west, north, and south, exile and captivity direct their anxious looks to thee, pant for hope, and pay thee the tribute of their tears. Our tears fall rapidly like the dew on Hermon; oh, could they water thy deserted hills! When I weep over thy tremendous fall, it is like the howling of jackals; but when I dream of the return from bondage, I hear the accents of the harp, which in festive days accompanied our songs divine. My heart flies towards the house of God, into the presence of the Creator. Were not the gates of heaven opened here? Did not the majesty of our God here darken the lustre of the sun and stars? Oh, that I might be permitted to send forth my soul, where the Spirit of God descended upon His chosen! Thou wert the residence of the Eternal King; and now, Zion, behold! slaves pollute the throne of thy princes!

“Why cannot my spirit hover above the sacred spots where the awful Deity appeared to thy prophets? Give me but wings to carry the fragments of my heart to yonder ruins, and I would cling to thy dumb rocks; my forehead would touch thy sacred dust in adoration. My foot would rest on the tombs of my ancestors; I would contemplate the holy cave of Hebron; my eyes would

his sandals, tore his garment, and loudly recited his above elegy, when an Arabian warrior came by the way, and wantonly insulted the patriotic pilgrim, and, irritated at the remarkable quietude of the stranger, plunged his dagger into his breast, and soon trampled on the mutilated corpse of the mourner of Zion. (See my “Fundamental Principles of Modern Judaism Investigated,” p. 224).

dwell on Mount Abarim, on Mount Hor, which cover thy sainted guides, the luminaries of Israel !

“ In thy air I should breathe the breath of life, in thy dust I should inhale the perfume of myrrh, in the waters of thy streamlets I should sip the taste of honey. How should I delight in treading barefooted the ruins of thy sanctuary, to stand still on the spot where the earth opened wide to receive, in her trusty bosom, the ark of the covenant with the cherubim. Ah, from my head I could tear the hair that ornaments it ! In my despair, I could curse the decree which threw thy sons to an unholy shore. How can I enjoy life, when I see thy lions dragged into dens by dogs ? How can I endure daylight, when it shows me ravens feeding on the mangled bodies of thy saints ? Oh, stay, cup of my sufferings !—but one moment let me repose—my veins are already filled with bitterness. But one moment let me reflect on Ohola (Samaria), and and I will grasp thy goblet ; but one thought on Oholiba (Jerusalem), and I will drink it to the dregs. Zion, crown of beauty, remember the tender love of thy inhabitants ; thy happiness filled them with joy, thy reverses overwhelmed them with grief. From every recess of their prison they bend their hearts towards thee, and bow in prayer to thy gates. Fear not ; thy flocks, dispersed on the hills, have not forgotten their native fold ; they unceasingly languish for thy heights, yearn for the shade of thy palm-trees. What are Sinear and Pathros, in their empty greatness, compared with thee ? What are their deceiving oracles, in the eyes of those who know thy Urim and Thummim ? Is there a mortal daring enough to enter into comparison with thy princes [anointed ones], Prophets, Levites, and sacred singers ? All empires shall vanish and fail ; thou alone wilt stand unto the end of

ages; for thou art the dwelling of the eternal Lord. Happy mortal, who could rest under the shelter of thy protecting walls! Thrice happy mortal, who will be present at the dawning of thy renewed day! He will mingle with the chosen of thy happy ones, he will be glad at thy rejoicings, and he will see thee in beauty, as in the days of thy youth."*

Just when I finished it, I found myself at the Damascus Gate, and just in time to escape being shut out.

And now I am almost exhausted, unfit for anything else, considering that it is half an hour after *Ch'tzoth*, and I did not sleep a wink the whole of last night. Good night, therefore, from Jerusalem.

Yours very truly, &c.

LETTER XXXI.

TO THE WORSHIPFUL AND REVEREND H. RAIKES,

CHANCELLOR OF THE DIOCESE OF CHESTER.

Jerusalem, April, 1848.

My dear Sir,

This is the first whole day I spent in the city of my fathers, and I think you fully entitled to the benefit—if such it should be considered—of my experience. I got up very early this morning and took a run through the Jewish synagogues. Being the second day of the Feast of Unleavened-bread, there was, as a matter of course, a cessation from all manner of work. The Jews were to be found

* See Appendix.

nowhere then but in their places of worship. I recognised several of my fellow-passengers from Constantinople and Smyrna, and they also knew me again gladly. The Jewish quarter is the most miserable and most thronged in the whole of the Holy City. It is just on the declivity of Mount Zion, within the walls,* opposite Moriah. What a fearful lesson does this furnish! In the Valley of Hinnom, where our forefathers committed their idolatrous deeds, where they set up the idol Moloch, where they sacrificed their children to devils, which was in fact a hell upon earth; and now is Israel confined there; and a great privilege do they consider the permission which is granted, though not on unmolested terms. Neither is it the whole of that defiled valley, but only part of it. Scarcely one twentieth part of Jerusalem as it is, which is but an insignificant fragment of Jerusalem as it was, is allotted to them. But what must be most appalling and heart-rending to an Israelite, is the fact of his window or door facing Mount Moriah, where once his glorious Temple stood, in which God delighted to commune with His priests, where he was invited to worship, whither the tribes of Israel did go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, "to give thanks unto the name of the Lord," but now, alas! he dare not approach its precincts, unless he is determined to quit this life at once.

How feelingly must the Jew of Jerusalem utter the following confession, which is constantly upon his lips: "We have transgressed more than any people. We are more confounded than any generation. Joy has departed from us. Our hearts faint by reason of our sins.

* The greatest part of Mount Zion is without the present wall, and, according to the unerring word of prophecy, "is ploughed as a field."—Micah III. 12.

Our desirable place has become corrupt. Our crown is taken away. The habitation of our sanctuary has been destroyed by reason of our wickedness. Our palace has become a desolation. The beauty of our land belongs now to strangers, our strength to aliens, &c.”* And to all this, the malicious Mōhammedans must needs put their shambles and butchering-places in the Jewish district, in order “to help forward Israel’s affliction.”

Yet the pious Jews are thankful even for such an abode in the city of their fathers, and consider themselves highly favoured for the divine permission of beholding Jerusalem devoured by strangers in their presence. I returned to my temporary abode early, in order to be in time for morning service: being Passion Week, there is English service at eleven o’clock every day, instead of the Hebrew, which takes place at seven, A.M.

I called upon Mr. Ewald, according to promise, with whom I proceeded to church. Whilst walking and talking about the affairs of the Jewish mission here, a fine-looking man came in sight, whose visage was somewhat familiar to me, I looked steadily, with a great amount of interest, in his face, and I felt more and more convinced that I had seen the same individual somewhere before. But my mind was soon set at rest on the subject. The object of my inquiry got a sight at us, he came running up to me, with a countenance bespeaking indubitable satisfaction and pleasure, seized hold of my hand, pressed it, and shook it energetically, saying, “What do my eyes behold, my friend, my teacher, my father, Rabbi Mosheh Margoliouth? Thou hast filled my heart with joy and gladness!

* See vol. 1. p. 149; also “The Fundamental Principles of Modern Judaism Investigated,” pp. 203, 4.

Wonderful are the ways of the Lord ! Jehovah led you hither to witness that I told the truth, when I asked you for copies of the New Testament. Five years have nearly elapsed since I spoke, face to face, with you ; but the words you spoke to me when at Liverpool sounded in my ears the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. I never forgot you. Yes, joy and gladness, pleasure and comfort, and satisfaction, are the inhabitants of my heart now. The day after to-morrow, God willing, I am to be baptized into the Church of the Messiah, the hope of Israel, so that you may be witness to it, and your heart, even yours, may rejoice also." Then turning to Mr. E., he said : "This is the man, who first pointed out to me Him, who is the way, the truth, and the life."

I am unable to give you any idea of the surprise this episode took me by. It was the M'Shoolach, of Thessalonica, whose acquaintance I made, under the peculiar circumstances, I mentioned to you in mine from Constantinople. Would-be-Christians may call me enthusiast ; infidels may mock and scoff ; yet, I believe from my heart that an auspicious Providence led me hither to give me another convincing proof, that God did not say unto the seed of Jacob, "Seek ye me" in vain. We all proceeded to the temporary chapel, and a delightful two hours did I spend in that little sanctuary. The good Bishop got to know of my old acquaintance with the candidate for baptism, and the origin of Rabbi Elias Shuffami's inquiry after the truth as it is in Jesus ; considered also my coming to Jerusalem just now, as a most providential event. So that his Lordship, taking into consideration several circumstances — first, that this day was appointed for the consecration of the new church, which, in consequence of some mistake on the

part of the powers that be in England, is now deferred *sine die* ; and our Christian brethren in England would this day pray that a blessing might rest upon the Church here ; secondly, being the eve of Rabbi Shuffami's public confession of his faith in Christ Jesus ; and thirdly, our unexpected meeting—determined to have a prayer meeting this evening at his house, in order to join the friends of Israel wherever they may be in their prayer for Jerusalem's weal ; and also to implore a blessing upon our brother, that he may make a good confession. So that when I met the Bishop in the vestry after prayer, he kindly asked me to attend that prayer meeting at his house ; which invitation I have cheerfully accepted. Mr. Ewald and I then called upon several of the Jewish converts, amongst whom was a Dr. Kiel, a clever physician, who first underwent a severe series of persecutions from Jews, and is now going through the same fiery ordeal from Christians. Mr. Ewald then made me return home with him to dinner, after which I got permission to ramble round about Jerusalem. I got access to a Machkemah, or a judgment-hall, which stands close to the ramparts of the present mosque of Omar, where I sat and mused over the past history of that mountain, and the beautiful Arab legend came forcibly into my mind, with which legend I purpose closing this epistle. At present, I shall proceed with the account of our prayer meeting from which I have just returned :—We met at seven o'clock precisely ; it was a most deeply interesting meeting, attended by all, or nearly all, the members of the Protestant congregation, and by many travellers, British, German and French. Among the latter I observed the highly distinguished Count Gasparin and his lady, as the representatives of the Evangelical Protestants of France. I also saw

the Rev. H. H——, of Liverpool, who looked rather the worse for his Jordan adventures.

The Bishop commenced the proceedings in a very simple but deeply impressive manner; first, by a short opening prayer, and then by briefly stating the occasion and object of the meeting, viz.: to unite in spirit in the "communion of saints" with the many Christian brethren in different lands, who would this day offer up prayers and supplications in their several languages, for the prosperity and success of His work here, and for the perpetuity and efficacy of the testimony now erected here—under the impression that the new church would that day have been consecrated—on Mount Zion. The Bishop then pointed out also some of the particular objects of prayer suggested by the occasion and the season; and first and chief, the grace of brotherly love and cordial union among all, and of every nation and tongue who are Christ's, especially among themselves here, as a centre of affectionate interest to all such everywhere (and with this view he afterwards read and commented on our Lord's last intercessory prayer on earth in the seventeenth chapter of St. John's Gospel); and also the present awful state of so many countries of Europe, indicative of great tribulation, that the last hour of trial which is to try them that dwell on the earth, and especially to "sift" the professing Church of Christ, and to "purify and make white" those that are "truly His" unto the end,—His now approaching "appearing and kingdom." As a more immediate object of prayer, the Bishop also referred in a very solemn manner to the season then specially commemorative of our blessed Lord's passion and death for us men, and for our salvation; and lastly, for baptism "unto His death" on Good

Friday next ; Mr. Veitch then offered a prayer embracing most of these objects.

This was all in English : a verse of a very appropriate hymn was then sung in German ; after which, Mr. Nicholson briefly stated, in that language, the substance of what the Bishop had said in English, and concluded with reading Psalm XXII, which Mr. N. remarked on, as connecting the sufferings and death of our Lord, and “ our fellowship with Him in these, with the glory which is yet to be revealed, when He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that have believed in that day.” Mr. Ewald then offered a prayer, also in German, for the same objects, general and special. Next, Mr. Shaffter, a young clergyman from Berne, gave a very animated address, in French, on the duty of confessing Christ by the mouth, in the heart, and by the life, with special reference to the infidel persecutions which had already commenced in Switzerland (his native country), and may well be expected soon to burst upon Christians everywhere, who therefore need to “ hold fast their profession,” quickened thereto by a closer union with, and in Christ, our Lord, and a more direct “ fellowship in His sufferings,” as the only way of participating with them also in His triumph now at hand. The Count de Gasparin then poured forth a most “ fervent prayer” and supplication, also in French. The prayer was rendered the more “ earnest” as he is personally so deeply concerned in, and anxious about, what is now come and coming upon France, his native country, of which he was a deputy ; and upon that Protestant cause there, of which he is so eminent a leader. A verse was then also sung in Hebrew, and the Bishop called upon me to address

my Hebrew brethren, and especially him who was about to consummate his brotherhood with the members of Christ's Church. I accordingly chose Isaiah XII. as a text, and pointed out to my Hebrew brethren the peculiar nature of that beautiful hymn, which consists of two parts; the first of verses, 1—3, and the second of verses 4—6. The former describing Israel's spiritual state when converted to God, and the latter Israel's duty; viz., to proclaim aloud God's goodness and mercy to others.

Thus closed this deeply-interesting union at Jerusalem of Christians of different lands and different tongues, as representatives here of their several nations and denominations in praying for the peace of Jerusalem.

As I promised, I shall conclude this epistle, with a very pretty Arab legend respecting Mount Moriah, which is to the following effect:

The site occupied by the mosque of Omar was formerly a ploughed field, possessed in common by two brothers. One was married, and had several children; the other was a bachelor: nevertheless, they lived together in perfect concord, cultivating the patrimony they jointly inherited from their father. Harvest-time arrived. The brothers wisped their sheaves, and apportioned them into two equal heaps, which they left in the field. During the night, a happy thought occurred to the unmarried brother: he said to himself, "My brother has a wife and children to support; is it then just that my portion of the harvest should equal his?" On that he arose, and took from his heap several sheaves, which he added to his brother's. This was done with as much modesty as if he had been observing caution while doing a bad action. His motive was, that his fraternal offering should not be refused. The other brother awoke the same night, and said

to his wife, " My brother lives alone, without company ; he has no one to assist him in his labour, or to recompense him for his fatigues ; whilst God has given me a wife and children. It is not right that we should take from the field so many sheaves as he, since we have already more domestic felicity than he enjoys. If you consent to it, we will, as a compensation, and without his knowing it, increase his portion of the harvest, by adding to his heap a certain number of our sheaves." The project was approved, and put in execution. The next day, the brothers repaired to the field. Each was surprised to see that the two heaps were still equal. During several nights, the same conduct was repeated ; for, as each of them carried to the portion of his brother the like number of sheaves, the heap always remained the same. But, one night, both resolved to watch the cause of this miracle, when they met face to face, each bearing the sheaves which they had mutually destined for the other ; and all was cleared. They threw themselves into each other's arms, each thanking heaven for having so good a brother.

The spot where so good a thought occurred at the same time, and with so much credit to two brothers, must be a place agreeable to God. Good men blessed it, and Israel chose it to build thereon a house of worship to the Lord.

The night is now very far advanced, and my sight and my strength fail ; I must, therefore, write no more.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully, &c.

LETTER XXXII.

TO THE REV. H. S. JOSEPH, CHESTER.

Jerusalem, Good Friday, 1848.

My dear Mr. Joseph,

This being an eventful day with me—and it never comes round without bringing solemn recollections to my mind, and you are indissolubly connected with those reminiscences—I have determined, therefore, that this evening be devoted to an epistle to you. It is the anniversary of my introduction into the Christian Church, and you were the individual who admitted me, by the sacred ordinance of baptism, into that Church; which circumstance makes this day the most grateful in all my existence. This anniversary, however,* is peculiarly and transcendently interesting to me.

I am in Jerusalem, the city of our fathers—the place where Jesus, on this day, upwards of eighteen hundred years ago, made an atonement for our sins, by offering Himself up, once for all. I behold with mine own eyes that Jesus spake as man never spake; I trace His denunciation in the desolation of the beloved city, in its being trodden down of the Gentiles, in the abject poverty and misery of our brethren, in their unbelief, and a thousand other things attest that Jesus, the Messiah of Israel, was the Prophet like unto Moses; and therefore there are no more Prophets in Israel. Jesus was the Lamb of God, which was offered up in this city, to take away the sins of the whole world; and therefore the Jews have no more a Temple, and there is no more sacrifice for sin.

But there is one particular, which enhances still more

the interest of this, to me, affecting anniversary. It is the baptism of a brother Jew from Thessalonica, to whom I was first privileged to make known the Saviour of the world, in the year 1843. I thought many a time that it was a waste of labour and of strength, but I was permitted to witness, this day, that God is no respecter of persons. The Bishop administered the sacrament, and a glorious sight it represented to behold that truly pious Apostolic Father in God admitting one of the kinsmen of Jesus—whose ancestors were perhaps more opposed than any other Israelites to the reception of the truth—* into the fold of the great Shepherd of the Sheep.†

* Acts xvii. 1—6.

† Mr. Woodcock speaks thus of the sacrament: “The most interesting part of the service, the baptism of Rabbi Shuffami, a converted Jew of Salonica, who had come up to Jerusalem for admission into the Church, and whose case presenting a valuable testimony to the power of Divine truth, will be, or has been, doubtless made public by the reporters of the Jewish missions. The solemn aspect of the convert, who was a middle-aged man, his Jewish garb, the cluster of wondering and displeased Jews who stood near the door, and the deep, solemn tone of the good Bishop’s voice, as he repeated the impressive words of the adult baptismal service, gave a primitive and apostolic character to the first religious service I was present at on Mount Zion.

“The mind seemed half to forget that eighteen hundred years had passed, and invested the present service with the characteristics of early Christianity. That simple chamber enclosing a venerable overseer of the Church, surrounded by his brother Presbyters; the congregation made up of Christians from all parts of the world united in faith (not in language); the party baptized, and his Jewish companions; the place itself—Mount Zion; all brought before me a scene and ideas more perfectly apostolic than I could have thought possible. And when the hymn of praise rose high and loud, of praise and thanks to God for this new display of His converting power and love, I listened to that hearty music, as though to catch some ancient strain lost since the Church’s infancy.”

Mr. Veitch preached from Heb. x. 19—25. His last sentence was an affecting one: "Remember, the spot on which you stand, opposite to the Mount of Olives, where the feet of our Saviour are to rest on His return as Judge." The congregation consisted of all sorts of strangers, so that it was crowded to excess. There were twenty-three Jewish converts present at the service and sacrament; and many of our unbelieving brethren, at the door of the chapel, stood wondering, and expecting, now and then, "that the whole congregation," as one of them told me, "would be crushed by some awful agency." But, as for me, I do not remember when I experienced purer pleasure than I did this morning.

Would that I had witnessed nothing else to-day! I was induced to go to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, so called; and the scene I witnessed there this evening was anything but grateful or pleasing, and will for ever remain as a painful reminiscence of my Good Friday in Jerusalem.

The Sardinian Consul here was kind enough to offer me and my friends his guardianship, as well as cicconian services this evening, if we wished to witness the "grand Latin Festival of the Crucifixion, to be celebrated in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, this evening." As it is a sight which no pilgrim, except the Jewish, ever misses, I was prevailed upon to follow in the train of spectators. We proceeded at first to the house of the Sardinian representative, who seemed a personage of considerable importance both amongst the Greeks and Latins, and appears, by common consent, adjuster of their quarrels. He told us that he had some difficulties, this year, to prevent a violent collision, as the Greek and Latin Easter occur at

the same time ; but he hoped that all would go off comfortably and satisfactorily.

We left the Sardinian Consulate in rather formidable a train—I counted no less than thirty-six. There were several dragomen—or cavasses, as they are called here—on our sides, making way for us. It appears that several of the Consuls took shelter beneath the Sardinian's wings. The Sardinian's cavasses, however, seemed the most important on the occasion ; and by their swagger, they intimidated the same. After passing the disgusting tan-yards, which the malicious Moslems, in contempt for Knights Templars, placed in that vicinity, we at last reached the church, which was literally besieged by Turkish soldiers, in obedience to the Pacha's commands, to prevent any bloodshed amongst the Greek and Latin Christians. The church itself was excessively thronged by the polyglot pilgrims, as well as lined by Turkish soldiers. However, the Sardinian cavasses cut a passage for us through the solid mass of human beings, and woe betided those who stood in the road of our harbingers ! Their staffs were laid heavily on the backs of those who were tardy in crushing their neighbours, in order to make way for us. When we passed through the apparently impenetrable crowd, we were led through a dark passage, which contained doors, opening to the cells of various monks, at all of which we took a temporary glance. We arrived at last at the second story, and, without any more jostlings and upsettings, we reached the door of the Latin Patriarch, which the Sardinian Consul threw open, and ushered us in one by one, and introduced us by name—he had some difficulty in turning his tongue round mine—to the Latin Patriarch. We found that dignitary a com-

municative, intelligent, and withal a very facetious sort of man. Having been a missionary at Bagdad for some time, he was master of Orientalism in every department. He was very loquacious, and could not control his risible faculties, though on the point of commemorating one of the most awfully memorable scenes. He described the character of the Bedouins; felt curious about Lieutenant Lynch's expedition to the Dead Sea; apprehended the tranquillity of Italy; eulogized Pio Nono sky-high. He sported a most bewitching beard, no less than half a yard in length. His long dress was of a purple colour; and displayed a magnificent ring on his finger, which, the Sardinian Consul told us, was presented to him by the reigning Pope.

A monk entered and announced that the festival was about commencing. We were then escorted into the Latin chapel, which was, emblematic of itself, dark. However, artificial light was soon introduced, and we discovered a legion of Latin monks. We were each furnished with large wax candles, but I took the liberty of dispensing with the one offered to me. After our patience was considerably stretched, the altar was illumined. A solemn chant was sung, and an Italian monk delivered a sermon, in his native language, consisting of the history of our Lord's Passion-week.* The Patriarch then made his

* "A romantic mind might have been enchanted with the scene at that moment. The sombre carved work was relieved by the crowd of anxious faces turned towards the preacher; each face catching light from the cluster of lamps at the altar, while the glimmer of the tall candles served but just to dispel the darkness, and discover the cowed and bearded monks, who filled the stall-seats round the chapel. Then the harmonious cadence of the preacher's voice, flowing like liquid music in that sweet Italian tongue, now rose into

appearance; I never saw such a strange and sudden metamorphosis in my life; the jocose Frenchman transformed into a morose and grave ecclesiastic, seated on a state chair, and, for an helmet, wore a ponderous mitre, which required two monks to uphold, so as to prevent his head being crushed.* We then proceeded to another chapel—which was one of those surrounding the circular church of the sepulchre—where a sermon, or rather an embellished narrative, was given, in the Spanish language, on the scourging of Christ. The reason for such a particular theme in that place is, because in it half of the pillar of Flagellation is duly preserved. From chapel to chapel, a large wooden figure was carried; the hands, feet, and head made to move on hinges, and fastened to a cross. We thus proceeded from place to place, and listened altogether to seven sermons; for, in addition to the two already mentioned, the procession visited five more remarkable spots, at each of which, something connected with our Lord's passion, took place; and on that something a sermon was preached. The five additional sermons were in the following languages: Arabic, German, Greek, Russian and Polish, so that every pilgrim had an opportunity of understanding something. At last the procession arrived at the place termed Calvary (falsely so called), where, to my inexpressible horror, the whole history of the Crucifixion was enacted upon that wooden figure, which was carried

a thunder while describing the rage of angry Jewry against the suffering Redeemer, now sunk into a low and murmuring pathos, when picturing the Saviour's agony or Mary's grief."—*Woodcock*.

* "The laughing, witty man stood with half-shut eyes, hands folded in the attitude of prayer and expression of intense suffering, the beau-ideal of a mitred saint of Frà Angelico or Pietro Perugino."—*Ibid*.

in procession before us. A crown of thorns was put upon it. It was nailed to the huge cross, to which it was before slightly fastened. The figure and cross were then put—according to monkery—into the very spot where the accursed tree was once planted, on which our Saviour gave up the ghost; and then, with the most consummate air of mock solemnity, the crucifix was taken down from the cross, which process was the most revolting and horrifying to me. One of the monks carried a large silver tray, on which lay a pair of silver tongs, with the latter of which another monk first took off the crown of thorns—said to be the identical one which was platted by the soldiers upwards of eighteen hundred years ago—which he kissed, and the poor illiterate pilgrims immediately fell down upon their knees and worshipped it.

“Since the Priest kisses it,” said one to me, in answer to the question, “Why do you worship it?” “it deserves to be adored.” One of the nails was then drawn out of one hand, and the hinge not being easily moveable, it made a most disagreeable creaking, when the monk attempted to put down the wooden arm by the side of its *sui generis* body. It made my blood run cold; I hardly knew what to do, so harrowed did I feel. However, by dint of perseverance, the whole blasphemous farce was accomplished, the manufactured body was got off the cross, and the anointing process of that unseemly image commenced, on the self-same stone on which Joseph of Arimathea embalmed the real body of the Saviour; and then the image was carried on a bier to the pretended place of the very sepulchre in which Jesus was interred. During all this time the priests belonging to the Greek Church mingled quietly with the pilgrims, and one who came in the same

boat with me to Beyrout, now and then whispered into my ear: "Did you ever meet with such a set of profane impostors, as these Latin Christians are?" When the performance of "the Festival of the Crucifixion" was over, the Greek priest said to me: "Now come and see our chapel." I did so. ' It was late, and I was tired, and anxious to write to you to-night; I was therefore obliged to curtail my visit there, and leave before their Greek Passion Service was over.

I never beheld a more picturesque scene than the one I enjoyed in that chapel. Lighted by lamps suspended in the dome, the splendidly gilded screen, towards the altar, flickered in broken outline through the darkness of the choir; while on the pavement, in rich confusion, lay a crowd of pilgrims, permitted to rest there for the night, some half clad, others in richer garments, and all undeniably huddled together, their white turbans and embroidered clothes standing out more prominently in the dim light. Three or four black-robed and round-capped Greek priests were noiselessly passing up and down the crowd, and a blanket-clad desertman stood erect near the entrance.* With this deeply impressive scene, I left the precincts of the church, bearing the name of the Holy Sepulchre.

There has not been so much bloodshed and fighting this evening, as is said to have been on previous years; though the Pacha, as well as the soldiers, were very often engaged in separating contending parties. The former, with a smart whip, made of the hide of a rhi-

* The same impression seems to have been produced upon the mind of my companion. We penned almost the same words.

noceros ; and the latter, with their swords and bayonets, contrived to stem any rising ebullition amongst the pilgrims.

About a month ago, Mustapha Sheriff, the Pacha, summoned the Latin, Greek, and Armenian Patriarchs, with their clerical and lay coadjutors, to meet his Excellency in this very church, close to the so-called Holy Sepulchre, addressing them in the following words : “ Seeing the anniversary of your founder’s death draws nigh, when pilgrims from all parts of the world are expected, I entreat you to live peaceably and harmoniously together, and approve yourselves as worthy examples to the various sheep which come under your care. I summoned you on purpose to this place, that this tomb—which you say once contained the body of your Lord and Master—may testify against you. Jesus, the Son of Mary, enjoined peace upon all his followers: Follow ye, therefore, in the path He appointed for you.” To which the Latin Patriarch replied in the following manner : “ I congratulate myself that your Excellency has been appointed to the governorship of this city ; and by your pious conduct, you prove yourself highly fitted for the important post. Having made yourself conciliator between Christians, you have assumed an office which reflects upon you the highest honour and the greatest glory.”

A poor Jew, however, was nearly killed by those followers of “ one who was of the seed of Abraham.” A Rabbi Mordecai Joshua was exceedingly anxious to see how Christians commemorated this awful anniversary ; he borrowed, therefore, Christian clothes, and entered the church in disguise : he was, nevertheless, detected, and Greeks and Latins, by common consent, rushed upon him,

determined to take a summary vengeance ; and if it were not for the Pacha, who literally threw himself upon the Jew, to protect him, and several soldiers, one of whom was dangerously stabbed by the Jew-haters, who ran to the Israelite's rescue, Rabbi Joshua would have paid dearly for his curiosity.

I regret to say, that sheer exhaustion compels me to conclude.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO THE REV. JAMES HAWORTH, CHESTER.

Jerusalem, Easter-eve, 1850.

My dear Friend,

Last night, on my return from the church, which bears the name of "the Church of the Holy Sepulchre," I wrote a letter to Mr. Joseph, giving him an account of what I witnessed there ; this evening I intend to devote to the writing of an epistle to you, which is to contain a feeble description of the things I saw and heard to-day in the same place. So that this will, in fact, form the sequel to Mr. Joseph's letter.

Last night's performance was for the benefit of the Latin Patriarch and priests ; which was execrated by the officials of the Greek Church ; but to-day the farce was for the benefit of the latter, which was condemned in the most unqualified and in unmeasured terms by the Latin monks. The scene exhibited to-day was the emanation of the holy fire from

the reputed sepulchre. "It pains me," observed one of the performers of last night, "that these sacred spots, sanctified by so many prodigious deeds, and hallowed by so many sublime and awful events, should be so profaned and desecrated by such blasphemous mockeries of Christianity. It amazes me how the Greek Patriarch could enjoy sleep, for assuredly he knows full well that the whole enactment is nothing more or less than pantomimic imposition, and therefore an impious fraud. These Greeks are worse than brutes. What grieves me most, is to see the vast sums of money they get by this iniquitous drama." How easy it is to discover the faults of others, and to overlook our own!

The origin of this extraordinary deception may be placed in the ninth century, when the Greek Patriarch publicly gave out lights from the sepulchre, and asserted that they were ignited by a celestial being,* to symbolize the first spread of the Gospel from Christ's tomb,* and ever since the Greek Patriarch considers himself an hereditary impostor, and therefore in duty bound to cheat, deceive, and impose. However, to the account of this miraculous lighting of to-day. The same gentleman—the Sardinian Consul—who was so kind as to take me and my friends under his wings yesterday, performed the same generous office to-day. We left his house a little after twelve, and arrived at the church about half-past. The church was crowded to a fearful degree. It took us more than twenty minutes to press through the throng—notwithstanding the cavasses' staffs, which were by no means light in their touch—in order to proceed to the gallery, where the Consul bargained for a

* See the account of Bernard the Wise, printed in the "Acta Sanctorum Ordinis Benedict."

place for us. But the gallery was also filled. However, after a few jostlings and pushes I found myself in an eligible nook, from which I could look down into the circular area of the church. I had also a complete view of the central sepulchral building, whence the fire makes its appearance, and is then dealt out by the Greek Patriarch. We had to wait a couple of hours before the thing came off, I was therefore crushed in the most merciless manner by the number of inquisitive spectators to see what was going on all the time below ; I was not a little apprehensive lest the gallery railings should give way, and I would then have gone headlong into that horrid den. However my forebodings, I am thankful to say, were not realized. What an awfully disgusting spectacle was I doomed to watch for two whole hours. Some howled most inhumanly, others danced, and as there was no room for their feet to be on the move, they performed those functions with their hands, uplifted over their heads, whilst they twisted their bodies ; others struggled and fought with determined desperation, like wild beasts. There was a constant conflict on the part of all present to stand near the holy hole, whence the holy fire was expected, and therefore in that vicinity the combat was the fiercest ; many were the bruised heads, lacerated cheeks, wounded hands, bleeding noses, and black eyes, which the vast multitude gloried in.* Neither the whip of the Pacha

* Thus relates Mr. Woodcock : " The battle raged most fiercely against the holes whence the fire was to issue, at once the post of honour and of danger. The exhausted victor in a *mélée* had there no time to rest upon his laurels ; against his panting form a hundred hands were raised, men climbed over from behind to struggle for his place, and at last, crushed and beat down by the candles of assailing multitudes, he ceded the dangerous honour

and officers, nor the swords of the soldiers, could reduce the mob to anything approaching decency.

When I got completely worn out by standing and being crushed, and sickened by the vision before me, and almost made up my mind to give up my place to one of the many candidates for it, I observed a procession of gaily and richly robed bishops and priests, with banners, who formed a circle round the tomb. A single priest, then, with a vessel in his hand strikingly resembling a lantern, preceded the Patriarch, who was accompanied by two priests and Mustapha Sheriff, the Pacha of Jerusalem. After the Patriarch was in the tomb for about twenty minutes the fire was produced. A courier from Damascus was the first served, in order to set off at once for that city. Next, a rich Armenian family, who with a great sum purchased that privilege; and then the fire was let loose, wild, *pro bono publico*, through the different apertures in the tomb. I confess my inability to convey to you by letter, even a faint idea of the dreadful confusion which prevailed in the church. It certainly gave me no other idea than of a vast assemblage of frenzied maniacs. What astonished me most, was how they escaped setting themselves, as well as the building, on fire. The crowded mob lighted their tapers either from the other. Many passed the fire over their denuded bodies. Even women dispensed with a great portion of their habiliments in order that they should feel the unmistakeable heat of the holy imposition.* Whilst the poor pilgrims were at

to some other zealot, like him in turn to be attacked and yield."

* "It was a sight perhaps unparalleled elsewhere in modern times. Each pilgrim summoned his remaining strength and dashed towards the hole whence the fire issued. The tapers, now deprived

the highest pitch of frantic madness, the arch-impostor quietly moved out of the crowd, leaving his dupes to bask in the light which he favoured them with. Talk of the ludicrous appearance, antics and pranks of dancing, whirling, shaking, quaking Dervishes; they are sober, civilized, when compared with the Christian fire-worshippers. Oh, into what a joke has the great enemy of God, of Christ, and mankind turned the saving, yet awful, event of the Crucifixion! and that in the very city where it occurred! Too awful to think of it!

Easter Monday.

P.S. Before I begin my rambles to-day, I must add a few words to the letter I began to write to you on Easter-eve. The purport of which is to give you a brief account of my commemorating Easter Sunday, in the city where "the Lord has risen indeed."

Early yesterday morning several Jews called upon me, with a view of learning some European news, as private letters had just arrived in the Jewish quarter, stating that the Jews of Alsace were very much persecuted, and that it was requested that prompt prayers be made at the western wall—known among the English travellers, as "the place of wailing"—at the tomb of Rachel, at the tomb of Rabb'

of their wax, by the important part they had played in the long battle, blazed out in quick succession, as each applicant obtained a light and lent its flame in frantic rapture to the next. Some were seen holding their hands or arms in the fire, deeming it meritorious thus to suffer; and others threw up their arms in the air, and waved aloft their streaming tapers with yells of joy and gestures of a demon. In the midst of all this, the impudent Prometheus of the play—the Greek Patriarch—passed out and left the church, amid the shouts of his silly dupes."—*Woodcock*.

Shimeon the Just, &c. Was there any truth in the report? I could not tell.

My visitors, on their own accord, introduced the fact of the resurrection as a subject for conversation and discussion. I had occasion to remark, that if I had been an unbeliever all my lifetime, my present visit to Palestine and Jerusalem would make me believe that Jesus was none other than the promised Prophet,* and therefore the Messiah of Israel, and He must needs therefore have died and rose again.

“Look at your city,” said I; “does she not momentarily reiterate in your ears the words of Jesus of Nazareth: ‘If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, And shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another: because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation?’† Did He not also say, that ‘Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled?’ Have His words come to pass or not? I appeal to you!”

My visitors looked at each other in decided confusion. I relieved them of their embarrassment, by telling them, that “I must go to church, to attend the particular service of this particular day, as appointed by our Church.”

My brethren rose, therefore, to go; but, before going, they asked to look at the book out of which I was reading. I handed them the Hebrew New Testament. They wanted also to see the book which contained our prayers.

* Deut. xviii. 18.

† Luke xix. 42—44.

I handed them a copy of our Liturgy, as translated into Hebrew, by the "London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews." Whilst they examined the title-pages of the books, I got ready to go. The Jews rose, and begged the loan of those volumes for a couple of days. I gladly granted the petition, and we walked together through the Jewish quarter, and then we parted.

The chapel was well filled, because many Protestant pilgrims are also to be found at Jerusalem during the Easter season. I trust I may be permitted to retain the impressions unobliterated from my mind and soul, which were yesterday produced upon them. I look upon the privilege of being permitted to commemorate my Saviour's Resurrection, in the very vicinity where it took place, with the most sincere gratitude to the Great Disposer of Events; and the privilege was greatly enhanced by being permitted to listen to the testimony of Jesus from the lips of our pious and Apostolic Bishop, Samuel. A most effective and solemn sermon did he preach from Mark xvi. 2, 3. The subject was, of course, the Resurrection. He was exceedingly impressive throughout, but especially at the conclusion, when he exhorted us to "imitate the vigilance and love of the mournful night-watchers, at the tomb of Him 'who died that we might live.'"

The most interesting portion of this day's service was the administration of the sacred ordinance of the Lord's Supper. If you had been present, you might have been induced to believe that the gift of tongues still existed in the Christian Church. People of different countries and divers languages surrounded the simple communion place, and the head of the Church, with that solemnity peculiar to himself, pronounced—if I remember right—in seven different languages, the prescribed formula,

each language according to the individual to whom he handed the dying memorials of bread and wine ; viz. Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, English, Italian, German, and French. Such were the national languages of the motley worshippers.* It was and is a day long to be remembered by me.

I dined with the Bishop—for the third time since I came to the metropolis of his Lordship's sec—I met there a pious French couple, Count Gasparin and his lady ; they are exceedingly amiable, well-informed, and communicative. I also attended the German service in the afternoon, and heard Mr. Ewald preach ; and listened to another, in English, in the evening, from Mr. Nicolayson. The remainder of the evening I devoted to an examination of all the *pros* and *cons*, whether the church, in which such disgraceful scenes were exhibited on Friday and Saturday last, does or does not stand on the site of the Calvary of Scripture. My firm conviction is, that it does not stand on that melancholy spot.

I intend writing the result of my investigation and examination, in a letter to Dr. Neander, of Berlin. I am off to the Armenian church.

Yours very faithfully, &c., &c.

* “ At the table of the Lord knelt many a communicant, never again to banquet thus with those who knelt around him, till signs and sacraments shall be no more ; for here were gathered men from distant lands, to-morrow to be dispersed and to return to their wide-spread homes. And though the multitude of tongues might show that the bond of union between the worshippers was spiritual and inward, it was pleasing to hear the words of administration issuing from the lips of the Bishop in so many different languages, as though the sacred ordinance were impatient of the trammels of speech, and conveyed its strengthening influence, independent of geographical limits. ‘ Mortals have many languages, immortals one.’ ”—*Woodcock*.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO THE RT. REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF CORK.

Jerusalem, Easter Monday, 1848.

My dear Lord,

You said that you should “expect a letter from me from the Holy City, without fail; and it must be descriptive of some spot of this once beloved and chosen place.” I shall, therefore, devote this day’s experience and observation to an epistle to your Lordship.

The first thing I did, very early this morning, was attending the service in the Armenian church, said to be built over the tomb of St. James. It is the richest church in the whole of Palestine—the priests, therefore, are most gorgeously appaeled. The large golden star, worked upon the Patriarch’s robe, with the many indented diamonds, moving, with the wearer, in circular procession, amidst a brilliant illumination, and mingling amongst the inferior clergy, with their lesser starry robes, gave me the idea of a sort of planetary system in human shape.* I was rather surprised at observing the administration of the sacrament, which was broken very early, and given to infants. It is very curious, that circumstances, with which one seems historically conversant, have still a startling

* The effect was very remarkable, especially early in the morning before the sun had risen, to take the shine out of the artificial lights and sparkling jewels.

effect on the first practical view of them. I have experienced this sensation in many instances.

In the grounds belonging to the Armenian convent, I was shown the house of Caiaphas, our Lord's prison, the stone which closed the Holy Sepulchre, and the place where the cock crew after St. Peter's threefold denial of his Master. During the Easter season, this convent accommodates thousands of pilgrims. The whole staff of officials consists of about one hundred and fifty individuals.

The Armenian Church was once very influential in this country; they had no less than seventy-six convents, but through the combined malice, envy, and jealousy of the Greek and Latin Churches, that large number has been reduced to four. This establishment had once a very handsome convent on the Mount of Olives, but the heads of the Greek and Roman Churches did not rest till they obtained a firman from the Sultan, for its destruction; which zealous deed was performed by the Greek Catholics themselves. "See how these Christians love one another!"

On my return home, I found several visitors from among the Jerusalem Jewish converts waiting upon me. Each had a different story to relate, in connexion with his history, conversion, trials, persecutions, &c. They made my heart bleed, and my eyes run down with water many a time. Alas! little do Gentile Christians know of the bitter trials which fall to the lot of the Jewish converts. If the former knew but half, they would sympathize with the latter more sincerely, and would hesitate before they enunciate that disgusting query: "Do you think he is sincere?" Does any one, possessing a moderate share of common sense, think that a Jew would embrace Christianity simply because he had a desire to be hated, and

traduced, and maligned by the members of the Synagogue, and suspected and despised by the members of the Church? What paradoxes must not Christians believe, if they doubt the sincerity of a Jewish convert! My Lord, I do not affirm that baptized Jews do not afford instances of consummate rascality. So do the clergy of our beloved Church; but the exception cannot prove the rule in either case. I choose one of the narratives at random, to which I listened to-day, for the benefit of this letter. It is the providential leading of a proud, conceited, Jewish deist to the foot of the Cross.

Dr. Kiel, a clever physician from Courland, in the Empire of Russia, arrived here in the year 1841. He was considered very clever in his profession, whilst in his native country, and for upwards of twenty years served a large military hospital. In consequence of mixing with the Gentile physicians in his land, who were almost all infidels, he imbibed a great many of their notions, which shattered most fatally the religion he was bred in, and he became a would-be-wise rationalist. All at once an uncontrollable fancy took hold upon his mind to visit the Holy Land. Why and wherefore, he could not divine; for his patriotic virtues were exceedingly impaired by the contact of infidel Christians: but go he must. He reduced all his property to ready cash, and left Russia with his lucrative situation, accompanied by his wife and daughter, and, after a few months travelling, they arrived here. Dr. K.'s skill in the medical department was soon apparent among his brethren, and, as they had no Jewish physician, his arrival was hailed by the Synagogue with a great deal of gratification. He soon got into practice, and enjoyed the respect and esteem of the chiefs of his nation here.

In the year 1842, Mr. E. M. Tartakover was sent out

by the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, to act as one of the Missionaries in the Holy City. Poor Mr. T., soon after his arrival, was taken very ill with ophthalmia, and stood in danger of losing his sight. Dr. K. knew Mr. T.'s family; he visited, therefore, the blind missionary, and said: "I am very sorry to find you under such painful and distressing circumstances; it appears that the flood of light which you fancy Christianity shed upon you, deprived you of your physical sight, and after all, I, in my unbelief, enjoy the light of Heaven more liberally than you do." Mr. T. replied in the style and manner a resigned Christian does under such circumstances. He told his Eliphaz,* that his soul enjoyed an amount of light for which he was more thankful than if his eye was illumined, and that he would rather that his bodily eye be dark, than his eye of faith unenlightened. Dr. K. said: "You are at perfect liberty to enjoy what you dream you have got; I am not going to discuss the merits and character of the light you speak of; but it grieves me much to see you in this plight. I know your family well, and I should be glad to be of some service to you in this trying dilemma. Where is the medicine you use?" Mr. T. told him the locality it was placed in, and the Hebrew doctor examined it, and pronounced it an infallible drug to perpetuate the patient's blindness. He said to Mr. T.: "If you are at all anxious to recover your sight, I beg of you to give up using this horrid drug. Put it by; do not tell your physician that I have countermanded his prescriptions. I will furnish you with medicine, which, I venture to assert, will enable you to behold the light again in the course of

* One of Job's comforters.

a week. I will come to see you daily." Mr. T. obeyed, and before the week elapsed, Mr. T. was able to catch a glimpse of light. Dr. K. was regular in his visits ; Mr. T. spoke constantly of the hope set before him, and the very day Mr. Tartakover began to open his physical eyes, a light broke in upon Dr. K.'s moral eyes. The physician, threw himself an humble suppliant at the foot of the Cross, exclaiming : "How true is it, that the Lord leads the blind in a way they know not ! What a mercy that I was dissatisfied with my native country ! What a cure was effected by your disease ! I was blind, but now I see ; I was lost, but now am found !" Mr. T. related to the late Bishop the whole of this deeply interesting episode. The Right Reverend Dr. Alexander took the physician into his immediate care ; he instructed him, and baptized him, protected him, and obtained support for him ; whilst the credit of curing Mr. T. was tacitly accorded to the authorized physician.

As long as Bishop Alexander was alive, he took care that the interesting convert should not be molested by Christians, at least. He baptized him and his household, and procured for him a situation under the Society. Since the lamented Father in God was called away from this vale of tears to the "land of pure delight," the poor convert had to tread a most thorny path. My Lord, nothing but the flow of tears prevents me from entering into particulars of the diversity of torture to which the poor man was subjected. It took him about two hours to relate his melancholy history, which he did whilst we were walking to visit the tomb of the sainted Alexander. When we arrived there, poor Dr. K. could not suppress his emotions, and gave vent to a gush of tears, which I seldom saw issuing from the eyes of a middle-aged man. But I

seldom saw another influenced by similar anguish of soul. I could not resist a sympathetic stream of the same, and said: "Dear friend, be of good cheer; it is all for Christ's sake. Why art thou, therefore, thus cast down, and why art thou disquieted? Trust in the Lord; thou shalt yet praise Him for the help of His countenance. Commune with your soul, as David of old did, and thou shalt have reason to bless God for His mercies." I repeated to him the following few lines:

" Bless the Lord, O my soul :
 And all that is within me,
 Bless His holy name.
 Bless the Lord, O my soul,
 And forget not all His benefits.
 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities :
 Who healeth all thy diseases.
 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction,
 Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies.
 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things ;
 So that thy youth is renewed like the eagles.
 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment
 For all that are oppressed."*

The Doctor wiped away his tears, and said, pointing to a catacomb hewn out in the rock: "Here lies the body of our beloved brother; would that my body were soon laid by his side; and may God Almighty give me grace, that I may be a fit fellow-heir with him in the kingdom of heaven." I asked for Mr. R. Bateson's tomb, over which I could not resist shedding a tear—not for him, he is safe, but for his bereaved and affectionate parents—who bade farewell to this fickle world here below, on Christmas-eve,

* PS. CIII. 1—6.

1843*. He pointed out to me the resting-place of the remains of the affectionate partner of our beloved brother Ewald.

We left the cemetery in solemn silence, descended into the Valley of Hinnom, and ascended the Hill of Evil Counsel, so called. It is a sort of rocky shelf. The ruins of Caiaphas' country-house, where the chief priests and scribes and elders consulted that they might take Jesus and kill him, were shown to me.* Also the Potter's Field—Aceldama, "purchased with the reward of iniquity."† Also a very extensive catacomb, having regularly formed niches, full of dead men's bones, and especially skulls. And it is my conviction that this place is more entitled to the honour of the Golgotha of Scripture than the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, as it is called. There can be no doubt that this hill was used for different sorts of cemeteries in ancient days, and many of the rich Jews had tombs hewn out there for them, where Joseph of Arimathea is more likely to have had his than in the locality which random monks pointed out, be the tradition ever so old or general. Your Lordship may some time see a longer essay on this vexed question than I can at this late hour construct.

I am, my dear Lord,

Yours truly, &c., &c.

* Matt. xxvi. 3.

† Acts. i. 18, 19.

LETTER XXXV.

TO MIRIAM ESTHER NAOMI, &c.

Jerusalem, April, 1848.

My dear Miriam,

I suppose you will be looking out for a letter from me, from the city of our forefathers; I will not disappoint you, but you must make up your mind to be satisfied with a short one. I have nearly one hundred letters to write to my various friends in England, Germany, and Poland. The way I endeavour to discharge my engagements is by sleeping very little; I ramble about during the day, visit all the places of interest, and in the night time, I first enter an epitome of my experience into my portfolio, and then write to my correspondents on various subjects. I spent this evening with the good Bishop's family, from which I have just returned. Both the Bishop and Mrs. Gobat are delightful characters, just such persons as a bishop and bishopess should be, pious, humble, amiable, and affable. I got quite attached to them, and look up to the good shepherd as one of his flock. He asked me to preach on Sunday next, which I shall of course do, as I shall esteem it a great privilege to proclaim redeeming love, in the very city, where Jesus commanded His disciples to begin from.

This morning I paid a visit to the schools which the Bishop established here, for Jewish, as well as for Christian children. The majority are of the former class; for almost all the Jewish converts send their children thither. I was exceedingly pleased with the manner in which the school is conducted. The schoolmistress, an English lady, knows

her business remarkably well; and does justice to the charge committed to her. The children answered every question put to them promptly and correctly. The most interesting boys in the school are those of a dear friend of mine, Mr. Peter Berghheim, assistant to the medical department. It pleased me very much to hear the infant Hebrew Christians sing Bishop Heber's "Lament over Jerusalem." I like both the words and the music very much; and as I should like to recur often, in thought at least, to the scene I witnessed this morning, I should be very much pleased if you would learn to play and sing it; so that you may often, by your notes and voice, transport me, when I am once more settled at home, back again to this place. I intend to leave Jerusalem for Egypt in the course of a month, and trust with God's blessing, to see you face to face before many "moons roll over our heads," as the Arabs say. To secure your learning the "Lament," I send you both the music and the words:

Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! En -

thron - ed once on high; - - Thou fa - vour'd home of

God on earth, Thou heav'n be - low the sky; . . .

The first system of musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with some chords in the bass. The lyrics are written below the staff.

Now brought to bond - age with thy sons, A

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

curse and grief to see; Je - ru - sa - lem! Je -

The third system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

ru - sa - lem! Our tears shall flow for thee.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the staff.

II.

Oh! hadst thou known thy day of grace
And flock'd beneath the wing
Of Him who called thee lovingly,
Thine own anointed King.
Then had the tribes of all the earth
Gone up, thy^v pomp to see,
And glory dwelt within thy gates,
And all thy sons been free.

III.

And who art thou that mournest me?
Replied the ruin grey,
And fear'st not rather that thyself
May prove a castaway?
I am a dried and abject branch,
My place is given to thee;
But woe to every barren graft
Of that wild olive-tree.

f

IV.

Our day of grace is sunk in night,
Our time of mercy spent,
For heavy was my children's crime,
And strong their punishment.
Yet gaze not idly on our fall,
But, sinner, warned be;
Who spared not His chosen seed,
May send His wrath on thee.

V.

Our day of grace is sunk in night,
Thy noon is in its prime,
Oh! turn and seek thy Saviour's face
In this th' accepted time.
So, Gentile, may Jerusalem
A lesson prove to thee,
And in the new Jerusalem
Thy home for ever be.

I go to see the Jews, and they come to see me, very often. We frequently converse about the things belonging to their peace. Learned argument is not required here; if one has the tact to address himself to the feelings of the poor Jews, he can literally make the stones eloquent with arguments, and cry out, "Blessed be the King that came in the name of the Lord; peace in Heaven, and glory in the highest."* Many a time did I make Jews shed tears, by merely pointing to the Mount of Olives, and reminding them of the affectionate solicitude of Jesus for their eternal welfare; to the Garden of Gethsemane, to Mount Moriah, to Mount Zion, to the degraded state of the present city of Jerusalem itself, and simply appeal to them, saying: "Behold these things, and judge for yourselves, whether Jesus was a true Prophet or not." I was walking the other day with several Hebrews in the solemn silent Valley of Kedron, and when the conversation turned on the subject of Christianity, they exclaimed: "Surely none other than our shepherds lead us astray, everything round and about Jerusalem declares that Jesus must have been the person foretold so long to be a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people."† I could not have produced the same effect upon their minds, by powerful argument, I would stir up their opposition, and stimulate their contradiction. As it is they are half won.

Mr. Bartlett, the clever author of "Walks about the City and Environs of Jerusalem," in speaking on the "Conversion of the Jews," observes thus: "*Humanly* speaking, Jerusalem is the last place where we may expect to meet with converts, where every object tends to keep alive among the Jews the spirit of their religion—the

* Luke xix. 37—40.

† Isaiah lv. 4.

sacred hills, the cemeteries of their fathers, the walls of their once proud temple. Even their very distress and degradation must powerfully contribute to fix their minds on the holy books, which foretel their future glory, when the measure of their suffering shall be fulfilled." I confess, I have greater respect for Mr. Bartlett as a skilful artist than as a sound logician. From what I have already observed—and my observations are founded on personal and practical experience—you will perceive, that if we may expect to meet, "*humanly speaking*," converts in any place, Jerusalem is the first; and for the very reasons which Mr. Bartlett adduces.

There was a beautiful sight here on last Palm Sunday, as it is indeed on every anniversary of that day. The pilgrims go in procession from St. Stephen's Gate; or as it is called by the native Christians, *Bab Seedna Miriam*,* with palm branches, fantastically platted, in their hands, to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre through *Via Dolorosa*, the road of grief—the supposed street through which our Saviour was led to the place of crucifixion. The effect was beautiful. Just fancy five or six thousand pilgrims walking in such a manner, with palm branches—the emblem of peace—in their hands. Would that those Christians strove to be peaceful! I have obtained one of those fantastically platted branches, which I trust to be able to bring safely home with me; so that you will be able to form some slight idea of the sight.

When I left the Bishop's schools, I proceeded to take a semi-circular walk around Jerusalem. I left the city by the northern, or Damascus Gate, called by the natives *Bab*

* The former because Stephen is supposed to have been martyred there, and the second because the tomb of the Virgin is supposed to be in that direction.

Ash-Sham, and after reading the Lamentations of the Prophet of Anathoth, at the Cave of Jeremiah, where the inspired mourner is supposed to have written his Book of Lamentations. From whence I proceeded to the Mount Scopus. The word is of Greek origin, and signifies *view*, and it appears to have been given to that hill, because of the beautiful and extensive views, which may be obtained from its sides and summit. Our great historian, Josephus, informs us, that from hence the city and its great temple were first viewed by Titus; that it was seven furlongs distant from it; and that here Titus ordered a camp to be fortified for two legions of his soldiers. After viewing Jerusalem from that hill, I proceeded to the Mount of Olives, and contemplated over the sad catastrophe that befel our beautiful city, in consequence of the transgression of our forefathers. Jerusalem looks lovely, even in her ruins, both from Scopus and Olives. After spending a couple of hours on the latter, I returned into the city by the southern gate, called by Europeans "Zion Gate," because it is on that mountain; the natives call it *Bab Seedna Daud*, because outside this gate is the tomb of David.

Whilst I am at this tomb, I may as well tell you something about it. The Mohammedans guard it with the most ceaseless vigilance, and neither Jews nor Christians are admitted into its precincts. Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore, however, after a great ado got the Pacha to interfere, and that functionary's personal attendance enabled the patriotic Hebrew couple to gain admission. Lady Montefiore, in her private unpublished journal, records that they were led to a spacious vaulted subterranean chamber, at the upper end of which was a trelliced doorway leading into the tomb itself: there they read in

Hebrew a devotional prayer, which was translated in the presence of the company, and gave way to feelings that could not be suppressed.

The Jews have a variety of traditions and legends about this tomb, which I have preserved as a subject for a long letter to a friend. But as I have copies of all my epistles, you shall read them, if you should be so disposed, on my return home.

Now God bless you, my dear Miriam, is the constant prayer of your affectionate papa, &c., &c.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO THE REV. JOHN HOLLIST, MANCHESTER.

Liverpool, January, 1849.

My dear Friend,

I fear you will almost be disposed to think that I have forgotten the environs of Jerusalem, since I have been apparently so tardy in fulfilling my promises of writing to you and yours about Kedron, Gethsemane, Bethany, Bethlehem, and Nablous. I assure you I have not forgotten those places. What, forget Jerusalem and its environs!

“ When thou, lov’d Zion, art forgot,
Let this unworthy hand decay;
When Salem is remember’d not,
Mute be these guilty lips for aye.”

My “Note-book” informs me that I promised you an epistle about Kedron and Gethsemane. Well, then, here it is.

I must solicit the pleasure of your company, whilst I take a pedestrian tour round the western, southern, and eastern walls of Jerusalem; and I must, moreover, request

you to follow me closely, as I am not going by the beaten track from Jerusalem to Gethsemane, *i. e.* through St. Stephen's Gate, which is towards the east. My usual walk is this : I leave the city by the Jaffa Gate, which is on Mount Zion, towards the west ; from thence I descend into the lower Pool of Gihon, and then ramble for some time on the southern part of Mount Zion, which is literally ploughed as a field. It is now crowned with waving corn, from which I plucked a few ears, and prize them like so many sacred relics. I sit there many an hour, gazing on the scenery before me, and musing over the mighty events that happened there in days of yore.

The Valley of Hinnom lies at my feet. How eloquent that valley seems to me ! I fancy that it speaks most thrillingly of the awful scenes it witnessed ; and such is the power of imagination, that I literally stopped my ears more than once, thinking to be able to counteract the narratives of the horrid tales which emanate from that valley. Every inch of it seems, to me, to be gifted with speech, and enunciating more indignant invectives than I have ever heard proceeding from human lips. Many a time do I find myself articulating : " Alas ! too true." Everything conspires to make that valley speak in one's ears ; for, just opposite to the Mount of Zion—where we are sitting—and above the valley is the " Hill of Evil Counsel," called thus, because it was there that Caiaphas is said to have lived, and it was there that he thus spoke, as he was moved by the Holy Ghost, though unwittingly, " that it is expedient for us that one man should die for the people, and the whole nation perish not."

A little to the left is the place distinguished for infamy, bearing the name of Aceldama.

Having thus ruminated over the associations, which

the above-named spots suggest, arise, let us go hence. We now descend towards the eastern declivity of Mount Zion, and shall arrive at the Pool of Siloah—I prefer this name to Siloam. When I was there by myself, I could not forbear repeating a verse of M'Cheyne's, which runs thus :

“ Beneath Moriah's rocky side,
A gentle fountain springs ;
Silent and soft its waters glide,
Like the peace the Spirit brings.

The thirsty Arab stoops to drink
Of the cool and quiet wave ;
And the thirsty spirit stops to think
Of Him who came to save.”

I am convinced this fountain is the Bethesda of the New Testament. Oh ! if we had but to stop here a whole day, what interesting reminiscences might have occupied our minds ! but we must proceed. We now go northward, into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, as it is called, lying between the Mount of Olives and Mount Moriah. The valley is studded with Jewish tombstones. Let us proceed farther, we shall soon be at the Brook Kedron. Here we are. What profound silence reigns here, and yet how deafening are the tales its pebbles relate. Hart seems to me to have learnt his pretty verses from these little orators. You know the lines I refer to ; I heard you once begin to repeat them. Here are the two first verses :

“ Jesus, while He dwelt below,
As divine historians say,
To a place would often go,
Near to Kedron's brook it lay.
In this place he loved to be,
And 'twas named Gethsemane.

'Twas a garden, as we read,
 At the foot of Olivet,
 Low and proper to be made
 The Redeemer's lone retreat.
 When from noise he would be free,
 Then he sought Gethsemane."

With thoughts most solemnized by the contemplation of the objects around us, we walk speechless towards that resting-place of our adorable Redeemer. We knock at a small door facing the summit of the Mount of Olives; a sleepy watchman—a Roman Catholic—opens the door; we enter, but we are overpowered by our feelings. Our blessed Saviour's agony and bloody sweat; His cross and passion are so vivid. Our hearts become bruised; we know not what we do. The words of our beautiful Litany occur to our minds, and we repeat, with a fervency never before felt, and with an earnestness to which we were strangers hitherto: "By the mystery of Thy holy incarnation; by Thy holy nativity and circumcision; by Thy baptism and temptation. Good Lord deliver us!

"By Thine agony and bloody sweat; by Thy cross and passion; by Thy precious death and burial; by Thy glorious resurrection and ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost. Good Lord deliver us!" Let us conclude our visit here by singing the last verse of Hart's hymn:

"Saviour, all the stone remove
 From my flinty, stony heart;
 Thaw it with the beams of love,
 Pierce it with Thy mercy's dart.
 Wound the heart that wounded Thee,
 Break it in Gethsemane."

The sun is beginning to set ; we must return at once, else the gates will close upon us.

I am, my dear Mr. Hollist,

Yours in Gospel bonds, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO MISS HOWE, FRAMPTON RECTORY.

Jerusalem, May, 1848,

My dear Miss Howe,

You always seemed interested in the Caraitc Jews, as that sect of Hebrews is called by English writers ; I shall therefore turn them into good account, and make them profitable in the way of a subject for a letter. I do even flatter myself that they will be acceptable, since I accompany it with a sketch of the chief of that sect, who did me the honour of calling upon me ; and, moreover, had no objection to apparel himself in his synagogue costume for my especial examination.

This sect is now very small in number in this city. The Jews here have the deadliest antipathy towards them ; because, small in number though they be, they stand out as staunch witnesses against the traditions of the Jewish fathers, and affirm, in the words of the New Testament, that the Rabbies have made the Word of God of none effect. These Jewish Protestants call themselves קְרָאִים (Koraim), or "Scripturalists," because they reject the

whole of the oral law, and observe nothing which cannot be proved from the written law. In consequence of which they subjected themselves to severe and fiery persecutions; and they assert, moreover, that one of their chiefs was put to death—by their Jewish brethren, the traditionists—whose



name was Rabbi Aaron Hanasi, who is supposed to have repaired to the Holy City from Babylon, soon after the Mohammedan Conquest of the place, and requested from Caliph Ali permission to build a synagogue for his co-religionists. The Caliph granted permission for a subterranean synagogue; he would not allow the city to be defiled by a synagogue on its surface. I was curious enough to descend into it, and I had to do so by twenty-

two steps, before I reached the pavement. It is tolerably spacious, and could accommodate about one hundred and fifty individuals. From a book published by one of their authors at Yaruslaw, in Crimea, about twelve years ago, it appears that that individual was assassinated by the Rabbinites. I procured a copy of the book; it bears the name of "*Zechor L'Abraham*." The author laments the many Koraïm that have been victimized by the furious rage of their persecuting Jewish brethren, and particularly mentioned Rabbi Aaron Hanasi, who fell a sacrifice to his conscientious righteousness. What is singular in that production, are the following passages: "And thus have they slain Jesus, the righteous one, who instructed in uprightness, as we have already observed." In recounting the fiery ordeal which the chiefs of the Koraïm endured from their antagonistic brethren, the author proceeds to say: "But why should we be astonished at this? have they not also put to death Jesus, the son of Miriam, the righteous one, the perfect one, and upright one, who feared God, who saved the majority of the nations from their ancient idolatrous services, and instructed them in uprightness, and established them upon religious principles, who have thus received from him the knowledge of the existence of a God, and the creation of the world?" &c.

This author claims even Jesus to have been of their founders, which appears from the following passage: "Moreover, Jesus did not change the Law of Moses; for he himself affirmed, 'I am not come to destroy the Law of Moses, but to fulfil it; Heaven and earth shall pass away, but neither a word nor a letter from the Law shall be erased.' By which it is evident that Jesus believed in Moses and the Prophets. But they killed him for two reasons: first, because he himself was of the stock of the

children of the Koraïm ; and, secondly, because he opposed their traditions, as other Koraïm did before him ; and therefore they shed his guiltless blood." In the fundamental principles of modern Judaism, they are at issue with the followers of the Talmud.* The following are their articles of faith :

I. " Everything that exists, temporal and spiritual, the planets and all that is in them, was created.

II. " That everything had a Creator, but the Maker Himself is uncreate.

III. " That the Blessed One† has no likeness, and that He is one in every respect.

IV. " That He sent Moses our Master—peace be upon him.

V. " That the Blessed One sent by the hand of Moses our Master—peace be upon him—His perfect law.

VI. " A believer must know the language and the interpretation of our law ; viz., the text and its explanation.‡

VII. " That the Blessed One inspired other Prophets.

VIII. " The Blessed Name shall quicken the sons of men at the Judgment Day.

IX. " The Blessed Name rewardeth men according to his ways and his works.

X. " The Blessed Name hath not cast away the exiled

* See p. 140. Also my " Fundamental Principles of Modern Judaism Investigated," pp. 8, 90, 107.

† A name for the Almighty.

‡ The Koraïm believe that the law was given with the diacritical vowel-points and accents, as that code exists now, upon which they look as an inspired exposition. The study of grammar and logic is, therefore, particularly recommended.

people, but they are under God's chastisement, and it behoves them to await His salvation through the Messiah, the Son of David."

Now you will know all you wish to know about the Koraim.

This morning, I went to witness the manner of buying and selling of this city in the fruit and vegetable market, which is held in an open square, before, what is called, the Tower of Hippicus. There were collected, very early, women from all the neighbouring villages, as Bethlehem, Betshaan, Ainhercem, Lift, Kuriath-Al-Anub, Silwan, &c., with the produce of their gardens and fields. The custom is, that the only persons eligible to purchase from the sellers are the greengrocers of the town. All the grocers appeared about eight o'clock. Each of those individuals laid hold of some basket or sack, or any other vessel containing commodities suiting his purpose. The shopkeeper said, "I give you so much for your vegetables," or "fruits," as the case might be: the woman said, "No, that is not enough; you must add one-half." The customer began to abuse, to curse, and sometimes spit at, the salewoman; and the latter, in return, did the same with astounding energy. This scene was enacted in every corner of the market. The whole square presented to me a most horrible, but at the same time ludicrous, spectacle of confusion; some were screaming at each other at the highest pitch of their voices; others were shaking each other with cordial vehemence; others, again, were spitting at each other for a quarter of an hour long. I thought the confusion would never be over, the parties must needs remain in that frenzied state the whole day; but not so, the quarrelling did not last more than one quarter of an hour; after

which, the bargains were struck, the buyers carried off quietly their purchases to their stalls, the women pocketed their piastres, and slipt out of the Jaffa Gate, homewards; and before nine o'clock, the square was perfectly clear, and continued so the whole day.

Very few travellers think it worth their while to go to the market so early; but it is my humble opinion, that it is a sight well worth seeing. I cannot possibly write much more to-night.

I gave the Bishop one pound, in your behalf, according to your order, for his nice, interesting, and important schools. His Lordship liked your Hebrew epistle very much. Your translation of the Hebrew circular is something like your disposition—liberal; but it was a capital attempt.

I am, my dear Miss Howe,

Yours truly, &c.

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER.

Jerusalem, May, 1850.

My dear Madam,

I have at last fixed upon a topic, which I think will interest you. My correspondents are of such diversity of tastes, avocations, and pursuits, that I often feel rather nonplussed as to what to write to each respective correspondent, so as to interest him, or her.

Your Grace is very fond of Hebrew poetry—of sacred story; I am almost sure, therefore, that the subjects which I purpose to bring briefly under your notice will please you, though some are of a very melancholy nature.

I shall begin with the western wall, which once closed in the Temple of Jehovah. It is not the remains of a wall of the Temple itself. The Jews, who are very anxious to find out even the slightest appearance of failure in the prophecies of Jesus, are sometimes apt to say: "Where is the fulfilment of the prediction, 'Not one stone shall be left upon another?'" Behold the magnificent wall, which was never destroyed!" It may be true that this wall was never thrown down; but Jesus spoke of the Temple, and not of the outer wall of the Temple area.

My poor brethren, whose love for Jerusalem is undying, assemble themselves daily together there, and sit themselves on the ground, and mourn, lament, and bewail Jerusalem's alienation, and their own degradation. On Friday, however, the attendance is very numerous. Mr. Bartlett, in his "Walks about the City and Environs of Jerusalem," gives a very good picture of the wall, with its mourners. The poor Jewesses express their affection for this, their ancient relic, in a most practical manner; they go along kissing the cold stone, and fix themselves to pray at those spots which have small crevices. They entertain the strange idea that their petitions pass through the small holes, and are thus wafted to the place where the Temple stood, and from thence they would be sure to ascend into heaven, without being intercepted. I have often seen, therefore, Jewesses with their

lips close to a split in the wall, immoveably fixed for some time, and manifest the greatest reluctance to leave their position.

Gentile travellers generally say that the mourning Jews read there the law: it is but seldom that the law is read there. The principal reading consists of prayers, different Psalms, bearing on the past, present, and future condition of this city. Several times I met with groups of venerable old men, sitting on the ground, and chanting some of the lamentations appointed for the fast of *Tishaah B'aav*, the anniversary of the destruction of Jerusalem. The effect this scene has upon me is of a most heart-rending nature; for some of the lays and elegies are extremely pathetic and thrilling, and the plaintive music befits the melancholy composition.

I accompany herewith the music of one of the elegies, in order to give you an idea of the effect; and I shall also furnish you with three verses of the original, as well as with a translation of the same. The first verse is chanted slowly, and then repeated quickly; the second verse is then chanted slowly, and the first verse is again repeated quickly; and so on. The first verse serves as a quick chorus after each.

אלי ציון:

Slowly.

אֵלִי צִיּוֹן עֲרֵה הָאֵשׁ
E' lee tzi youn W' aa reh ha

Acc^t

חַלְבָּתוֹ כִּי וְהָרָצִי בְּשֹׁהֶם כְּמוֹ
K'mou eesh shah B' tzee reh ha : W' chib bthoo lah ch'

הָרָצִי נְעוּ עַל בָּעַל שֹׁק רֹת גּוֹ
Goo rath sak aal Ba aal N'oo - reh - ha.

אלי ציון:

Rather quick.

יְהוָה יְלֵצִיּוֹן וְעֵרְהָהּ
 E' - lee tzi youn W' - aa : reh ha

Acc!

הָלֵב בָּתוֹךְ וְכִיב בְּתוֹלָה
 K'mou eeah shah B' - tze reh ha : W' - chib bthoo lah ch'

הָרֵק נְעִי עַל אֶל שֶׁקֶרֶת גּוֹ
 goo - rath sak aal Ba - aal N'oo - reh - ha.

* If your Grace had not been so efficient a Hebrew scholar, I would have dispensed with the original; as it is, I am afraid of giving offence; and here are a few verses in the sacred tongue. The translation your Grace must turn into English verse; I am not sufficient for that.

אֱלֹהֵי צִיּוֹן וְעָרֶיהָ · כָּמוֹ אִשָּׁה בְּצִירֶיהָ ·
וּכְבָּתוּלָה חֲנוּת שָׁק · עַל בְּעַל נְעוּרֶיהָ ·
אֱלֹהֵי צִיּוֹן יִכְרֹ:

עָלֵי אֲרָמוֹן אֲשֶׁר נָפַשׁ · בְּאַשְׁמַת צֶאֱן עֲדָרֶיהָ ·
וְעַל בֵּימָת מְחַרְפֵּי אֵל · בְּתוֹךְ מִקְדָּשׁ הָדָרֶיהָ ·
אֱלֹהֵי צִיּוֹן וְכֹרֹ:

עָלֵי גִלוּת מְשֻׁרְתֵי אֵל · מְנַעֲמֵי שִׁיר וּמָרִיהָ ·
וְעַל דָּמָם אֲשֶׁר שָׁפַד · כָּמוֹ מִימֵי יְאוּרֶיהָ ·
אֱלֹהֵי צִיּוֹן וְכֹרֹ:

The above, I trust, will gratify your Grace's solicitude for the original, and enable you partly to join the mourning captives of Israel's tribes.

Now for the translation, for the benefit of Lady Olivia Montague, who has not applied herself with the same ardour to the cultivation of Hebrew roots as has your Grace.

1.

“ Wail, O Zion, with thy cities,
Like as a woman in great anguish,
And like a virgin girded with sackcloth
For the husband of her youth,
Wail, O Zion ! &c.

II.

On account of the city which is forsaken
By reason of the transgression of thy people ;
And on account of the blasphemer's intrusion
Within thy beauteous sanctuary,
Wail, O Zion ! &c.

III.

On account of the exile of God's ministers,
Who melodiously chanted the song of thy praise ;
And on account of their blood which was spilt,
Like the water of thy rivers,
Wail, O Zion ! &c.

IV.

On account of the joyous dances,
Which are now silent in thy cities,
And on account of the Assembly Palace which has been destroyed,
And the abolition of thy Sanhedrim,
Wail, O Zion ! &c.

V.

On account of thy continual sacrifices,
And the redemption of thy first-born,
And on account of the profanation of the vessels of the Temple,
And the altar of incense,
Wail, O Zion ! &c.

VI.

On account of the royal scions,
The sons of David, thy nobles,
And on account of their beauty, which became dark,
Since the removal of thy diadem,
Wail, O Zion ! &c.

VII.

On account of the glory, which has departed,
At the time of the destruction of thy palaces,
And on account of the oppression of the Oppressor,
Who made thy girdles sackcloth,
Wail, O Zion ! &c.

VIII.

On account of the wounds and multitude of bruises
With which her Nazarites were smitten,
And on account of the dashing against the stone
Of thy infants and thy young men,
Wail, O Zion ! &c.

On account of the joy amongst thy enemies,
Who mock at thy calamity,
And on account of the afflictions of the noble sons,
Thy Princes, thy chaste ones,
Wail, O Zion ! &c.

On account of the transgression, which perverted
The appointed pathway of thy footsteps,
And on account of the hosts of thy congregations,
The sunburnt ones, the dark ones,
Wail, O Zion ! &c.

XI.

On account of the voices of thy abusers,
At the time when thy carcases were multiplied,
And on account of the raging cursers
Within the Tabernacle of thy courts,
Wail, O Zion ! &c.

XII.

On account of thy name, which has been profaned
 In the mouths of thy upstart oppressors, .
 And on account of their loud solicitude,
 ' Hearken and listen to her words.'

Wail, O Zion! with thy cities, .
 Like a woman in great anguish,
 And like a virgin girded with sackcloth
 For the husband of her youth."

The above elegy is an alphabetical one, each distich begins with a Hebrew letter, in alphabetical order. It consists of eleven verses, exclusive of the first, and of the last, which is merely a repetition of the first. I am almost sorry that I translated it: there seems to be no beauty in the English production, whilst the Hebrew is charming. The last verse appears to me to refer to the exertions which were, and are, made for the conversion of the Jews.

Turning from the group of aged Polish Jews, who chanted the above lay, I took up my position by another group, of the Spanish captivity. I was not a little startled by hearing the following verse, which I subsequently found to be the beginning of a very affecting poem. Here is the verse :

זְכוֹר יְיָ לְמַשִּׁיחַ הַנִּקְרָא .
 אֲשֶׁר עָשׂוּ אֶת גּוֹפּוֹ כְּבָבֶרֶה .
 וְלֹא נֹתֵר חַץ אֲשֶׁר בּוֹ לֹא יָרָח .
 לִכְן עָלָיו אֲבִכָּה בְּנַפְשׁ מְרָח :
 לְשֹׁבֵר זֶה רַפּוֹ כָּל יָדָיִם
 סְבִיבוֹת יְרוּשָׁלַם :

"Remember, O Lord, for the sake of Him who is called the
 Messiah,
 Whose body was made like a sieve,
 There remained not an arrow which was not shot at Him ;
 Therefore, on His account, I shall weep with a bitter soul ;
 For this calamity all hands are feeble,
 Round about Jerusalem."

It is the most melancholy spot in the Holy City, and yet it has its charms, especially to my mind. Not far from that spot is to be found another relic of antiquity, and probably the most interesting, to the scientific traveller ; for if its date be proved to be as early as the reign of King Solomon, then an important point respecting ancient architecture would at once be decided. I allude to the fragment of a key-stone of an arched bridge, which has lately been discovered in another part of the same wall, which bridge once joined the Mountains of Zion and Moriah. I am of opinion that the arched bridge was built by Solomon to enable him to go directly from the royal palace to his Temple, and I think I can prove it from sacred history. When the enterprising Queen of Sheba, visited the wisest of kings, in the catalogue of things, which elicited her unbounded, or breathless admiration, as is the Scripture expression, we find mention of this arched bridge. "And when the Queen of Sheba had seen the wisdom of Solomon, and the house that he had built, And the meat of his table, and the sitting of his servants, and the attendance of his ministers, and their apparel, his cup-bearers also, and their apparel, *and his ascent by which he went up into the House of the Lord ; there was no more spirit in her.*"*

* 2 Chron. ix. 3, 4.

Now the Hebrew word *עָלָה* (*Aliyah*), or ascent, must mean a bridge of some sort. It could not have been a common, ordinary bridge; for, in the first place, *Aliyah* is not the word for it; and, in the second place, there would have been nothing to admire in a common bridge. The Hebrew word *עָלָה*, *Aliyah*, may fairly be translated "an arched bridge." Why should it be incredible that the wisest of men was the inventor or discoverer of the principle? I am rather surprised that the passage I quoted, did not occur to the critical Robinson, to Wilson, or to Lord Nugent; and that other clever travellers should not have noticed the passage from Chronicles, which might have tended to unravel the mysteriousness of the key-stone: but I am not sorry that it escaped their minds, as it gives me an opportunity of saying something fresh about it; a very rare one, after the many books that have inundated Europe with descriptions of Palestine and Jerusalem.

There are some curious reports current here at present, some of which may amuse your Grace; first, that the Queen of Great Britain ran away to America, and England is once more a Republic; secondly, that the Pope intends to remove his seat to Jerusalem, as Rome is becoming too hot for him. With reference to the latter I have a word to say. Whether Pio Nono is the Pontiff who will establish himself in this city, or one of his yet unborn successors, I care not; but if a Pope is to be THE "Anti-christ," I believe that Pope will settle here, and enact all the horrors foretold by the great Apostle: "Let no man deceive you by any means: for that day shall not come except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition: Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in

the Temple of God, showing himself that he is God." I do not believe that St. Peter's, at Rome, is meant by "the Temple of God." I believe that the man of sin when revealed, will make Jerusalem his theatre, and Mount Moriah his stage. This son of perdition will most likely be a Pope, but an apostate one, who will "deny the Father and the Son," but may get by some means possession of the mosque of Omar, which is still called the Temple of God, both by Jews and Moham-medans ; and that Temple stood there in the days of the Apostle.

I hope your Grace will kindly excuse these crude remarks. My multifarious correspondence does not allow me sufficient time for pruning and polishing my sentences.

Please to remember me kindly to the Duke.

I am, my dear Madam,

Your Grace's, &c.

* 2 Thess. II. 3, 4.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO THE REV. DR. J. HUNTER, EDINBURGH.

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In my tent, under the tree where
the angels rested when they
appeared unto Abraham. May,
1848.

My dear Dr. Hunter,

I thought the best way of employing my leisure time under this noble and venerable tree, would be to write a few lines to you about the state of the Jews in Hebron. On Friday morning last, Messrs. Nicolayson and Synianki—who now and then visit the Jews of Hebron in the capacity of missionaries—Mr. Schwartz, Mr. Woodcock—an English gentleman—and myself, left Jerusalem for the most ancient city in the world, where we arrived about three o'clock, P.M., the same day. Messrs. Nicolayson and Synianki went into a house, Messrs. Schwartz, Woodcock, and myself dwelt in tents. Soon after my tent was pitched, so that I was able to wash and change, I paid a visit to the Jewish חַצַּיִר, *Chatzair*.

All the Jews of Hebron—about a hundred families altogether—reside in one court bearing that name, where they have their respective synagogues. Being Friday, I knew that I should not get much access to the Hebrew court, still I was anxious to mark the principal places, especially the synagogues, in order to be able to find my way to them easily the following day. However, no sooner did we enter—Messrs. S. and W. accompanied me—the camp of Israel, than I was dragged into dis-

cussions, both in private houses, and in one synagogue. I directed them to make their peace with their offended God, through His only beloved Son, whom the Almighty sent to seek and to save those that are lost. I have no time now to give the particulars of the topics the Jews chose to start; but I am thankful to say that the result was favourable, and that I was listened to attentively by a good many. Some there were who appeared to grow angry, but did not venture to show their ire openly. After taking a complete view of the place, we took a walk round the town, especially round the Cave of Machpelah, and then returned to our tent.

Messrs. N. and S. came and spent the evening with us. We related to them the particulars of our visit to the Jewish quarter; and we agreed that the following morning—Saturday—we should all meet at the entrance of that quarter, in order to be present at both synagogues, during the public service. The time fixed was six o'clock, A.M. We were all punctual. We first went into the Spanish synagogue, and waited there till the reading of the Law was over. Many interesting particulars in connection with the prayers of the day, I must forbear noticing till some future occasion. From thence we proceeded to the Polish synagogue; the service in the latter commences an hour later than in the Spanish. The fanaticism exhibited in this synagogue, is of a most ridiculous, as well as of a most painful nature. We waited there also till after the reading of the Law, when we went to the Rabbi of the Spanish synagogue. We were received with all possible courtesy. Mr. S. beginning to attack the Talmud, produced a very spirited controversy, in which, of course, I took part. The auditors, though few in number at first, increased rapidly, so that we had a very respectable con-

gregation at last. The old Rabbi evidently seemed silenced, he saw the cogency of our arguments, and after a couple of weak attempts to refute them, gave up in despair. The principal opposition I experienced, was from a few boys: the leader of the opposition was Raphael, son of the Rabbi, about twelve years of age. He displayed all the violence which characterizes those who have a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge. I was obliged to rebuke him several times. Nevertheless, I could not help thinking that I was once such an one myself—nay, even so was a far greater than myself—Saul of Tarsus was “breathing out threatening and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord,”* and yet was afterwards the most honoured instrument in the hand of the Prince of Peace, “to bear His name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel.”† The clamour of young Raphael may have been conducive to keep the grown-up people silent, so that I was enabled to say to them everything I wished, without any opposition on their part.

Leaving the house of the Rabbi, a great number of our brethren followed us, and we also met with some in the court below. Here the controversy was renewed in a more serious manner. The old Jews took up arms, and entered the battle-field; but though there were no garments rolled in blood, there was certainly the most confused noise I ever heard. Our antagonists dealt in mere assertions, and their shouts were deafening. I observed there were several intelligent men amongst them. I addressed myself to them in as low a tone as I could possibly manage, in order to reduce their voices to a moderate key; I succeeded; and moreover, almost all the Jews kept silence,

* Acts ix. 1.

† Ib. ix. 15.

and gave ear to my remarks. I said, therefore: "Dear brethren, our object in speaking to you is not that we desire to display any superior wisdom, or to show you our skill in polemics, or that we delight in contradicting others. No—God forbid that we should indulge such unholy dispositions! Far be such a thing from us! Our object is the salvation of your immortal souls; because we are convinced that, in your present state, you have no prospect of salvation; and we love you most sincerely, and are bound therefore to warn you to flee the wrath to come. If you think the same of us, and feel the same disposition towards us, then pray endeavour, quietly and calmly, to convince us of the error of our way. Come, now, and let us reason gently together; and if to-day is inconvenient, let it be to-morrow."

"Agreed," was the reply of a very intelligent man.

Mr. S., therefore, arranged that on Sunday (yesterday), at ten o'clock in the morning, the Jews should call at his house, where the claims of Christianity and Judaism should be respectively discussed. Having made this agreement, we took our leave, for that day, from the Jewish quarter, amidst the clamours of almost all the boys.

We then took a ride, to see the tree under which Abraham's celestial visitors are supposed to have rested themselves. We enjoyed very much the associations of those times when Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, lived here—in this neighbourhood at least—and finished our reflections by reading Gen. xviii. We were so charmed with the spot and the surrounding scenery, that we determined to remove our tent thither at once. But in this we were disappointed, the Governor of Hebron would not vouch for our safety here, and we were obliged to remain in Hebron till this morning. But to return to my Jewish

friends. Till ten o'clock yesterday morning we waited for our antagonists, but they not having arrived, we thought it best to proceed at once with Divine service. Mr. Nicolayson read our Liturgical service, and I gave a short lecture on Deut. iv. 9, 10, taken from the first lesson of this morning's service.

Whilst at prayers, our Jewish friends called, but our servant told them that we were at Divine worship. Though we were but a very few, we still experienced, according to promise, God's gracious presence. We felt that the hearer of prayer was in the midst of us, and our souls were refreshed by communion with our God and our Saviour. About half-past one o'clock, P.M., our Jewish friends made their appearance. We commenced with a few secular phrases. The man who acted as the principal Jewish champion, I found to be possessed of extensive general information, having travelled to far distant countries in the capacity of a *משולח*, *M'shulach*. I then proceeded to open the subject for which we were met. The whole discussion lasted about three hours, so that I can only furnish you here with a very imperfect idea of it, as I purpose simply to give you the rules, or conditions, of the controversy.

1. That we carry on the discussion, as in the sight of God, and for the sole glory of God; that we carry it on as men anxious to ascertain God's truth, with all due reverence, making the following aphorism our maxim this afternoon :

דברי הכמים בנחת נשמעים:

“ The communications of the wise are characterized by gentle terms.”

2. To examine, from the Scripture of truth, whether Messiah has come already.

3. Whether Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah.

4. Whether Jews, unbelievers in Jesus as the Messiah, can have any prospect of salvation.

5. That neither the New Testament nor the Talmud be quoted.

Mr. Nicolayson assisted me a little, now and then, in the discussion, which was carried on in the most regular manner; and though our antagonists brought the "TELA IGNEA SATANÆ" * with them, they were signally defeated, and felt their defeat too.

Having a few letters more to write from this spot, I conclude, therefore, for the present. I may add particulars to this on my return to Jerusalem.

In the meantime, believe me,

Yours faithfully, &c.

* The "Cheezook Emoonah" and "Nitzachon," the two principal Jewish controversial works, which Wagenzeil translated into Latin, and entitled them as above.

LETTER XL.

TO MRS. EDWARD H. LEVEAUX,

ROSE-BANK COTTAGE, CHESTER.

In my tent, under the tree where
the three angels appeared unto
the Father of the Faithful.
May, 1848.

My dear Sarah,

Here I am, thank God, quite safe, and almost sound. The want of your namesake of old, in this locality, suggested the bright idea of writing a letter from this spot to my dear friend, Sarah Brown, or as she has been recently transformed into Sarah Leveaux.

Though this measure will not supply the "three measures of fine meal and the cakes," yet I feel great pleasure at the fancy of having a chat with you, close to the spot where the Matriarchess—excuse the coining of this new word—Sarah had once her tent pitched. Can you fancy the luxury of dwelling in a tent, under such a venerable tree! If you cannot appreciate it at first, then read Gen. XVIII., and I am sure you will envy me the pleasure.

I wish I could find time and words to tell you all my thoughts, whilst in this country. My most cherished wishes are realized. I trust ere many months elapse—if I am spared—to tell you, *viva voce*, something of what I have seen and heard in the land of our fathers, at the little delightful fire-side of Rose-Bank Cottage.

I came here on Friday last, accompanied by a few friends. We encountered a spirited controversy with our Jewish brethren, and the question at issue between Jews and Christians was fairly debated, and our Jewish antagonists were downright abated. I dare say, you may see an account of the proceedings in the "Jewish Intelligence," if Mr. Nicolayson should think it proper to report, and Mr. Ayerst not think it improper to publish it.*



A friend of mine, who has been accompanying me almost all the time since I left Malta, in March last, took a sketch of MAMRE'S OAK—this is the literal translation of **אֵלֹן מַמְרֵה**—which I inclose you herewith.

I wish I could send you a sketch of the Valley of

* Mr. Nicolayson has given a short account of that day's proceeding, and Mr. Ayerst has published it in the fourteenth volume of the "Jewish Intelligence," p. 248.

Eshcol. I have not seen any part of Palestine so well cultivated as is this vale. An Arab gave me a small cluster of embryo grapes, which I intend carrying safely with me to England; he told me that if it were allowed to grow its full growth it would weigh eighteen English pounds, which I believe is strictly true, for the fertility of this district, though not so great as in the time of Joshua, is still very remarkable.

The places I saw on my way to Hebron, are the following: the tree on which Judas hanged himself, on the Mount of Offence; the cradle in which Jesus as an infant was tended; the petrified ass, on which our Saviour entered Jerusalem before its petrification, and a variety of other apocryphal sights. But I also saw the following authentic ones; the Valley of the Shepherds: the Tomb of Rachel, Bethlehem, Solomon's Three Pools,* Tekoah,† and many other places of note and interest.

Fragments of magnificent columns, and ruins of stately edifices, are seen everywhere throughout this country. I must not now give vent to my feelings respecting the land promised to our forefathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and their seed after them. One thing, however, I shall say, that though the few places that are now seen in Palestine—simply to mark the sites of former grandeur—are wretched and miserable beyond compare, still, in consequence of the imposing sites which they occupy, they appear lovely at a distance. Thus it is with Hebron: it is one of the most wretched places in this country, but, when you are about half an hour's distance from it, you cannot help becoming enchanted with it. Four separate

* Eccl. ii. 6.

† 2 Sam. xiv.

cities appear in view, which must strike you at once—
Hebrew scholar as you are—why :—

שֵׁם חֶבְרוֹן לְפָנִים קִרְיַת אַרְבַּע :

“ The name of Hebron before was Kirjath-Arba.”*

Then the beautiful minaret of the mosque over the Cave of Machpelah woos and wins your attention. But I have written such long letters about Hebron to other friends that I cannot write any more about it.

The tent is beginning to be struck. I must return to Jerusalem. To-morrow, please God, I purpose making a second excursion to Jordan and the Dead Sea, *vid* Jericho. From the latter place, I intend writing to Mr. Joseph, as he often wished me there.

Farewell for the present. Remember me to your Edward.

Believe me, yours truly, &c.

* Joshua. xiv 15. קִרְיַת אַרְבַּע, *Kiryath-Arba*, signifies literally four cities. My idea is, that the place was formerly the property of four brothers, and divided into four separate districts, but became eventually consolidated as the property of one individual, and hence the name חֶבְרוֹן, *Hebron*, which signifies consolidating, uniting.

LETTER XLI.

TO EDWARD H. LEVEAUX, ESQ.

Tranmere Lodge, Dec. 1849.

My dear Edward,

My letter to Sarah seems to have inspired you with a desire for more information about Hebron. The best idea I can give you at present of the road from Jerusalem to Kirjath-Arba of yore, is to enclose you my friend Mr. Woodcock's account of our journey from El Khuds to Al Chalil. My own notes are too voluminous. In fact, they would form a considerable volume in themselves, were they printed; but Mr. W.'s contain all you want to know, and you will have reason, therefore, to be satisfied:

On Monday the 12th of May, as Mr. Nicolayson and Mr. Synianki (both Missionaries of the Jewish Society) were going to pay their visit to Hebron, my friend Mr. Margoliouth, Mr. Schwartz (a student at the late Hebrew College at Jerusalem), and I accompanied them.

Issuing at the Jaffa Gate, we crossed the Valley of Hinnom by the raised pathway at the head of the great reservoir, called the Lower Pool of Gihom, and ascending the opposite hill, entered upon the Plain of Rephaim. We leave somewhat to the left the Hill of Evil Counsel, as it is termed, on the top of which are a few ruined walls without character, and a solitary tree of the fir tribe, blown on one side by the influence of constant breezes: your guide will tell you that the ruins are all that remains of

the country-house of Caiaphas, and the tree is that identical one upon which Judas hanged himself.*

We pursued the road to Bethlehem, past Mar Elias, till we came near the tomb of Rachel, when we turned off to the right into a stony valley, where, after riding about half an hour, we came suddenly upon the Pools of Solomon. These are three oblong tanks, formed in the fall of a valley, one above the level of the other in succession, the water being stopped, as it were, by a wall and embankment running across the valley and forming the lower end of each of these reservoirs. I rode round them and examined them, but could discern nothing in the building of the tanks themselves which would point to a Jewish origin. Plain plastered walls at the sides, stone steps down into the reservoirs, and three or four buttresses in the topmost one, are all the architectural features of these pools. And these buttresses, on examination, appeared to me so evidently Saracenic, that I think they must have been inserted at the time when the Saracenic fort (now ruined) was built; particularly as they are confined to that part of the wall of the pools which might be expected to yield to the additional pressure of a large new building near to it. And I think it most in accordance with the general appearance of these reservoirs to believe, that about the same era the whole of the walls and masonry underwent at least a complete repair. Nevertheless, as the gardens and trees which are below these pools, and nou-

* It is remarkable that at one season of the year the traitor Judas has here a festival, whereat large numbers of the Eastern Christians assemble; and they have sainted him, notwithstanding the statements of Scripture. The sword of the Spirit pares down much of the mass of Eastern hagiology.

rished by their waters, still bear the name of Etan,* there is every reason to believe that the site is the very one in which Solomon "made him pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees,"† and that the gardens are the very "Etham" to which the wisest of kings was wont to resort.‡

We crossed several hills and valleys thickly clothed with brushwood, lilac, and white cistus, daphne, dwarf oak, and even a few stunted fir-trees.§ We lunched near a ruined khan, or village, called Beit Haran, where there was a fine stream of water, and traversing a very rocky hill country, where the ruins of many villages were perceptible, we descended into the fertile valley of Eshcol, full of the finest vineyards I had ever seen in Palestine. The grapes were now quite green, but were very large and abundant. In about six hours and a half after leaving Jerusalem, we entered the ancient city of Hebron, or Kirjath-Arba, picturesquely seated in a fertile vale, or rather on the slopes of four hills which take their rise in the valley. Yet though the inhabitants are numerous, and the adjacent country so fertile, the houses, bazaars, streets, and condition of the people of Hebron seemed to me very wretched and mean. Our foolish dragoman had pitched our tents, before our

* Lord Lindsay.

† Ecclesiastes II. 6.

‡ Josephus, *Antiq.* VIII. c. VII. § 3. There is also, perhaps, an allusion to the river which once supplied the gardens in the Septuagint version of the Psalms. (Ps. LXXIV. 15). "Σὺ ἐξήρανας ποταμὸν ἐν ἡβάμ." *Psalm.*

§ I was much struck by the immense number of ants in this neighbourhood, their long columns carrying food for the winter to their nests, crossing the pathway at every step. I could not but remember Solomon's advice: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard: consider her ways, and be wise," &c.

arrival, on a piece of ground belonging to the tomb of some deceased worthy of Moslem hagiology, close by a great tank, not unlike one of the pools of Solomon. This coming on the morrow to the ears of the Cadi, that functionary politely informed us that we were offending the prejudices of devout Moslems, and requested us to accommodate ourselves elsewhere. On the Saturday evening, therefore, we removed to an olive enclosure on the hill to the south of the city. The chief antiquity of Hebron no Christian or Jew is allowed to inspect : this is the "Haram," or great mosque, a large oblong building enclosed with high walls, having two minarets at the opposite corners. The masonry of the lower part of the wall is certainly (as Mr. Bartlett has remarked) very similar to that of the temple-wall at Jerusalem, near the Jews' place of wailing : here, however, a sort of pilaster is repeated along the face of the wall, which produces a good effect. The Mohammedans declare that this enclosure contains the Cave of Machpelah, the burying-place of the father of the faithful and his wife.

There is also a pool at the north end of the main division of the city, which is said to be the identical one over which David hung the limbs of the assassins of his rival Ish-bosheth, the son of Saul.* It appeared like an ancient reservoir, and was partly filled with water ; whereas, the other larger one near our encampment had the appearance of a much more modern structure. We visited during our stay here a cavern in the Vale of Mamre, which is called the tomb of Othniel, where are nine cells and a central entrance to other chambers, now inaccessible. Our Jewish guide also took

* 2 Sam. iv. 12.

us to a ruined building which he called the Cave of Jesse, where a dark hole in the ground is shown, which the Jews assert communicates with the Cave of Machpelah which is on the other side of the valley, a fact which I could not but think very unlikely, although our informant assured us, in confirmation of his story, that an inquisitive fowl which had been put in at this end had come out in the cave of Abraham.

Hebron is one of the four holy cities of the Jews, and, as the abode and sepulchre of the Patriarchs, has great claims on their religious affections. Accordingly, we found them here in considerable numbers, and chiefly of the strictest sect of their religion, the "Chasidim." The Jewish quarter is situated in the middle of the chief division of Hebron, and is approached from the main street by a single doorway, which leads into a labyrinth of narrow tortuous passages, about which the children of Abraham have their lowly dwellings. They are said to number rather more than a hundred families; that is, about forty of the Sephardim, and from sixty to seventy of the Chasidim. I saw several women among them of extraordinary beauty, the most delicate complexion and classic features being set off by, and contrasted with, large lustrous black eyes, and agreeing well with the graceful semi-circular turban, which, with the loose folds of the dress and lofty carriage, gave each Jewess the dignity, grandeur, and modest aspect of an Esther.

On Saturday, the 13th, being the Jewish Sabbath, we all attended the services of the two synagogues. First, we went to that of the Sephardim, where the service began about seven o'clock in the morning, and waited till after the reading of the Law. There was nothing disorderly in the behaviour of these men, and their Oriental dress and talith

made them a very fine and interesting group. And when, at one period in their service, they all rose, and sang in solemn unison the song of triumph over the drowned Egyptians in the Red Sea, the stern aspect, ancient dress, and flashing eyes of these children of Israel, votaries of the old Mosaic dispensation in its literal rigour, and the sensation that, after so many ages of wanderings, glories, captivities, and persecutions, the sons of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob yet came and dwelt on past exaltation, and hoped for future empire, here, in the very house and sepulchre of their fathers, all this brought to my mind the great reality of Bible history, and seemed to display a link of that mysterious chain which binds the present to the past—the lower steps of a dreamy ladder, the top whereof reacheth to heaven.

We went on to the Polish synagogue, where we found the fantastical Chasidim going through their mad antics—shouting, screaming, clapping their hands, knocking, and squeaking in the most frantic manner.

I pass on to the interview which we had with the chief Rabbi or Cacham. He was an old man, of not very striking features, but with a long, grey beard, which he took occasion frequently to stroke. His wife ushered us into his apartment, where he was seated on a divan, and where we were soon motioned to seat ourselves near him: she then stood below the upper division of the apartment, and, after serving us with sweetmeats, listened in modest attention to the conversation.*

* "This lady, before we left," observes Mr. W., "declared that I was a Polish Jew, and a convert to Christianity of only six months' standing; and the young Jews came around me as we left, and besought me, in Spanish, Hebrew, and Polish, to acknowledge my nation, and declare why I had apostatized."

A topic for controversy was soon produced on the *tapis*, in the words of David, from the one hundred and tenth Psalm, already used by our Redeemer for that purpose: "The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit Thou on my right hand, until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool. If David in spirit call Him Lord, how is He his son?" To answer this difficulty, the old man got out a little book, written by some Jewish controversialist on such subjects, and tried to prove that the psalm was written by some friend of David, and was applicable to that monarch himself. As he had admitted (before looking at this book) that it was applied to Messiah, the Rabbi did not come out very well in this affair. Meanwhile his little son, about twelve years of age, hearing the Epicurims, as they call Christians, attack the principles of his father's religion, suddenly took a most violent part in the discussion, shouting and exclaiming loudly against Christians and Christianity, rating us all in no measured terms as apostates, "meshumadin," infidels, and such like, and raised such a din with his shrill voice—of course, he did not argue, but only railed—that he fairly brought the discussion to a full stop.

I hope I do not belie the old Cacham, but I fancied, as he every now and then attempted to impose silence on his insubordinate offspring, a gleam of satisfaction came over his countenance at the young zealot's pertinacity. It certainly saved him the trouble of silencing by argument that which, thanks to his son's noisiness, was not audible. The room became crowded with Jews, whose anxiety to argue, and readiness to hear on this, as on many other occasions, struck me very much.

As we left the house, the passages of the Jewish quarter were crowded with eager disputants, each ready to discuss the theological tenets of Christianity and Judaism; while the windows of all the adjacent houses were full of

female heads, gazing with beautiful and anxious eyes down upon the strangers.

Mr. Syniānki and Mr. Margoliouth answered a running fire of questions and objections, which were hurled upon our retreat, by the assembled mob of Cachams, Rabbies, and students; till at last, finding two of the assailants apparently anxious to learn and discuss the doctrines of Christianity, an appointment was made for them to come next day to the house of the mission, and talk over the matter calmly and solemnly. A Jew here objected to one of the inquirers, that he had, by causing Mr. S. to write an appointment for the hour of meeting, made an Israelite—for Mr. S. is a Jew by birth—break the Sabbath: such is one of the knotty and far-fetched questions with which these fanatics occupy themselves; and they certainly illustrate very similar objections which were made to our Lord with respect to the Sabbath.

That night, there was a terrible thunder-storm, attended with a very heavy fall of rain; yet, in the morning, such was the dryness and absorbing nature of the soil and rocks, that the traces of wet were barely perceptible. We had the service of the Church of England together, in a room of the Jewish Mission House; and Mr. Margoliouth gave us a sermon upon the lesson for the day.* After the service, the two Cachams,† who had been appointed, came and entered into a long controversy with Messrs. Margoliouth, Nicolayson, Syniānki, and Schwartz, in the Hebrew language. The terms of dispu-

* Deut. iv. 9, 10.

† Mr. W. forms the plural of *Cacham*, according to English etymology; but the proper Hebrew plural for it, is *Cachamim*. The name of one of these was Cacham Yechirda, a young man said to have been a collector for the Jews in India, and a fine intelligent fellow he seemed.

tation having been settled, the Talmud and New Testament being disallowed as authorities, and reference being only permitted to the Old Testament as a standard, a very orderly discussion took place upon these three points, which Mr. M. undertook to prove : first, that Messiah is come already ; secondly, that Jesus of Nazareth is that Messiah ; and, thirdly, that there is no other salvation but by faith in Him.

The discussion lasted several hours, and ended in an application by one of the parties for a New Testament.

The first day I was in Hebron, there was a marriage procession through the streets, about four o'clock in the afternoon, consisting of a long troop of women, clad mostly in white, and dancing, waving their arms, and uttering all sorts of loud cries, as they went along. In front of them, a little apart, were two or three with tambourines or timbrels, which they strummed most violently ; and in the midst of the chief company was the bride, with a red veil over her head. Children ran in troops, and seemed to be a part of the procession. They paraded the streets in this manner without a single male in their procession ; but in the middle of the night I was roused from my slumber by a great shouting and flashing of torches, and " behold the bridegroom came," and paraded, with his male friends, the streets in like manner as the women had done in the day time. All this, which of course has been often seen and reported before, throws a strong light on many passages of Scripture, the parable of the Ten Virgins particularly.

There is a very large Moslem cemetery to the southwest of the city, which reached almost up to the olive-ground where our second encampment was. These places, as in this instance, are often unenclosed, and there seems no consecration or appropriation of the ground for the

purposes of sepulture, in consequence of which I have often seen old Moslem burial-grounds destroyed and used for other purposes. In the afternoon of a fine day, the Turkish women crowd in these cemeteries, and under the shade of the trees, and here they sit on the bare ground, talking, and laughing, and amusing themselves with the gambols of their children for many hours at a time.

On the rise of a hill at the back of this cemetery is the new quarantine establishment, which was, during the time of our visit to Hebron, in process of erection. The French "*médecin*," who was appointed to take charge of it, treated us with great civility, and showed us the excellent preparations which were making to incarcerate unhappy travellers, and put a few hundred piastres in the pockets of a number of placemen. Admirably calculated as these establishments in the East are to impart the diseases which theorists and avaricious men would persuade us they prevent, injurious as they are to the commerce and wealth of the districts and countries surrounded by them, it is rather wonderful that the tide of civilisation should have made so little impression on the system of quarantine. The absurd idea of Egypt, Syria, and the Turkish Empire putting each other into a state of perpetual quarantine, and so checking the progress of their trade, and the important influx of strangers (who will always go a long way round to avoid a quarantine) is, however, a striking proof of the short-sighted policy of the rulers of Islam, and the ill-concealed hatred which exists between the Pacha of Egypt and Sultan Abdul Medjid. In digging for the foundations of this genteel prison at Hebron, a great hole was found, containing the bones of about three hundred men; these are supposed to have been the remains of Ibrahim Pacha's troops, who were killed at

the siege of Hebron, when that bold leader subdued Palestine by the terror of his achievements.

About a mile and a half from Hebron, in a continuation of the same valley towards the west, stands the celebrated old oak, known by the natives and travellers as "Abraham's Oak." We visited this remarkable tree soon after our arrival at Hebron, and were very anxious to have passed the night and the ensuing Sabbath under its grateful shade. But unfortunately some one suggested that this would not be safe unless we had a guard from the Governor of Hebron; and this delusion (for delusion I am quite persuaded it was) put a stop to the whole project. For his Excellency at once declared that no amount of caution would enable us to pass a night in such a dangerous place as the Vale of Mamre, not even a guard of twenty men; because his predecessor, the celebrated Abd-er-Rahman, who had been recently turned out of the governorship of Hebron, would infallibly feel it his duty to plunder all whom he could find without protection in that neighbourhood, to prove that he (Abd-er-Rahman) alone was capable of keeping the country in a state of order and peace. Yet, in consideration of the love his Excellency bore to us ("Blessed," said he, parenthetically, "be the beards of your great-grandfathers,") he would cast over us the shadow and wing of his protection, if we would keep within the limits of his city, and send us two of his most well-beloved, most special, and most trusty guards, as a slight token of the extraordinary affection which he bore for all the "Inglese," and for ourselves in particular. The end of all this was that we had to give up our encampment under the oak, and to pay a couple of lazy, smoking, half-naked men (who officiated as soldiers only under the transparent pretence that the

clumsy blunderbusses they brought with them would go off) for sitting up and singing dismally nearly all the night. Disappointed of our day's rest under the oak in Mamre, we determined at least to spend a few hours under it, and to take a meal there. So on the Monday morning (May 15th), in leaving Hebron to return to Jerusalem, we deviated from the direct road, and passed on betimes to the shadow of this renowned tree, where, after pitching our tents and wandering about, we took our morning meal.

At our first visit, Mr. Margoliouth had read aloud the eighteenth chapter of Genesis, and the influence of the place, undisturbed by childish trumpery, or artificial attempts to stimulate religious fervour, was certainly deeply powerful. I felt restored in a marvellous way to the times of the Patriarchs, when Abraham received angels at his tent-door, and bid them to wash their feet, to rest under the tree, and to partake of his hospitality, all in this very Vale of Mamre: when Isaac not far from him "went out to meditate in the field at even-tide;"* and when Jacob dwelt in this Vale of Hebron, and sent Joseph thence to see after his brethren in Shechem. There was such pleasure, too, in searching out those parts of Scripture history which had the Vale of Hebron or Mamre for their scene, while in that very place so familiar to the Patriarchs. It seemed to me to add much to the interest to reflect that we saw the general feature of the landscape much as they did, for they, like us, dwelt in tents, and were strangers in the Land of Promise. A shepherd lad tending a few goats, and leaning thoughtfully on a long staff, the fringed ends of his little red and white turban falling gracefully down

* Gen. xxiv. 63.

his neck, his brown cloak, with broad crimson stripes, harmonising so beautifully with the landscape, seemed to represent to me such an one as Joseph, while a passing camel, bearing a half-veiled woman, and two children, led by an ill-clad Arab, reminded me of Rachel and her two sons,* led by some servant of Jacob's flocks, as they once returned from Padan-aram to Shechem. One of the most pleasant remembrances of this valley to my mind was, that it was the scene of so many friendly meetings; and that too after years of anger and bitterness. It was here, at the tomb of their common father, that Isaac and Ishmael met in concord;† here, when Isaac died, Esau and Jacob met to bury him;‡ and here in this valley came the thrilling tidings to old Jacob, "Joseph is yet alive, and he is Governor over all the land of Egypt," which revived the fainting spirit of the bereaved Patriarch.§ What valley in the wide world has looked upon sweeter scenes than these, the holy evidences of kindred affections, which rose superior to envy, and undisturbed by circumstances?

While musing on Joseph's history, under the tree, I was struck with the greatness of the distance which the sons of Jacob had gone to find their father's flock in Shechem (the present Nablous): it must be three days' journey at the least; yet Dothan is placed, by tradition of the Jews, two days' journey further north, not far from Safet, where Joseph's Well is now exhibited. They resorted to Shechem, I suppose, because Jacob had a field or parcel of ground

* Mr. Woodcock seems to have forgotten that Rachel died at the birth of Benjamin, her second son.

† Gen. xxv. 9.

‡ Ib. xxxv. 29.

§ Ib. xlv. 25—27.

there, which he bought of the children of Hamor. For the oak itself, under whose shade all these thoughts arose, it is certainly the finest tree which I saw anywhere in Palestine, yet, of course, it is not of the great age ascribed to it. It is possible to conceive it a thousand years old, for after a certain time in this land of drought the growth of large trees seems to be very slow.* I can scarcely fancy that this oak has been always alone, it must probably have shot up with many others from the straightness and symmetry of its trunk. The leaf is very small, much less than that of our English oak, but the acorn is large, round, and very rough. The wind from the north-east has given the whole body of the tree a bias to the opposite direction, which mars the grace of the whole, yet, it is nevertheless a glorious object, and the contrast between its yellow-green foliage, deep shadows, and immense knotted arms, affords endless studies for the painter and lover of the picturesque.† " "

On the top of most of the hills to the north of this valley of the city of Hebron, the mountains of Moab beyond the Dead Sea, or the plain of the Salt Sea, are distinctly visible, though misty with exhalations, so that when Abraham walked with the angels, and communed on the mountain with Jehovah concerning the guilty cities of the plain, he might, from most of these adjacent hills, have been so placed that, on returning early in the morn-

* In the year 700, Bishop Arculfus saw the stump of Abraham's oak. He quotes Jerome as saying that this oak had stood from the beginning of the world. In 1322, Sir John Mandeville found a dry tree, without any leaves, in this place, and quotes the same legend of its antiquity.

† The neighbouring rocks abound in lilac, cistus, blue borago, yellow and pink helianthemum, wild garlic, and a long bulimus.

ing to "the place where he stood before the Lord," and "looking towards Sodom and Gomorrah, and all the land of the plain," he would certainly see "the smoke of the country going up as the smoke of a furnace;" an idea which the vapour from the plain immediately suggests on regarding the actual scene, although of course we must suppose that the smoke of the first conflagration would be far more striking and awful.

We left the oak about eleven o'clock, and proceeded up the Valley of Eshcol towards Jerusalem. The vines are trained here in a curious manner, two sticks with the stem of the vine are made to form a sort of tripod to which they are tied, and the branches are pendant from the top of this stock. If the size of the fruit and abundance of the crop be any criterion, the plan is a very successful one. Ere we came into the road by which we entered Hebron, we examined a remarkable ruin on a hill to the north of the city, which bears the name of "Beer-Arama." It is apparently an immense oblong structure of two or three courses of stone, which do not seem to have borne any superstructure. These stones, however, are very large. Mr. Nicolayson measured one, and found it about six paces and a half (twenty feet), several of them have also the mysterious square mark, or holes, which generally seem to accompany Jewish structures. There is a finely-built well at the south-west corner of the enclosure; the building is called, among the guides and Jews, "Abraham's house." The size of the whole was about sixty-two yards by eighty-five, as paced by Mr. Nicolayson. On returning to the road, after passing the Beit Haram, we came in sight to the westward of the Plain of Sharon, stretching away to the Mediterranean Sea. In about three hours we found ourselves once more at the Pools of Solo-

mon, and in two hours and a half we returned through the Jaffa Gate of Jerusalem.

Now, dear Edward, this letter and the one to your Sarah, which I wrote from this spot, will give you as much information on Hebron and its vicinity as you could desire.

Yours faithfully, &c., &c.

LETTER XLII.

TO THE REV. H. S. JOSEPH, CHESTER.

JERICHO, Tent, May, 1848.

My dear Mr. Joseph,

I suppose you will be delighted with yourself on the receipt of this. You will probably give vent to such a strain as the following: "Serve that little fellow right; he should not have teased and tormented me so much, and I would not have wished him at Jericho: he will know, the next time he comes under the shadow of my roof, how to behave himself in the morning, now that he sees that I am revenged, and my fervent wishes have been accomplished." I venture to guess that something of the kind will proceed out of your mouth, on reading the heading of this. But were I present when you deliver such a speech, I would instantly add: "Pray, dear Mr. Joseph, wish me again at Jericho." I assure you I was, and am very much gratified with my journey hither.

I left Jerusalem this morning by the Damascus Gate, descended into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, ascended the

Mount of Olives, visited, *en route*, Bethany, descended once more about thirty-six steps into the tomb of Lazarus; crossed the mountains and desert of Judea—the latter bears also the name of the “Wilderness of John the Baptist,” inasmuch as he began there to announce: “Repent ye; for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.” Passed by several places of note and interest in the history of our nation, as recorded in sacred story.

About five hours after leaving Jerusalem, I arrived at the Plain of Jericho. I got my tent first pitched at the banks of a pretty streamlet, which bears the name of ‘the Brook of Elisna,’ because it is supposed, and with good reason too, that it is the identical spring, which the Prophet of Israel led soon after his calling to the prophetic office. Having dined there, and drank of the healed and beautiful water, I ordered my tent to be struck, and proceeded to the site of ancient Jericho, where I am now writing this. It is scarcely credible that this plain was once covered by a magnificent city, which was surrounded—according to tradition—with seven-fold walls. Its utter destruction is almost similar to that of Sodom and Gomorrah. From this, one has a view of the Dead Sea. The Jericho citizens must therefore have had the fate of the inhabitants of Sodom, &c., always in view, and yet they repented not. The measure of their sins therefore having been filled up, they and their city were destroyed in the same way, but not by the same means, as Sodom and Gomorrah and their inhabitants. Yes, it is an interesting spot, and rich in lessons of the utmost importance. No reflecting person can gaze on this plain without being impressed with the awful truth, that it is a dreadful thing to put off repent-

ance. It was doubtless in this plain, that the Son of God, in the form of a man, and in the capacity of the "Prince of the host of the Lord," appeared unto Joshua; and it was in this vicinity—for this is but little distant from the River Jordan—that the Son of God as the "man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief" began His ministry openly. The Lord of Glory in His consummate wisdom chose this place to call to repentance our "sinful nation," our "people laden with iniquity," properly called "rulers of Sodom and people of Gomorrah;" there could not have been a more appropriate place from whence to warn them to flee the wrath to come than this locality.

Israel had almost filled up the measure of their sins; the Saviour of the world appears, with "the voice of one crying in the Wilderness," before the banks of the River Jordan. The Dead Sea, the site of once fertile and goodly cities, on the right; the black plain, of once majestic Jericho, on the left. Then and there the Spirit of God descended like a dove, and lighted upon the Redeemer, and proclaimed: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." But alas! our nation took no warning. In vain did our Lord strive to conciliate them, in vain did He press upon them their awful doom. They were blinded; and the Prince of Peace was obliged to give utterance to the heart-rending—it must have been so to His own affectionate heart—declaration: "It will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah than for these cities." Such are a few of the reflections which occupied my mind since I came here this afternoon. Time does not authorise me to indulge in more on this subject, nor on any other, just at present. But as I trust to be in England before long, and may perhaps be able to pay a

visit to old Rose-Bank Cottage, you shall have an opportunity of hearing more.

I fancy myself replete with most interesting information on a variety of subjects. See what a good fellow I am. Though you did not answer mine from Constantinople, I still write to you. I shall write to-morrow evening, please God, from Jerusalem, to your better half. I have not made up my mind how I shall return; but this much, I have determined to leave Syria for Egypt in the middle of next month. Write a line at a venture, and address, care of the Rev. William Hare, 3, Strada St. Paolo, Malta,

I am, &c., &c.

LETTER XLIII.

TO MRS. JOSEPH, ROSE-BANK COTTAGE, CHESTER.

Jerusalem, May, 1848.

My dear Mrs. Joseph,

This is, properly speaking, a continuation of mine to Mr. Joseph. I went to bed last night about ten o'clock; but, alas! sleep slipt from my eyes. My servant dosed me with a strong cup of coffee, just before lying down, which deprived me of even the slightest slumber during the whole night. However, it was a charming moonlight night; so that I opened the door of my tent, and gazed at the beauteous firmament over my head. I got up about half-past three o'clock, A.M., dressed and watched alternately the slow movements of the modest, but lovely moon,

and looking for the rising of the giant sun, which I momentarily expected from behind the lofty mountains of Moab, opposite to me, on the other side of Jordan. I assure you, I enjoyed the scene very much.

The bride—since David calls the sun “bridegroom,” I see no reason why I should not call the moon bride—was just standing over the Valley of Ajalon, in all the attractive charms of her loveliness; the “bridegroom,” red, and apparently hot, and with a bold face, came out of his chamber, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. You should have seen the Callah;* she changed colour in a moment: the poor thing looked paler and paler every minute: in short, the provoking “bridegroom” took the shine out of her completely. I almost thought that the Jewish fanciful tradition was a reality; viz. that the Creator of the world originally made both, sun and moon, of the same magnitude, which the latter did not like; she therefore proposed to her Maker, that it was not right that two rulers under Him should wear equal diadems—one, she added, must be made of less consequence. “Yes,” replied the condescending King of Kings, “you are right—you shall therefore be made less.” From which time the moon had many of her dazzling rays clipped. So that the jealous nocturnal ruler, I thought, has good reason to be abashed, when she sees her victorious and vanquishing rival. But enough of this moonshine, no doubt, you will say: well, so say I.

About five o’clock, I found myself comfortably seated in my saddle—be it known to you all, that I am now improved in my riding—and rode off to the Jordan. At half-past six, I sat and gathered shells from its banks, whilst musing—as rapidly as the waters of the river

* The Hebrew word for bride.

flow—on the past events which this river witnessed in connection with my forefathers. The subject which elicited most of my thoughts, was the Baptism of our Lord. What a scene the Jordan must have afforded then ! I thought of that pithy expression of one of the Fathers of the Christian Church: “Go to the river Jordan, and there learn the doctrine of the Trinity.” It is absurd to argue baptism, by immersion, from the baptism in the River Jordan: the rapidity of the stream is too intense to allow it. The pilgrims, who think it their duty to bathe in the river, are obliged to have ropes tied round their waists, which are held fast by their companions, whilst they take a dip in Jordan. Now, just fancy the time it would consume, if John had to do the same with all he baptized.

I met there a German lady and an Italian gentleman, who now and then interrupted me with their disagreeable clatter. I happened to find a mother-of-pearl ring in the Jordan, belonging, I suppose, to some poor pilgrim, who bathed here the Monday before Easter last; and the lady kept teasing me that it was significative of my being married soon. Poor ignorant flirt, how little she knew my views upon the subject ! But was I going to enlighten her ? No, no. Nevertheless, to show her that I had had enough of her company, I ordered Youseff to bring my horse, which I mounted, and set off along the banks of the Jordan, towards the Dead Sea.

I forgot to say, that I brought away with me a bottle of Jordan water, of which you shall have a sip.

An hour and a half after I left the amiable torment of a German lady, I found myself at the Dead Sea. I found a few shells in it, but they were carried thither by the Jordan stream. There was nothing in them, for no living

thing is to be found in it. I tasted the water several times, which was bitter, and extremely briny. Should you feel inclined to doubt my veracity on this subject, you shall taste it yourself; I took a full flask of it. Large heaps of salt were gathered from it whilst I was there. Mrs. Lot, we have reason to believe, stands at the extreme south,* and I was standing at the extreme north of the Dead Sea, and I, therefore, could not see her this time.

The American expedition for investigating this sea, with whom I spent several days, met with a column of salt, close to Asdum, measuring between six and seven fathoms high. Captain Lynch, who was at the head of the expedition, thinks that it was originally much shorter; but became augmented, in process of time, by accumulations of salt crusts. You will be amused to hear that the American flag is waving its stars upon the Dead Sea; so that the United States are extending their union even to Almotana.† Having stopped here as long as I conveniently could, I mounted my horse again, and set out in a different direction for Jerusalem. On my way, I was entertained, in a Bedouin tent, both with Liban, and Arabian tales, and harem curiosity. About five o'clock P.M., I returned to Jerusalem; and after having rested, I sat down to pen you the above; and now, Farewell.

I am, my dear Mrs. Joseph,

Yours very truly, &c.

See "Narrative of the United States' Expedition to the River Jordan and the Dead Sea."—By W. F. Lynch, U. S. N. Commander of the Expedition.

† Almotana is one of the Oriental terms for the Dead Sea.

LETTER XLIV.

TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. LINDSAY,

GLASNEVIN HOUSE, DUBLIN.

Jerusalem, May, 1848.

My dear Mrs. Lindsay,

I have just returned from an excursion to the celebrated Cave of Adullam, and my experience this day shall furnish the theme of this epistle to you. I do not wish to leave the Holy City—which event must soon take place—without writing to you.

Last night, after listening to a very clever Hebrew improvisatore, who had the talent of reducing any subject into impromptu Hebrew verse, of a superior style, the name David was given to the extempore bard as a theme. With most consummate skill, he brought in all the particulars connected with the life, conflicts, and conquests of the King of Israel of that name. The Cave of Adullam formed, therefore, an important item in the venerable poet's effusions. He described it with peculiar minuteness, interwove it with the famous *cob-web legend*, of which anon, and spoke of its surrounding scenery as lovely and grand, and succeeded in producing in me a determination to visit that remarkable place. It was arranged, therefore, that Mr. and Mrs. Simeon, Mr. and Mrs. Bergheim, Messrs. Synianki and Woodcock, and myself, should form the expedition: a Mr. Calman also requested to be one of the party, and we had no objection that he also should join the cavalcade; so that we were seven Jews to one Gentile. We all

* This letter should have preceded those from Hebron.

assembled, very early this morning, at Mr. Bergheim's, where our horses were properly caparisoned; and, after taking some coffee, we mounted our steeds, and began to move on towards the Jaffa Gate.

You will be amused at the catalogue of the things we were obliged to provide ourselves with—1. Lucifer matches; 2. Wax-candles; 3. A large quantity of string. In due time, you will perceive that those articles were indispensably necessary. As soon as we left the gate, the different members of the expedition began to display their various weaknesses. The ladies were nervous, Mr. Syni-anki showed his boldness and his singular mode of sitting on his horse, *à la Bedouin*, as he wished us to believe, wielding in one hand, an umbrella of mine, and in the other, his corbadge; and the Jehu-like pace of his fiery horse, put not only the ladies, but every one else in a fever, when he approached our vicinity. But there was no keeping him away, he was kind enough to give us information on subjects with which we were well acquainted, and he would therefore, every now and then, draw near to some of us with the intention of instructing, but in reality to set us at our wits' end. Mr. Calmar would now and then come out with some magnificent expressions, for he is very fond of words of a superlative quality, either in praise or dispraise; and therefore frequently put us into amaze, not comprehending the purport of the communication. ●

When we came to the convent of Mar Elias—for we must needs have passed that way—I was shown, for the fifth time, the stone, which is a little hollowed, said by the monks to have served as the cradle of the infant Saviour; others, better informed, averred that it was the cradle of Elijah. A little further on, we came to the tomb of

Rachel, where we halted a short time to examine Sir Moses Montefiore's building over it, we chanted, in a melancholy strain, the words of Jeremiah, quoted by St. Matthew: "A voice was heard on high, lamentation, and bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children," (I translate the word Ramah; leaving it in the original, gives a wrong idea to the English readers of the Bible), and then we proceeded along the Valley of Rephaim to Bethlehem. The birthplace of our Saviour looks like a diadem, crowning a lofty hill, surrounded by valleys "in verdure clad." We did not stay long this time there, nor must I stay saying much about it at present. I wrote about half a dozen letters from this place, when I visited it the first time. The ladies secured a house where we might take dinner, on our return from the cave, whilst the male part of the expedition attended to the securing of guides. These provisions made, we mounted again; and, with half a score of forerunners, we quitted Bethlehem by the gate where that well is, for whose water David longed, when he was in his castle,* whilst the Philistines were in the Valley of Rephaim. I could not move away from it before letting all my contemplations take their whole run. I pictured to myself David taking a retrospective view of his youthful days, when he was the Bethlehem shepherd-boy, free from care, spending much of his time at the well by the gate; and now unconsciously sighing out: "Oh, that one would give me to drink of the water of the Well of Bethlehem!" wishing to live over, as it were,

* My friend Mr. Woodcock makes a mistake when he says that David was in the Cave of Adullam at the time; the English word "hold," of 2 Sam. xxiii. 14, is a mistranslation of the Hebrew word *בצודה*, *Castle*.

those days again. And then the three mighty men, what a panic did not their determined loyalty produce in the camp of the heathen ! and then David's display of self-denial, in that he said : " Be it far from me, O Lord ! that I should do this ; is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives ? " therefore he would not drink it. I finished off by cooling my fervent thoughts by a deep draught from the jar of one of the prettiest Rebeccas that ever drew water from a well ; and the charming damsel offered even to draw another jar for my horse, which I respectfully declined.

On leaving the well we entered a most beautifully cultivated valley, a considerable portion of which was laid out in vineyards and olive plantations, consisting principally of young trees, which seemed to be struggling for life and existence amidst dry stumps and dead roots, remains of once luxuriant and extensive olive groves, that have been laid waste by the incessant skirmishes, bickerings, and fightings, which keep the country in a state of perpetual devastation.

Many, however, were the rugged mountains, which lay in our road ; some of them were precipitous, and consisting, by no means of *terra firma*, for the ground under my horse's feet was continually giving way. Nevertheless, an hour and a half's ride brought us to the ruins of Adullam, one of the oldest cities of the Canaanites, of considerable extent, and bearing many marks of high antiquity. After dismounting our horses, we proceeded in the direction of the cave, which lies two hundred yards off, the mouth of which is situated in the centre of a perpendicular cliff, of about two thousand feet in height. We had to make our way by a slanting edge of rock, of about three feet in width, projecting from the middle of

the rock. As you are aware that I am not very head-strong, I soon became giddy, and was on the point of precipitation, but thanks to Mr. Bergheim's helping hand. I at last reached two isolated pieces of rock, one above the other, of about twenty feet in height, which I had to climb up; at the top of which I discovered a chasm of several feet in width, and not being an expert leaper, I condescended to descend first into the hole, and then climb up the other side.

At last we reached the mouth of the cave, we lighted our candles, took hold of the string, and proceeded farther and farther into that wonderful cavern. It is an astounding production of nature, or rather of nature's God. Sometimes we had to crawl on all-fours for ten yards together, and then found ourselves in a spacious, extensive, lofty, and magnificent apartment, supported by columns almost of Corinthian architecture; at the other end of which a number of holes appeared for our selection. We chose one, and crawled again, and once more rose in a vaulted chamber of extraordinary altitude, fit, if illuminated, for the abode, not only for a prince in exile, but for a monarch in the meridian of glory.

It would require days, not merely hours, to explore the linked caves properly, even as far as we penetrated. Not hundreds, but thousands, could find ample room to hide themselves in it; and such is the number and the intricacies of the passages which seem to entwine in each other, that one becomes confused by the mere sight of them. The only sure way of securing a safe retreat is to fasten one end of a string at the mouth of the cave, and to keep the other in your hand; and to go no farther than the end of the string would allow. To trust oneself beyond it,

or to have the string cut, would be tantamount to cutting one's throat. The quantity of string we had taken with us, would have conducted us some distance farther, but exhaustion and fatigue caused us to retrace our steps after we had penetrated about seven hundred yards. I have brought away the string with me, and intend to keep it as a curiosity, and memento of my visit to it. The reflection of the lighted candles on their snow-white walls, lent a bewitching splendour to the dark abode; and recalled more readily to mind the events connected with it, to the use which a wise Providence had designed it to be. For was it not in this very cave that the anointed of the Lord sought and found security? and was it not here that the man after God's own heart celebrated God's mercies and goodness for the protection vouchsafed to him in the glowing language of the fifty-seventh and one hundred and forty-second Psalm?

Mr. Calman, lingering a little behind, to pick up, as he said, some fossil remains from the walls, with which, he said, the cave abounded, almost found himself beyond the possibility of finding his way back to the mouth of the cave; and, by endeavouring to make his way to us, he entangled himself more and more. The poor fellow became very nervous; he said, most feelingly: "Although I did not remain in this predicament for more than a quarter of an hour, yet I was impressed with all the horrors of being buried alive. The echo of 'Where are you?' that was uttered by some of you, bounded from vault to vault, and traversing from passage to passage, sounded as if it had been coming from a thousand different quarters; or proceeding from a thousand different voices, from the multitude of departed spirits with which

the Easterns people subterranean vaults and caverns, and were thus welcoming me to their region of perpetual darkness."

Poor fellow! we were delighted to see him back again, safe and sound: we should not like to have lost him on any account. With all his eccentricities, he is a worthy man. It was affecting to hear him say, after his regeneration from the bowels of the earth, "If there ever had been a time when I realized the words of the Psalmist, 'Thou hast set my feet in a large room,' more than another, it is now when I find myself fairly out of the straight and narrow intricate passages into the comparatively wide and open chamber from whence I first started;" and all of us seemed to rejoice with the joy of that father who said, "This my son was lost, but now is found."

After having heard all Mr. C.'s experience, we began to make preparation for returning towards Jerusalem. A most terrific thunder-storm then came on, which kept us a considerable time longer than we intended to stay. The effect of the thunder peals and lightning was grand and sublime on the magnificent landscape: the valley, now lit up, the mountains quaking and resounding from a thousand quarters, was a scene never to be forgotten.

When the rain and the thunder ceased their fury, we set out on our way back again to Bethlehem. I experienced a most providential escape. In consequence of the rain, the ground, and especially the rocky and precipitous hills, were very slippery: my horse lost his footing on the brink of a precipice, and I would have lost my life, if a gracious Providence did not watch over me.

On our arrival at Bethlehem, we found a gorgeous divan, and sumptuous dinner, in an upper chamber. We

were surrounded by athletic Arab Christians on one side, and their wives and their daughters on the other. After smoking a couple of pipes—necessary evils in this country—we set our faces towards Jerusalem, with hearts full of gratitude for providential mercies.

On our way we met with companies of poor Jews, who, having poured out their hearts in prayer at Rachel's tomb, in behalf of their suffering brethren in secular countries—as all the world besides is called by the Jews—for they received intelligence that the Hebrew congregations of Alsace, and many parts of Hungary and Poland were in great trouble. They looked the picture of misery, which considerably damped my buoyant feelings at the time. They were on foot, we were on horseback; and as our brethren are impatient of interruption in their solemn musings, we bid them farewell, and left them. We soon passed the convent of Mar Elias, and not long after, caught a view of Jerusalem. From the south-eastern corner, Jerusalem presents perhaps the finest view, as the Mosque of Omar first meets the eye; and, winding round the different mountains, we re-entered Jerusalem about eight o'clock in the evening.

I conclude this letter with a pretty Jewish legend about David and the Cave of Adullam. It was appropriated by the biographers of Mohammed, and the story is told of the false Prophet.

When King David fled across the desert, pursued by Saul, he became impatient from the number of cobwebs which he had to break. Stung by an insect, he exclaimed, in his passion: "Great God! why hast Thou created flies and spiders, which are useless, and only tend to annoy mankind?" "I will cause thee to understand," replied a prophetic voice.

Some time afterwards he descended Mount Achilah, and ventured, at night, into the camp of Saul, to deprive him, during his sleep, of his arms and cap. Succeeding in his project, and about to retire, his feet became entangled with those of the faithful Abner, who slept near Saul. David was greatly embarrassed. He was at a loss how to disengage himself from Abner without awakening this valorous servant, and be discovered in the camp of the enemy. When the anxiety of David was most intense, a fly stung the leg of Abner. The pain caused the warrior to move, which enabled David to extricate his foot. He then fled rapidly, having reason to thank God for creating flies. Saul pursued him in the desert. David crept into a cavern, when God caused a spider to spin a web before the narrow entrance of the rock. Saul and Abner were not tardy in tracing the footsteps of the fugitive, and Abner observed: "Without doubt, he has hid himself in the hollow of this rock; let us proceed to seek him." "It is useless," said Saul, "do you not see the opening of this cavern is covered with a spider's web, and that no one could enter without breaking it?" "That is just," replied Abner, and they went away to pursue their search in another direction. Then David prostrated himself on the earth, and exclaimed: "Lord! pardon me for having doubted Thy wisdom; henceforth my weak understanding shall not cease to humble itself before the sublime harmony of Thy creation. Lord! the least of all Thy creatures is useful to man; even spiders and flies have a destiny to fill in nature. Lord! that which Thou hast said is just; that which Thou hast made is good."

I am, my dear Mrs. Lindsay,

Yours, &c., &c.

LETTER XLV.

TO MIRIAM ESTHER NAOMI, &c.

Jerusalem, May 22, 1848.

My dear Miriam,

This is most likely the last letter that I shall write from this Holy City, and you are entitled to the benefit of the last scene of interest I witnessed in our once royal city.

Yesterday was the anniversary of the death of the celebrated Author of the mysterious book of Zohar, Rabbi Shimeon ben Youchai, who is interred on Mount Meron, not far from Safet. That extraordinary man—who, I believe, lived and died a Christian—gave orders that the anniversary of his death should be considered as a day of rejoicing, and not of mourning, for he saw the heavens open, and the Messiah sitting at the right hand of God. All Jewish pilgrims, therefore, as soon as the Feast of the Passover is past, leave Jerusalem for Safet, there to celebrate the festive joys of that anniversary, where they take place on a grand scale.

It is rather a curious coincidence, that the Jews should set out for Galilee immediately after Easter, as our Lord commanded his disciples to do after his resurrection.* The Jerusalem Jews, however, are determined to celebrate the anniversary at home, and as they happen to have the

* Matt. xxviii. 7.

tomb of Shimeon Hatzadeek, amongst the tombs of their saints, towards the north of the city, they make merry there. The site of that old Jewish cemetery is beautifully situated. It is surrounded by many shady olive trees, and attractive fields.

The day was very beautiful, large groups therefore began to move thither at about seven o'clock in the morning. They began by entering that tomb first, and offering up a few prayers, the women then settled under some shady tree with their baskets of provisions open before them, and the men went about chanting some pretty melodies. It is some distance from the Jewish quarter; some of the old and feeble women who could afford came therefore on donkeys, whilst those who could not crawled with snail-like pace till they reached the spot. It was an affecting sight, though extremely picturesque. My indignation was considerably excited at the sight of two Arab boys, who deemed it proper to station themselves to extort toll from the Israelites, one at the entrance of that vicinity, and another at the mouth of Rabbi Shimeon's tomb. There were poor Jewesses, who could not afford to pay the imposed tax, small though it was, which was only half a piastre. The fellows wielded, moreover, ponderous sticks over the heads of the timid Jewesses. I took the liberty therefore of relieving one of the fellows of his post, and admitted a large number of Jewesses without money and without price. One poor blind Jewess came on a donkey, led by a son of hers. I did not like the undutiful behaviour of that boy, he grumbled all the time, saying: "Whoever heard of a blind woman going to see anything!" I spoke very sharply to the disobedient child, and brought him to his sense of duty, and made him a little more attentive to his parent.

Many aged Jews and Jewesses, on their return, chanted to themselves an alphabetical hymn, describing the attributes of God; and his returning mercies to them.

The accompanying music will give you an idea of the air and melody. In fact I have frequently, since I came to Jerusalem, followed an aged Jew or Jewess, and listened to this self-same hymn and tune.

Andante.

Voce.

שִׁי מִרְחֹק בְּ נִי בִי מִלְּהוּא דִּיר אֶ
 Ad - dir hoo Mal - cai - noo, Ba - ruch Mou - shi .

Piano
Forte.

* * *

דִּיר אֶ רְחֹק בְּ רְחֹק בְּ דִיר אֶ נִי עֵי
 ay - noo. Ad - dir Ba - ruch, Ba - ruch Ad - dir,

* These two bars to be sung twice in the second verse, three times in the third, &c.

אָדיר אָדיר נאָ
Ad - dir, Ad - diray - - - - - noo.

I spent this last evening in Jerusalem, with the beloved Bishop's family. Mrs. Gobat gave me a few beautiful roses, which she gathered in the charming Valley of Sharon. I conclude this letter with the following lines to the New Jerusalem, where I wish your heart and soul, as well as mine, ever to be fixed.

Jerusalem ! my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee ?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?

Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end ?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Bless'd seats ! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death, dismay ?
I've Zion's goodly mount in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem ! my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see,

I am, my dear Miriam,
Your affectionate papa, &c.

LETTER XLVI.

TO W. WEARING PERREY, ESQ., BAY HOUSE.

Tranmere Lodge, Nov. 1849.

My dear Sir,

The best preparation for a visit to the ancient city of my fathers, is to possess yourself of Mr. Edwin Smith's Model of Modern Jerusalem, and study it for a fortnight; and then you may consider yourself perfect master of all the ins and outs of that devoted place. It is one of the most accurate models I have ever beheld, and, to my mind, perfectly beautiful; and may serve as an invaluable acquisition in a gentleman's study or ornament in a drawing-room. As far as I am concerned, the frequency of beholding it does by no means diminish my admiration of it. You can depend upon being independent of any guide, when you arrive at the Holy City. All the interesting places worth visiting are correctly placed, which are eighty-seven in number.

The individual who first constructed the Model is the Rev. John Blackburn, Incumbent of Attercliffe. He visited Jerusalem in the year 1842-3, when he made the topography of the Holy City his darling study. But Mr. Blackburn gracefully cedes, or ascribes, the success to Mr. Edwin Smith, in the following terms: "He," Mr. B., "is also bound to acknowledge, that the Model could never have been produced in its present beautiful form, but for the happy circumstance of his obtaining the co-operation of an artist eminently endowed with professional

skill, with clear intelligence, patient perseverance, and, he may add, disinterested zeal; for, although the work is now presented to the public in the usual form of business, yet did this young artist at first enter on his task as a labour of love. It was undertaken simply with a view to the Attercliffe schools: the idea of rendering it more generally beneficial and useful was purely an after-thought, produced by a combination of circumstances."

This little scrap of information, I trust, will be found useful, if you ever make up your mind to start on a pilgrimage to the City where God once loved to dwell.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

MOSES MARGOLIOUTH.

A P P E N D I X.

A P P E N D I X.

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Anna Maria Schurman, a most extraordinary German lady. Her natural genius discovered itself at six years of age, when she cut all sorts of figures in paper with her scissors, without a pattern. At eight she learned, in a few days, to draw flowers in a very agreeable manner. At ten she took but three hours to learn embroidery. Afterwards she was taught music, vocal and instrumental, painting, sculpture and engraving; in all of which she succeeded admirably. She excelled in miniature painting and in cutting portraits upon glass with a diamond. Hebrew, Greek, and Latin were so familiar to her, that the most learned men were astonished at it. She spoke French, Italian, and English fluently. Her hand-writing, in almost all languages, was so inimitable, that the curious preserved specimens of it in their cabinets. But all this extent of learning and uncommon penetration, could not prevent her falling into the errors of Labadie, the famous French enthusiast, who had been banished France for his extravagant tenets and conduct. To this man she entirely attached herself, and accompanied him wherever he went; and even attended him in his last illness, at Altona, in Holstein. Her works, consisting of "*De Vitæ Humonæ Terminò*," and "*Dissertation de Ingenii Muliebris ad Doctrinam et Meliores Letteres Optitudine*," and her letters to her learned correspondents, were printed at Leyden in 1648; but enlarged in the edition of Utrecht, 1662, in 12mo., under the following title: "*A. M. Schurman, Opuscula Hebræa, Græca, Latina, Gallica, Prosaica, et*

Metrica." She published, likewise, at Altona, in Latin, a defence of her attachment to Labadie, while she was with him in 1673; not worth reading. She was born at Cologne, in 1607, but resided chiefly in Holland, and died in Friesland in 1678.—*Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

There is extant a very beautiful Hebrew letter of hers, which she addressed to an Irish lady—the Hon. Dorothea Moor, of Dublin, in which the writer speaks in very high terms of the great talents of the ill-fated Jane Grey, and Queen Elizabeth.

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THE ORIGINAL INSCRIPTIONS, IN HEBREW CHARACTERS.

- 1 בת בעל (וכן בורת ה) מ(ש)אתת אש ט(ענו לכהנם על
 בעלי חובחת לפי דת: יעת (י)ח(לצ) בעל השפט בן ברתנת
 בן בר
- 2 השפט בן בראשמן בן חלצבעל וח(ברנס):
- 3 באלף כלל אמן ועת אם שלם כלל לכהנם כסף עשרת....
 באחד ו(ב)כלל יכן לם על תפנה משאת ז. ש(אר משקל
 שלש מאת....)
- 4 ובצועת קצרת ויצלת וכן הערת והשלבם והפעמם ואחר
 יהשאר לבעל הזבח:
- 5 בעגל אש קרני לם במחסר באט וכטא אם באיל כלל אמן
 (ועת) אם שלם כלל לכהנם כסף חמשת.... ובכלל יכן
 לם על
- 6 תפנה משאת ז שאר משקל מאת וחמשם... ובצועת קצרת
 ויצלת וכן הערת וחשלבם והפע(מם ואחר יהשאר לבעל
 הזבח:)
- 7 ביבל אם בעז כלל אמן ועת אם שלם כלל לכהנם כסף שקל
 זר.... באחד ובצועת יכן לם על תפנה משאת ז שאר
 משקל שלשם... ובצועת קצרת)
- 8 ויצלת וכן הערת וחשלבם והפעמם ואחר יהשאר לבעל
 הזבח:

- 9 (ב)אמר אם בנדא אם בצרב איל כלל אמוץ ועת אם שלם
כלל לכהנם כסף רבע שלשת זר (.....באחד ובכלל יכן
לם על)
- 10 (ת)פנה משא תוקצרת ויצלת וכן הערת והשלכם והפעמם
ואחר יהשאר לבעת הזבח :
- 11 (בע)פר אננן אם צין שלם כלל אם שצף אם חזת לכהנם כסף
רבע שלשת זר באחד וכן הש (לבם והפעמם ואחר
יהשאר הבעל הזבה :
- 12 (ע)ל צפר אם קדמת קדשת אם זבח צד אם זבח שמן לכהנם
כסף א.....ל באחד :
- 13 (ב)כל צועת אש יעמס פנת אלם יכן לכדנם קצרת ויצלת
(וב) צועת.....
- 14 (על) בלל ועל חלב ועל חלב ועל כל זבח אש אדם לזבח דשן
ו.....ל ...
- 15 בכל זבח אש זיבח דל מקנא אם דל צפר בל יכן לכהנם
- 16 כל מזרח וכן שפח וכל מרוח אלם וכל אדכס אש זיבח.....
- 17 האדכס למת משאת על זבח אחר כס דת שת בכתבת.....
- 18 ולמשאת אש איבל שת בפס ז ונתן לפי הכתבת אש.....
- 19 ת וחלצבעל בן בדאשמן יחבכנס :
- 20 כל כהן אש יקח משאת בד צל אם שת בפס ז ונענ(ש)
- 21 ף לבעל זבח אש איבל יתן את כ(פלת כל ה) משאת א(ש) :

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TO W. WEARING PERREY, ESQ.,

BAY HOUSE, TRANMERE.

Tranmere Lodge, Feb. 1850.

My dear Sir,

I spent some time in inspecting and viewing the remnant of Sir Thomas Reade's Carthaginian antiquities, which were sold the day before yesterday. The greatest part of the collection I consider common-place things ; for instance, the *Terra Cotta Sepulchral Lumps*, hands, legs, and other fragments of ancient sculpture, have long since ceased to interest me. There is not a single museum in Europe which I visited, where vast numbers of those sorts of antiquities are not to be found. There were, however, a few specimens, almost

unique, and of intrinsic interest, which particularly attracted my attention; and I am glad that Mr. Doubleday has purchased them for the British Museum, as it will thus afford us opportunities of scanning them again, when more light is poured on the world's antiquities, and more knowledge added to our hitherto limited information on the things belonging to the ancient nations.

The difficulty in arriving at something definite respecting the Carthaginian specimens, is owing to the strange vicissitudes of poor Carthage. The city was so often destroyed and levelled with the ground, that any relic found at present, taxes the antiquarian's and archæologist's conjectural propensity to a considerable extent. Does this fragment or that tablet belong to the days of Dido, or to the times of the Soffettes, or to the age of Hannu, or to the reign of Augustus, or to that of Genseric, or to that of Gelimer, or to that of Justinian; such are the conflicting conjectures which suggest themselves to the would-be-sage surveyor.



The following specimens I consider well worth studying, as they give us a good notion not only of the costumes of the ancient Carthaginians, but also of their customs and ceremonies. The accompanying is a sketch of a stone tablet, from a Carthaginian sepulchre: it measures thirty-one inches by seventeen.

The sculpture, you will at once observe, is rude and curious, but at the same time interesting and instructive. The tablet appeared to me to be one of the earliest works of Carthaginian art. You see from the accompanying that the tablet consists of four compart-

ments, which I numbered accordingly. Compartment 1, I consider to contain a representation of a person, whose sepulchre it marks, of herculean stature: and two persons on each side of it, holding a sort of sceptre in one hand, and a lion with the other; endeavouring to immortalise, perhaps, some daring deed of the departed one. Compartment 2, represents two priests, perhaps those who officiated on the occasion—the face of one is totally obliterated—and a small altar between them. The one on the right seems to hold a sort of scroll in one hand, whilst there seems to be a heap of wood, or perhaps turf, or some other combustible thing, for the burning of the sacrifices, by the side of the one on the left; the one to the right is represented as simply reading the appointed ritual for the occasion; whilst the other, the one to the left, as attending to the practical department of the sacrifices. Compartment 3 represents a bull, as the intended, or rather the immolated, victim, at the time of that individual's sepulture, and two lower officials, appointed to kill and to burn; the one facing your left, with a sort of hatchet



in his right hand, to do the former work; and the one facing your right with the combustible materials on his head, to do the latter work. Compartment 4 is a simple representation of the burning of three human victims, sacrificed at the same time, to appease, it may be, their inexorable deity for some outrageous crime. This I conceive to be the correct deciphering of the above tablet, which I consider the most antiquated of all the collection.

The second tablet, in point of antiquity, is one in high relief, of which the accompanying is a sketch, and which I consider to have been a sepulchral monument of a certain distinguished lady. It measures thirty-six inches by

twenty. This is divided, as you may see, into three compartments. Compartment 1, being a representation of the fair one in a reclining attitude, supporting her head on her left hand; two domestics, holding spirited horses, probably to intimate her equestrian powers. Compartment 2, being a representation of the officiating priests, standing on each side of an altar, from which a flame is ascending, probably from the burning of incense. Compartment 3, describes the victim, a bull, held by one man, close to the altar, which stands in the centre of the compartment; and the figure facing your right hand is the servant with the combustible matter. No human sacrifices disgrace this monument.



There is another tablet,^{*} which I consider interesting in point of antiquity. It measures thirty inches by eighteen. The details are similar to that marked 1. The altar is a little more finished in this tablet than it appears to be in the above.

The following sketch is of a tablet which I consider third, in point of antiquity, though the figure in the lower compartment seems very rude and badly finished. This may be owing rather to the unskilfulness of the artist than to the remoteness of time. The pillars which support the temple, though rough, show that the sculptor designed to imitate an advanced style. The sun, the idol *Ashayrah* or *grove*,^{*} are at once observable in compartment 1. From the pyramidal monument, as well from the figures Capricorn and Leo,[†] I presume that the tablet was intended to point out the resting-place of

a Carthaginian astronomer. The figure of the bird may have meant to represent the eagle, the only bird who can look the sun straight in the face with impunity. Upon the whole, this tablet seems a sort

^{*} On the *Ashayrah*, I addressed a long letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, see vol. i. p. 180.

[†] Though it resembles anything but a lion, I think the artist intended it for one.

of medley of mythology, which requires a longer essay than I have time, at present, to assay.

The fourth sketch, which I send you, is of a tablet well finished, and which sufficiently proves that the arts, had, by the time it was executed, attained a high polish in Carthage. It seems also to have



been intended as the sepulchral monument of some celebrated female, who is represented in a sitting posture, on compartment 1, whilst two fiery horses are held on each side of the figure by her servants. Compartment 2 represents the officiating priest who attended the sacrificial rites on the funeral day. The priest's dress, as well as the pillars and capitols of the representation of the temple, indicate that it is the workmanship of a later date than any of the preceding tablets. The only objection to the execution may be found in the disproportions of some of the figures to their contiguous objects, which was, however, a common fault amongst the ancients. Compartment 3 represents the victim and its

immolators. The whole measures twenty-seven inches by fourteen.

The seventh tablet, which interested me, measures twenty-four inches by twelve, and seems to me to represent different styles of sculpture. From what I have said respecting the preceding ones, you will be able to judge what I mean respecting this. I regret that want of time prevents me saying all I could have done otherwise.

Amongst the objects of lesser interest, was a finely executed colossal head of Hercules, in white marble, but unfortunately the features, especially the most important one, the nose, are mutilated.

There was also a Roman galley in full sail, in high relief, and many other relics of lesser interest. But they were all purchased,

with the exception of the head of Hercules, for the British Museum. When you go to London, therefore, I would recommend you to spend a couple of hours in that national Institution, and you will find yourself amply rewarded by a view of the different objects I have so faintly described to you in this epistle. Do not forget to ask for a white marble head, heroic size, which was sold as the resemblance of Scipio Africanus. When I was at Naples, *exactly* such a head was pointed out to me as resembling the head of Titus Vespasian, and I was not a little amused to find the exhibitor tracing in it a likeness to Daniel O'Connell—and in truth there was a likeness. I am afraid you will find this epistle long, tedious and dry; and as I have no time to write any more, I must abruptly bid you farewell.

Yours, &c., &c.

PAGE 420.

The accompanying is a veritable *fac-simile*, on a miniature scale, of the very amulet which has been described in the letter to the Bishop of Norwich :



The figure, which is intended for a fish, resembles the *Vesica Piscis*. The following paragraph, from Dr. Hook's Church Dic-

tionary, may throw a little more light on the subject of the above letter :

“PISCIS, PISCULI, AND VERISCA PISCIS.—The fish is an hieroglyphic of Jesus Christ, very common in the remains of Christian art, both primitive and mediæval. The origin of it is as follows : From the name and title of our Blessed Lord, *Ἰησοῦς χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτήρ*, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour, the early Christians, taking the first letter of each word, formed the name IXOYΣ, *Piscis*, a fish. From this name of our Blessed Lord, Christians also came to be called *Pisiculi*, fishes, with reference to their regeneration in the water of baptism, consecrated to that effect by our Blessed Lord, the mystical IXOYΣ. Thus Tertullian, speaking of Christians, says : ‘ For ever after our Lord and Saviour Jesus our IXOYΣ are also *fishes*, and born in the water, nor are we otherwise saved than by remaining in the water.’ The *Vesica Piscis*, which is the figure of an oval, generally pointed at either end, and which is much used as the forms of the seals of religious houses, and to inclose figures of Jesus Christ, or of the saints also, has its rise from this name of our Blessed Lord. Clement, of Alexandria, in writing of the ornaments which a Christian may consistently wear, mentions the fish as a proper device for a ring, and says that it may serve to remind the Christian of the origin of his spiritual life.”

The five-pointed thing in the centre compartment is called by the Jews a hand, but it is a bad imitation of the *five-pointed star*.

The Letter to the Bishop of Norwich may serve, at the same time, as a reply to an Inquirer in the “Freemason’s Quarterly,” whether Masonry is a type of Christ, or a system of pure Deism. The Inquirer will see that Masonry is nothing else but an offspring of Christianity, which became degenerated by a combination of heterogeneous minds.

TRANSLATION OF THE HEBREW LETTER.

“To the great city of Dublin. To the Honourable Mrs. Dorothea Moor, widow of the Honourable man Moor, scion of nobles. From the city of Utrecht.

“To my esteemed Madam, Peace.

“I heard of thy fame, my friend and respected lady; and I rejoiced and was glad over this singular benefit which heaven has bestowed upon us, in these our days, to renew the glory of thy people; for I thought wisdom had departed from amongst the women of England, after the death of Lady Jane Grey and Queen Elizabeth. May their memories be blessed! But wisdom entered into thy heart, and knowledge is sweet to thy soul. The Lord has chosen thee to be a crown of praise to all women. Thou hast a goodly heritage. Thou hast discovered hidden treasures. I rejoiced, therefore, over thy works, as over the light of the sun when it makes its appearance. I longed greatly for thy friendship. I resolved, therefore, to go and meet the excellency of thy praise with these few words [literally *ten*]¹—in accordance with the poverty of my knowledge—for the purpose of establishing a covenant of salt between me and thee. Pray let us unite to sell and purchase wisdom and understanding; for their merchandise is better than the merchandise of silver, and their produce more than that of fine gold. And now if I found favour in thy sight, let me know all thy purposes. And mayest thou be blessed of the Lord. Praise and honour to thy people. From the Holy Congregation of Utrecht, in the year of Christ, one thousand six hundred and thirty-eight, in the month Ab (the name of a Hebrew month, corresponding to August). [The whole of the last passage is omitted in a Jewish periodical where the original was reprinted].

“Thy friend and hand-maiden,

“ANNA MARIA SCHURMAN.”

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The copying of the *variæ lectiones* into the author's Bible, was found very important in a controversy which agitated the minds of British Christians during the latter part of last year, as will be seen from the following letter :

Tranmere Lodge, Higher Tranmere, Cheshire,
Oct. 19, 1849.

My dear Sir,

There is not the remotest approach to truth in the assertion made by "an advocate of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment," with respect to Gen. ix. 6. The words, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," are to be found in the oldest MSS. in the world. I have seen the Samaritan Pentateuch—and if it were an interpolation of the fourth century, that Pentateuch would be judge—I saw it twice in the year 1848, at Nablous, and got permission from the Priest of the Samaritan congregation there, to compare it with my pocket Hebrew Pentateuch, which I did, and entered all the *variæ lectiones* in the margin of my book, and I find that Gen. ix. 6. is exactly alike in both versions, with the exception of the word "man:" in the Samaritan Pentateuch it is written, "Adam," whilst in the Hebrew it is written, **הָאָדָם**, *Haudam*. The sole difference, an article consisting of one letter. The Samaritan Pentateuch to which I allude is believed, by the Samaritans, to have been written by Abishina, the son of Phinehas, the son of Eleazar, the son of Aaron. Be the antiquity of that copy what it may, it is certain that the Samaritans would never tolerate a Jewish interpolation. Again, what object could the Jews in the fourth century have had in introducing such a passage into their code of laws? The advocate for the "abolition of capital punishment" seems pitifully ignorant of the history of the Jews. It is marvellous how unscrupulous people are—when wedded to a certain notion—in making assertions in order to suit their pet theories. I tremble for the safety of persons given to such random statements, I fear they would not scruple to reject any passage of the Scripture of Truth, if

it should happen to clash with a favourite theory of theirs. I always feel it my bounden duty to expose the falsehood of such statements. Satan is too glad to foster them. Christians must therefore crush them at once.

I am, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours in Gospel bonds,

M. MARGOLIOUTH.

Rev. T. Methuen.

P.S. After I had finished the above, I opened my Hebrew Bible (Bagster's edition), and my eye fell upon *variae lectiones Pentateuchi, Hebraei, et Hebraeo-Samaritani*. I find no difference noticed except the one I mentioned.

The above letter was published in the "Devizes Gazette," and has given rise to a long and spirited controversy in that paper, in which I was obliged to take part. The whole correspondence is to be found in that Gazette of November and December last.

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Dr. Da Costa, in a very interesting work, he has lately published, entitled, "Israel and the Gentiles," has the following passage respecting that celebrated man: "The master-feeling which accompanied him through life, and gave a peculiar turn to his mental efforts, was a strong affection for the spot where the temple of Jehovah once stood, and this feeling pervaded the whole of his poetry. He eventually undertook a journey to Palestine, and according to the relations of his biographers, he reached the threshold of Jerusalem, but died before entering its gates, being trampled down, as tradition tells, by the horse of an Arabian Moslem, while he was chanting an ekegy on the misfortunes of Judah and Jerusalem, before one of the gates of that city. More modern biographers have classed this tale among the Jewish legends of the Middle Ages, and give, as their opinion, that he died during a stay in Egypt, while on his way to Jerusalem. It is, at all events, certain that he never entered the city, the object of his affections; and this gives a still more touching interest to the account he himself gives of the emotions of his heart,

from the time he formed a resolution to accomplish his vow of pilgrimage. He expresses, with much feeling, the yearning of his soul towards the land of his fathers, in the following lines of one of his poems :

‘ In the West is my body, while my heart is in the East.
 What has long been the joy of my hope, now becomes a
 lengthened torment.
 Ah ! shall I ever obtain what my soul has so long desired ?
 What is Spain to me, with her blue sky and her bright fame,
 In comparison with a little dust of that temple which is
 trodden under foot by the Gentiles ?’

“ A friend of Hallevi’s, also a poet, tried, by a poetical epistle, to dissuade him from this perilous enterprise. He answered him by a poem, in which he compliments ‘ that the graceful verses of the letter he had received, concealed daggers to wound him, and that thorns were hid beneath the softness of its fine expressions.’ For further satisfaction, he refers him to those of their fathers who had journeyed in that country which had received the immediate revelation of God, and his heralds the Prophets. He ends by exhorting his cool adviser against that Greek wisdom which had always been inimical to any depth of religious feeling, and which must ever continue incompatible with the foundations of Judaism.

“ Other poems of Hallevi are dated after the time when he really began his journey. When at sea, he called to mind, with affection, all the members of his family—his brothers, sisters, daughters, the synagogue of his country, and the place he had filled in it ; yet still the longing desire to behold the land of the altar and of the ark of God remained uppermost in his mind. ‘ If he can but accomplish his vow, the sight of jackals and hyenas would be rather welcome than terrible to him, and the roaring of the lion a more pleasing music than the bleating of flocks.’ ”

THE END.

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